

LECTURES AND ESSAYS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

MR. SIDNEY GIBSON'S WORKS.

HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF TYNEMOUTH.

VISITS TO NORTHUMBRIAN CHURCHES AND CASTLES. (First Series).

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THE ANTIQUITIES OF HIGHGATE—A PRIZE ESSAY.

ESSAY ON THE FILIAL DUTIES.

ON SOME ANCIENT MODES OF TRIAL.

LECTURES AND ESSAYS
ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS,
HISTORICAL, TOPOGRAPHICAL, AND ARTISTIC.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Author has been induced to revise and collect in the following pages some Lectures and Papers now published for the first time, and some Essays and Reviews contributed by him to the various periodicals in which they have appeared; and he has only to express his hope that these essays may be as favourably received by the Public as they have been estimated by his indulgent friends.

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POETRY AND THE FINE ARTS:

THEIR AFFINITIES AND POWERS.

A LECTURE.

[Read to the Members of the Durham Athenæum; the Alnwick Mechanics' Institute; the Sunderland Literary Institution; the Tynemouth Literary Society; and the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.]

THE kindred arts of Poetry and Music, Painting and Sculpture, are thought to have their foundation in that affinity for the beautiful which is innate in the human mind, and to derive their power from a concord between the perceptions of harmony that belong to the human soul, and the divine harmonies of creation; from subtle relations between ideal beauty and those instincts of the mind—ever true to the image of its Maker—which welcome with delight the objects that bear His signet mark. It was a favourite idea in those classic lands which were the birth-place of Art, that the soul had enjoyed a blissful pre-existence—a former life of which memories occasionally came vividly before the spirit; and seeing how it was ever stirred by the representation of ideal beauty, “as by a breath that reached it from the borders of Paradise,”—how responsive the mind was ever found to the Muses' voice, it was believed that the arts were divinely given to companion the soul from its lost heaven, and were but arts of memory. Apollo and the Muses were accounted of divine origin, and the fountains of poetry were traced to a celestial source—and well might they be so derived, for poetry has proved a divine gift to human genius, and the poetic muse has been a priestess of religion, whether her inspirations are traced in Palestine, beneath

the patriarchal cedars; in Greece, upon the heights of Mount Olympus; or among the pine-clad hills of Italy and the august monuments of Roman power.

Poetry has been defined as the more vivid reflection of the truths of nature and of the soul. Whatsoever the perceiving sense and imagination can present to the mind, whether by words or by the forms of imitative art, is the subject of poetical expression. Heaven and earth, human life and passion, and all the range of created things, own the dominion of poetry, and are swept by her starry robe. Throughout nature, in all her variety and grandeur, a divine message seems continually borne to man, whether (to use the language of an eminent divine) she cheers him with radiance, appals him with darkness, astonishes him with magnitude, or soothes him with harmony. To the most ancient of people the grandeur and beauty of nature appeared as the visible manifestation of God's power, and all creation was represented as joining in the hymn thus celebrated in Hebrew verse:—

To Him sing the lips of all creatures :
 From above and from beneath has His glory sounded.
 The earth cries,—There is none but Thee !
 And the heavens respond, Thou alone art holy !
 Majesty issues from the deep, harmony from the stars ;
 The day sends forth speech and the night her voice :
 The fire declares His name : the woods utter melody ;
 The wild animals tell of the greatness of God.

We cannot look without emotion upon the riches and beauty that surround us in Nature : we cannot mark, unmoved, her fields and flowers, her seas and streams ; nor can “the sunny light of genius fail to produce poetical images upon the showery background of the imagination as the rainbow is set in the sky.” It is not in vain that the earth is perpetually renewed in verdure, that the joys of spring are scattered on our path, or the golden mantle of autumn thrown upon our fields—that we behold the vast and solemn sea, the throned majesty of the mountains, or the forest's “deep immensity of shade.” It is not in vain that the hills exert their influence on man, especially in countries where (as Ruskin observes) no veil has been drawn between them and the human soul, where no contradicting voice has confused

their ministries of sound, or broken their pathos of silence, and ambition has sought no other throne than their pinnacles courtiered by the clouds. It is not in vain that all creation is suffused with the magic of colour—the far bright blue of heaven which awakens our longing, the purple radiance which warms the soul, the golden yellow which calms the spirit, the fresh green which delights the insatiate eye. But the poet's imagination is not merely

———— a mirror that gives back the hues
Of living Nature :

natural objects are reflected with a glow from the speculum of mind: they are blended by the imaginative faculty into new combinations and creations of its own; and, fused in the fire of genius, they pass into the fairy land of truth and fancy, and assume forms no longer subject to decay.

The outward world of sense enshrines or embodies what is invisible and spiritual, and the chief aim of Poetry is to read in that world the symbolic language in which Nature everywhere speaks sublimely to the soul, and to reproduce that language, by the modifying powers of the poetic faculty, with the ideal images which the fancy supplies. And it is in human life and action no less than from natural scenery that Poetry finds her fitting province. She is not only the interpreter of Nature, but the herald of all that is virtuous and heroic in man: and the magnanimity or the virtues which History commends to remembrance, Poetry shelters for immortality under the rich plumage of the muse's wing.

Such, then, are some of the chief sources and materials of those mental images which genius embodies in poetry or in the forms of imitative art. Written words, painted representations, or sculptured forms, are but the varied modes of poetical expression—the means by which the poet, painter, or sculptor communicates to other minds and exhibits with all the force of truth and the vividness of reality the ideal images he has derived from the characteristic features of external nature or of human life. And how wondrous is that faculty of picturesque and vivid apprehension which can give to poetry or to the creations of art as much

power over our feelings as the reality could possess; and can invest them with a vitality that time cannot destroy! How admirable is that power which can give an ideal empire throughout all ages to mortals ennobled by heroic virtue, and can represent to us the Past in its full glow of life and sunshine—"bright, strange, and novel in its far antiquity, yet as human and busy as ourselves; which can make suns shine and winds blow, build houses out of their ruins, populate old streets from forgotten graves, and make colours glow before our eyes as with the magician's power."

I have said that the poetic muse has ever found a native home in the sacred places of religion, and she resorts to them as she resorted to the shrines of ancient worship, attaining her highest splendour when employed upon the highest themes. It was in the day-spring East that her star rose to gild and guide the world; and through the writings of inspired prophets and law-givers sparks of the ancient poetic fire are scattered. The Book of Job has been regarded as the oldest poem in the world; and the poetry of nature was felt by the writers of other parts of the Holy Scriptures, who gave it a holier aim, employing poetic imagery in announcing their visions of the future, and in declaring the attributes of the Most High. Omnipotence being the most impressive of all God's attributes, the sublimest of descriptions are those which have for their theme the stupendous works of infinite power—beyond our planet, in the boundless immensity of space, the inconceivable number of the bright worlds beyond our system, and the unceasing velocity of those distant spheres; or upon our globe, the manifestations of the Creator's power which we behold in the strength of the hills and the resistless dominion of the sea, in the terrific grandeur of the storm, or the silent beauty of the starry night.

Many passages of Holy Scripture might be cited in which the grandest of poetical images are connected with the descriptions given of the power of the Almighty, and in which the prophetic apostrophes are delivered with a rhythmical conformation of sentences and a poetical use of metaphor, as well as in a dignified language, which are appropriate to the majesty of the subject. A characteristic example occurs in the 60th chapter of Isaiah:

Arise! be thou enlightened, for thy Light is come,
And the glory of Jehovah is risen upon thee.
For, behold, darkness shall enfold the earth,
And a thick obscurity shall cover the nations:
But upon thee shall the Lord thy Light arise,
And upon thee shall His glory be conspicuous.
And the nations shall walk in thy Light,
And kings in the brightness of His rising.

Poetry has likewise been for ever connected with religion by those compositions of the Royal Psalmist which afford expression to all human emotions. To this day, when the aspirations, the gratitude, or the grief of the heart seek expression before its Maker, we fly to the odes of the sweet singer of Israel. King David has been truly called the most popular of poets, and perhaps no nation is more familiar with his poetry than the people of Great Britain.

Thus has Poetry been employed in the service of the true God, and associated with the solemn grandeur of Scripture scenery and the dark mountains of Sinai. Let us now look at the office of the poetic muse when employed in the service of the deities of Mount Olympus and the oracular shrines of Greece. Amongst the Greeks—the most intellectual of ancient nations—all knowledge was originally derived from the treasures of the poetic muse. The myths which had been transmitted from ages as remote as the building of the Egyptian pyramids were preserved in poetic form, and perpetuated the traditions of a higher world in which deified heroes were companions of the gods, and of those fabulous times “when a Phrygian Ceres taught Athenians the cultivation of the fields—when a Phœnician Neptune or Minerva introduced navigation and the culture of the olive—when an Egyptian Cecrops laid the first foundation of civic polity—and a Theseus imported from Crete the traditions of a legislator.”

In the early days of the Greek Republic, and until the age of Herodotus, the poetic muse seems to have given a voice to History. In like manner the historical traditions of the earliest nations of Europe are found to have been transmitted in the poetic form. Thus the Druids traditionally preserved amongst the eastern colonists of Gaul, of Hibernia, and of Britain, their

learning and history; and the poetic form of their earliest knowledge may be traced in the historical remains of Celtic nations as well as in the bardic triads of Wales; while in the East itself the preservation at this day of the pure and copious language of Arabia has been attributed to the vitality of the Arab poetry. So it is that by Poetry the mental treasures of early civilisation have been conveyed to following generations and to distant lands; and we therefore view a nation's poetry (to adopt a simile used by Professor Trench) as the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been preserved, and which, having arrested the lightning-flashes of genius, has sailed laden with its precious freight in safety across gulfs of time in which empires have suffered shipwreck, and in which the languages of common life have perished.

But to return to the Greeks. Poetry seems not only to have preserved the witness of History, but to have moulded even the institutes of the moralist and the legislator. The study of oratory and of music or metrical delivery were combined among the ancient Greeks under one master, and the musical notes, like oars, gave impulse to the language of the orator. The legislator was in some instances also the poet, and it may be said that poets and lawgivers resorted together to the fountains of the muse. In metrical language the wise Solon not only sang of love, but delivered his legal institutes and his patriotic exhortations.

In Greece, Poetry, like the sister arts of Sculpture and Painting, was occupied especially with man. The Greeks even ascribed the origin of painting to woman's love: they related (as we all know) that when a certain warrior was taking farewell of his betrothed, before his departure to battle, she was struck by seeing his shadow thrown upon the wall by the light of a lamp which she held, and tracing the outline of the figure, her father, who worked in pottery, came and filled it up with coloured clays, which he afterwards hardened, and so a coloured figure of her lover remained before her eyes instead of himself. Among the Greeks, poetry did not find its chief province in the description of natural objects: indeed in the pages of the Greek poets, passages descriptive of natural beauty are scarce; yet no one can doubt their sensibility to the beauty and grandeur of

nature, who remembers their proverbial taste, and their habit of selecting for their temples and oracular shrines, localities of peculiar beauty and sublimity, like those historic promontories of the Ægean sea, which seem fit bulwarks for the throne of the deities of Olympus. But the description of nature in her manifold diversity was not a characteristic of Greek poetic literature, save where some moral or human interest was connected with it, and gave it special significance. One would hardly have expected to find this characteristic in the literature of "the lively Grecian in his land of hills:" it is as if he had thought, with our Sidney Smith, that the real use of the country is to find food for cities; or with Dr. Johnson, who, we are told, preferred a walk down Fleet Street to the finest scenes in the country, though he at all events felt the force of their associations, as he pitied the man whose patriotism did not glow upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety did not grow warmer amid the ruins of Iona. It has been truly observed, that with the Greek poets, and with the painters also, in the best periods of Greek art, landscape is always the mere back-ground of the picture, in the foreground of which human figures are moving. So that, whereas in our own times we have not only delightful poems, but an entire school of painting, devoted to landscape, and find the representation of the picturesque made prominent even in epic and other poetry; natural scenery is touched only in brief and suggestive phrases by the Greek poets, undoubted as was their sensibility to the beauties of nature, and their discriminating power of perception of the beautiful. In the pages of Homer himself, the father of Greek poetry, we have more minute and tantalising descriptions of splendid feasts than references to natural scenery, yet Homer's poetry exhibits a genuine love of nature: witness the epithets, of admirable significance and descriptive truth, which he applies to the unfruitful sea, the cloudy mountains, the starry heavens, the rosy-fingered morning, and to many other natural objects—but it is a love which discerns a sympathy between the aspects of nature and the vicissitudes of human feeling. Nature and her scenery was subordinate in interest to the actions, passions, and aspirations of man. So, too, it is as suggesting to the chained Prometheus an image of glad-

ness and hope that Æschylus mentions the sea stretched before the Titan, and describes the many-twinkling smile of ocean, and the light reflected from its dancing ripples.

But if the poetry of the Greeks is not devoted to the description of natural beauty, Greek sculpture for ever testifies to their perception of ideal perfection in form. The polytheism of Greece was the province of sculpture, for here its positive and defined outline, its strong and self-existing material, fully satisfied the imagination. But the hero and the god demanded ideal excellence; for in them humanity was viewed ennobled into a nature imperishable and divine. The human form was accordingly represented with the greatest symmetry of which the mind could conceive it capable; all that was noble and majestic in nature was collected and moulded by the sculptor; all that was gross or inharmonious was refined away. Cicero puts this well in a passage of the "Orator:" he says, "the ingenious artist, when he was tracing out the form of a Jupiter or a Minerva, did not borrow the likeness from any particular object; but a certain admirable semblance of beauty was present to his mind which he viewed and dwelt upon, and by which his skill and his hand were guided." Thus it was that the artist embodied the essence of grace, dignity, and power; all that was lofty and full of energy stood displayed in the figure of the hero—a magical serenity, a heavenly calm, was thrown over the whole figure of the god. For in formative art as well as in poetry, imagination, when it addresses kindred minds, paints nature, not absolutely, but as contemplated by man. It is remarkable that, with Christian subjects for the theme, all modern sculpture should have been so immeasurably inferior to ancient heathen art; while painting seems to have warmed under the finger-touch of Christianity, and the great masters have given us creations that, like Raffaele's, look like beings of celestial race, round which the very airs of heaven seem to hover—beings too pure for the passions and temptations of humanity.

Greek art had such command of poetical expression, and carried the element of form to such perfection, that works of Greek sculptors have as much power over our feelings as the highest poetry. We cannot look upon the imperishable monuments of Grecian art without feeling that there is a voice to the

heart of the living from the works of the dead; that their actions and their thoughts are capable of awakening as much ardour and emotion as the examples which surround us in our own age, or the direct influences of existing nature.

Thracian tradition celebrated the divinities of Olympus as the bringers of good and averters of evil, but nevertheless represented Zeus as supreme—the father of gods and men, having his dwelling in the ether, and supremely governing the world. The mythology of the Greeks surrounded them with self-existent powers which their creative imagination personified and humanized, making the symbol of the running fountain a Naiad pouring her urn; and of the sun, a fair-haired youth in a golden car. Deity appeared near and friendly, and in human form; and it was for this reason that sculpture became so peculiarly connected with the mythology of Greece, and gave it characteristic expression.

The Greeks deified the powers of nature: they found deities in wood, mountain, stream, and sea,—

The cloud-born idols of this lower air.

The voices of their gods were heard in the roar of the thunder, and the murmur of the waves; in the whispering of the pines, and the ringing fall of the stream; and thus it was, that to the Grecian mind,

The woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
The isles that crown th' Ægean deep,
The fields that cool Ilyssus laves—
Every old poetic mountain,
Every shade and hallow'd fountain,
Inspiration breath'd around.

But, although the spiritual was made manifest only by sensible objects, these superstitions of the Greeks brought tributes to the shrine of art which still excite the admiration of the world, and to which poetry and sculpture have sent their votaries in every age.

The Greeks may have derived the art of sculpture from the Assyrians or the Egyptians, but none of the old Assyrian or Egyptian spirit was perpetuated in the works of Greece. Into

the grim and colossal character of elder art the Greeks infused their own sense and soul: wheresoever it was that they derived the first notions of the art, Greek sculptors inspired it with grace and beauty, and gave it an expression, and embodied it in forms, that were never dreamed of on the banks of Nile. With fertile harvests of art they covered the isles of Greece, and shed over inanimate marble the grace of a life that is gone. Their statues remain to this day unrivalled—undisputed standards of the most perfect symmetry of form; and, amid the ruins of “dead empires,” their marble deities seem alone infused with animation. So inextinguishable are the sparks of olden fire, amidst the scattered reliques of Greek sculpture, that they have animated all subsequent plastic art, just as letters owe their preservation to Greek poetry—to those equally lasting compositions which the sister muse inspired beneath the soft skies and poetic hills of Greece. There the sculptor perpetuated in forms of ideal beauty the imaginary gods of whom the poet sang; he invested them with the perfections and attributes of unknown divinity, and threw the purple light of life over the cold marble forms of a fanciful mythology; and thus

The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

I have dwelt thus long on the poetry and sculpture of the Greeks, for they are parts of “the whole extended chain which binds us to the Ionic cities of the Ægean sea:” but after this glance at Grecian art, let us now consider the powers of poetry in comparison with those of the imitative arts as forms of poetical expression. And first let us compare the province and power of Painting with the province and power of Sculpture. Painting has a much wider scope than sculpture. The imitation of nature, or the production of an ideal beauty that rivals nature, is the language by which the sculptor addresses the mind; and he relies on the beauty of form and the expression of character for his strength, since sculpture is more severe than painting, and cannot please the eye by radiance and colour, or the other accessories of pictorial art. The sculptor’s creations must charm not by what they seem to be, but by what they are. Painting

employs illusion as well as imitation : in painting the variety and contrast of colour, the use of *chiaroscuro*, the glow of sunshine and the cool of shade, combine to render life-like and vivid the silent poesy of form. Sculpture embodies in the pure, cold, impassive marble, the abstract ideal of beauty, the grace and sentiment of an action, the form of power. The harmony of rich and brilliant colours has a gratifying effect upon the sense of sight ; in this respect Painting has an advantage over Sculpture. The mellow contrast and rich variety of colouring, with its consequences of light and shade, and its capabilities of perspective, give to Painting an infinitely wider range of objects for representation. Painting and Sculpture assimilate in the representation of animated forms and human action ; but Painting, by her command of accessories, aids her illusion, and concentrates at one point the attention of the spectator. Painting has been justly said to gain effect by contrast, and aggrandize by comparison. But Sculpture, cold and colourless, stony and severe, without accessories to produce illusion or please the sense before it addresses the imagination, must have beauty of conception, dignity of character, and consummate force and freedom of outline, before it can engage the mind—the creative mind—which transfers life and motion to the inanimate representation of perfect form. Leonardo da Vinci, when engaged on his immortal picture of the Last Supper, and endeavouring to embody in the head of the Saviour the sublime image which filled his mind, felt the inadequacy of human art to represent the highest of sacred themes ; and, unmatched as he was in depth of genius, in power of reflection, and in knowledge of art, shrank from the attempt to embody his conception of Deity interwoven with human nature. When at the last moment he delineated the head of the Saviour, this completion of his wonderful work was attributed to guidance from no mortal hand. The sculptor, no doubt, “might work a head of Christ to as noble proportion and fullness as Leonardo da Vinci, but the profound, settled light of benignity, the look of mercy, the inbreathed holiness,” would elude his art : he might make us admire as much, but not feel. As the softer enchantments of beauty are found in the eye, in the colouring of the face, in the settled light, or the fugitive blush, the sculptor’s

representation might only address the mind, while the loveliness of the painter's would enthrall the heart.

From its material and character, Sculpture must be defined and decisive; Painting may be indeterminate and vague. In Sculpture (I am using the language of the present Mr. Justice Coleridge in his Oxford Prize Essay,) all meets the eye; in Painting, more (often) is conveyed than meets the eye; the mind grasps the whole in Sculpture, in Painting it ever thinks there is more to grasp. Sculpture fills and satisfies the imagination it addresses; Painting exerts the imagination to the utmost limit of its own powers. In Sculpture one tone must predominate, one character pervade the whole; but Painting may represent objects in distinct contrast; it may reveal only partially, and arouse rather than satisfy the imagination. For this reason, perhaps, it was that Painting became peculiarly the handmaid of Christianity, as Sculpture had been the expression of Greek mythology; for it seems as if the sublime to the Christian's imagination required what is vague and indeterminate—what might be expressed by Painting, with its partial lights and breadth of shade, its bright glimpses and obscure concealments, just as in Poetry some of the sublimest images of Dante and of Milton have not the distinct outlines which the creations of Homer and Virgil possess. Though Painting, therefore, may better suit our solemn hours, and inspire our religious meditations, the contemplation of the faultless beauty of the masterpieces in ancient Sculpture refines the mind, and their chaste grandeur nourishes loftiness of soul and delicacy of feeling. Though stronger sympathies attach us to Milton, we have room for noble emotions from Virgil; though we may enter a holier circle, we linger with delight on classic ground.

If, now, we compare the powers of Poetry with those of the imitative arts, we shall see that Poetry alone grasps an unlimited sceptre, and may express whatever human genius can create. The poet Coleridge defines the two cardinal points of Poetry to be the power of exciting the reader's sympathy by a faithful adherence to the truth of Nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of the imagination. As Poetry employs verbal signs to suggest to the imagination noble grounds for noble thoughts, the greater muse is winged,

and her flight is unshackled by material fetters. The representations which Poetry addresses to the mind seem to affect it in a different manner from that in which natural objects, or the painted or sculptured representations of natural objects, affect it: in common with Painting and Sculpture, words excite ideas of sublimity and beauty, and address the feelings; but their power transcends the power of imitative art. And what additional cause do we perceive for gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts, when we consider Language, in its progress from the scanty requirements of savage life to the gorgeous plenitude of civilised intercourse; when (to use the language of an eminent author) “we behold it glowing in the song of the poet, and expressing the subtlety of the philosopher;” when we recognise in it the source of our purest pleasures, and the channel of our most useful knowledge; when we see it fixing the most subtle and evanescent flashes of genius, and painting the visions of fancy; giving utterance to the lessons of history and the holiest precepts of inspiration—the flaming chariot (as it has been called) of the oracles of God, dispensing light and life eternal to every inhabitant of the globe. The muse of Painting, it is true, employs a universal language, for—

The Pencil speaks the tongue of every land;

but it is obvious that no imitative art can present all the images that may be raised in the mind by words. Painting may be mute Poetry; but while Painting is imitative, Poetry is suggestive, and may become articulate Painting, for it can cause the most vivid images to flash at once upon the mind: and it is, perhaps, because poetical descriptions afford play to the imagination and to the natural activity of thought, that they have more power to affect the mind than the representations of the painter. Poetry alone can represent a moving current of human life, can lead the mind through a varied action and a succession of objects, and can clothe the subject of its description with the dignity and the attributes derived from antecedents—from its connection with the beings and events of bygone time; whereas the painter has but one page on which to represent his story. Illustrations of this attribute are familiar to all persons. Let me

refer, for example, to Turner's beautiful view of the Tomb of Cecilia Metella as a "tower of strength" upon the high ground above the Appian Way—a view which effectively presents the

— stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements, alone—

but only the poet's description invests it with its

— two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by Time o'erthrown;

or tells us that

— a woman's grave

was the treasure locked within this proud memorial of a husband's love. Thus, again, it is possible that the appearance of Milton's fallen angel may be as forcibly depicted on canvas as by the description of the poet; but the most sublime pencil of Italy could not have represented to a spectator those ideas of his former glory and his actual state which are suggested by the poet's description:—

He above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower: his form had not yet lost
All his original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory darkened: as when the Sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal, misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations.

And another fine comparison will occur to all readers of Milton's poetry in the description of Satan's

— ponderous shield,
Ethereal-tempered, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast: the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb,
Through optic glass, the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Vald'arno.

We have in Moir's little poem of *The Old Seaport* another example of the power of Poetry to raise in the imagination a picture which could not receive its full poetical force from the art of the painter. That poem has been very truly said to combine the literal-graphic and the graphic-imaginative, for it brings before us the dim old seaport with its sombre sea and sky—just such a bit of daguerreotype, with its desolate, grey, and dusky features, as Painting could most effectively represent; but also leads the mind, by simple, natural links of association, to glance over far seas and into foreign lands, and to contrast their stormy perils with the peace to which it returns in the old seaport. And I might mention many scenes which have been illustrated by the historical painter that nevertheless receive only from the description of the poet or historian their full solemnity. Thus, Reynolds's picture of the *Death of Cardinal Beaufort*—master-piece as it is—fails to impress the mind with the state of the conscience-stricken cardinal as portrayed by Shakespeare. Again, Poussin's great picture of the *Death of Germanicus* depicts the affliction of the friends who surround the dying prince, but only the historian can invest the scene with its affecting interest.

But it is needless to multiply examples that Poetry can present objects and combinations which are not within the province of imitative art. The words of Homer—of “the great Hellenic triumvirate of Athenian tragedy”—of Dante—of Shakespeare—cannot be embodied in sculptured or painted forms: they may and do inspire the sculptor or the painter who selects a character or an event—the action of a moment of time—for illustration by his art; but not the power of Michael Angelo or the grace of Raffaele, the solemnity of Rembrandt or the radiance of Rubens, can realise all the pictures of the imagination, or keep the animated pageants of the Past moving brightly across our path in the Present with kindling power. I need but call to remembrance the ideal creations the sublimity of which is derived from what is suggested rather than what is portrayed: the images of which the charm depends on their succession and transition, and their relation to other events—on circumstances that can be realised to the imagination only by what Dugald

Stewart calls the ubiquity of the poet's eye. Innumerable scenes of natural grandeur and picturesque beauty are realised by the mind when described in Poetry, which are unfit for the art of the painter by reason of their impressiveness being due to qualities or attributes of magnitude, motion, or sound which words only can describe. Thus, how can the ripple and glitter, the music and motion of the bright and restless waters, be adequately portrayed on canvas? How can any pictorial representation of Niagara impress the beholder with the slow and solemn majesty of its descent? The associative or suggestive imagination may indeed supply, or transfer to the representation, those attributes which invest the scene with its full impressiveness and grandeur, and which poetical descriptions may convey; just as the graphic word-painting of Shakespeare raises a complete picture in the mind, not only of supernatural objects but of a peaceful landscape or an agitated sea.

A poetical representation which is associated with indistinct forms, and terrors suggested rather than defined, and therefore incapable of being expressed by Painting or Sculpture, can collect before the mind an instantaneous picture, full of ideal sublimity and grandeur. I might give many examples: there is Virgil's description of Jupiter, shrouding his power in tempests and clouds of darkness, his presence revealed by lightning: there is Milton's description of the passage of the fallen angels, where it is from the

——— rocks, caves, dens, and shades——

being those of Death, that the image derives its gloomy force: there is the mythological attribute of the eagle as armour-bearer of Jove, which so greatly augments the image of strength conveyed by the flight of the noble bird: and there are the obscured images and undefined terrors by which Milton surrounds

——— the other shape——

If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,—
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either,—black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart. What seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

Many of Shakespeare's poetical pictures and ideal conceptions belong exclusively to the domain of Poetry. Who (it has been asked) can weave with material colours the fine texture of Ariel? Who can fix in the eye of Prospero the magician's light? Who can plant on the forehead of Macbeth the words of the Witches' prophecy, or portray the weird sisters that darkly traverse the imagination, or realise the spectacle suggested by the poet when

Before the Scot, afflicted and aghast,
The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant passed.

Haydon says the finest conception of a ghost that was ever painted was Fuseli's Ghost in Hamlet: it quivered on the battlements with martial stride, and pointed to a place of meeting with the Prince of Denmark; round the vizored head was a blaze of light that seemed unearthly, and the dim moon was seen glittering behind the castle upon the agitated sea. But this was not the ghost drawn by Shakespeare, for there were no human sympathies about it—no "sable silvered beard," or countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

In the Holy Scriptures, the metaphorical descriptions of the inspired writers are full of sublime images, which are as incapable of pictorial representation as Deity itself. Innumerable examples might be given in which a sublime representation of divine attributes is conveyed by animated personifications and by metaphors drawn from natural objects associated with grandeur, terror, and power.

Where, however, Poetry appeals to the imagination by images which can receive material form and permanence, Sculpture enforces their power with all the charm of its striking reality, and Painting fixes them with all the magic of its vivid illusion. Painting and Sculpture, it is true, can

Steal but a passing glance from Time ;

but the painter may in that glance concentrate a picture which Poetry could present to the imagination only by accumulated images, or a succession of descriptive epithets. The painter, therefore, can address the heart as eloquently as the poet, where the subject or the action represented is capable of complete repre-

sentation in Painting; indeed in these cases the painter's language is more effective than the poet's, chiefly because, as Horace has memorably remarked, what passes before the trusty eyes affects us more than what we hear; the eyes are less credulous and more difficult to persuade than the ears. How many combinations there are, the effect of which upon the feelings is due to the instantaneous insight which Painting gives. The result of a gradually acquired knowledge of what is thus presented to the kindling eye at a glance would never be so affecting; but Painting renders the appeal sudden and complete, and takes the heart by storm before it is prepared. And the greatest of the Painter's advantages is derived from the animating charm of colour which has such subtle power over the mind, whether beheld in Nature or imitated by art:—colour, which of all God's gifts to earth has been truly called the holiest and most divine; for what (as our eloquent friend Mr. Ruskin asks) would our existence be if the blue were taken from the sky, and the gold from the sunshine, the bright green from the leaves, and the crimson from the cheek? What would the face of Nature become if the cool pearly tint of morning was not thrown upon the sea, the verdant brightness of spring or the gorgeous hues of autumn seen on the woods, or the rich glow of sunset in the sky? It is colour that clothes the design in Painting, as words convey the thought in Poetry, and the use of rich colour in Painting seems to correspond to that of poetical imagery in a poem: thus Homer's expression has been compared with the colouring of some great masters. But the imagery of a poem does not constitute its poetry, nor can the mere colour in Painting supply the want of loftiness of thought, unity of design, and harmony of composition: thus Cicero, in speaking of Oratory, tells us that composition and gracefulness of style consist in words, but that majesty and dignity of style are due to sentiments. These are equally essential to the poet and the painter, and a true judgment in this particular is what constitutes Taste—that controlling power of genius which gives the crowning charm, whether viewed on the canvas of Raffaelle or the pages of Homer.

In the arrangement or composition of subjects, and their due relief, there is a marked affinity between the pictorial and the

poetic art. The principles of harmony are the same, whether perceived by the mind through the medium of measured sound and euphonous language, or by the eye through the harmonious disposition of objects and forms, the judicious use of colour, and the distribution of light and shade. The lights and shadows which the painter distributes must be preserved in the composition of the poet; a due subordination of parts is likewise to be observed in the arrangement of the objects represented in Poetry as well as in Painting, so that the character or action presented may be brought into prominence with all the force and brilliancy of which the descriptive art is capable, those features which are merely accessory being cast into shadow. As judicious colouring and artistic arrangement render a picture effective and pleasing, so beauty of imagery and harmony of composition are essential to poetic expression in verse. In Homer's poetry, where progressive actions are described, each object delineated has a definite relation to them, and is generally introduced with only one distinguishing quality or characteristic, for, in the lofty and heroic subjects of epic poetry, strength, consistency, and grandeur are to be realised; and these are in like manner the objects at which the painter aims, as we see in the best works of the great masters, in which we see simplicity in treatment and a grandeur of conception that addresses the soul. As the mind receives from the judicious employment of the means of expression in Art the same kind of pleasure that it derives from the harmonious combination of objects in Nature, so harmony of colouring and beauty of form seem to affect the mind as harmony in music does. The great masters of antiquity excelled in knowledge of the principles of harmony and proportion no less than in that picturesque element of graceful contour and ideal form which is as essential to the poetical expression of a picture as beauty of imagery and harmony of numbers are to a poem. And the great quality of fidelity to Nature is as essential in Poetry as in the imitative arts. It was by that intuition of genius which regards Art as the interpreter of Nature that the greatest sculptors, painters, and poets have achieved their enduring successes. It is their wondrous fidelity to the true ideal of natural beauty that has given such immortality to the works of the old Greek sculp-

tors; it is their devotion to the truth of Nature, as well as their grace and grandeur of expression, uniting

All a painter's art, and all a minstrel's flame,

that raise the works of Michael Angelo and Raffaele to their acknowledged pre-eminence; it is his truth to Nature, and his knowledge of the human heart, that have made Shakspeare the poet of all time.

But I need say no more about canons of art, which I am sure will not be disputed, nor pursue my comparison of the Muse of Painting with her elder sister of Poetry, for I doubt not we shall with Roscoe recognise her as

—— The power in whom conjoined
Their differing excellence is shown,
Yet sweetly blended and combined
With charms peculiarly her own.

And now let us take a passing glance at ARCHITECTURE—that Queen of the Imitative Arts—which, although an art entirely practical and subservient to our wants, is akin to Poetry in its close connection with the imagination and its power over our feelings; an art which has inspired our poets, and enshrined our faith; an art which has raised edifices so majestic, that a celestial presence seems to dwell in them upon the earth, and which has rendered all other arts tributary to its service.

Allegory placed the statues of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture as the mourners round the tomb of Michel Angelo; but it has been said that we do not pay due honour to Architecture, if we consider her the sister and equal of the arts that are founded on the imitation of Nature. Architecture consults Nature for lessons, not for models; she combines the graceful leaf, the binding tendril, and the spreading floweret, in her symbolic language, and raises a structure which, like a great epic poem, becomes the living evidence of the manners, the knowledge, and the aspirations of a people, whether read in the porticoes of Palmyra or the cathedrals of Christendom. We see this glorious art impressed by the national genius of each people, whether we view its elaborate and grotesque forms in the mysterious cave temples of Hindostan, or its sombre and gigantic

massiveness in the pictured monuments of Egypt; whether we trace its antique strength in the disinterred palaces where the kings of Assyria reigned amidst the sculptured awe-inspiring emblems of power, or follow its graceful varieties and adaptations in the East from the Byzantine prototypes of Moorish architecture; whether we view the stern solidity of Egyptian and Hindoo massiveness moulded by the Greek mind, to the pure creations that are beautiful even in ruin upon the classic lands of Greece, or see it reflecting the pride and majesty of ancient Rome in the graceful architecture of the eternal city; or, tracing it from the Roman times through the earliest edifices of the Gothic style in Europe, and through its characteristic transformations in the middle ages—behold it at length enthroned in the stupendous minsters of York and Lincoln, of Amiens and Cologne.

I have said that Architecture combines the forms of Nature in her symbolic language, and the Pointed style itself is, as we all know, fancifully said to have been suggested by

The arcades of a forest walk,

and to emulate, in its lengthening naves and aisles, an avenue of stately trees; and we do not wonder at this derivation when we stand in many a great cathedral of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and see stretching far away long parallel rows of clustered columns, terminating in graceful chaplets of leaves and flowers; and we seem to be surrounded by majestic stems rising at measured distances, and branching into vaulted canopies overhead, interlacing with luxuriant foliage; while around us, through every bay of pillars, as through the vistas of a woodland walk, the rays stream in through forms of traceried stone, but,

Awed by a holy presence, sadly fair,
The daylight enters reverently there.

It would, however, be out of place here to inquire what may have been the origin of Gothic Architecture; suffice it to say, that the patient labour of Indian art, the towering magnificence of Egypt, the unfettered strength and splendour of Rome, the purity and refinement of Greece, all unite to receive a higher crown and exhibit a loftier majesty in the hallowed shrines of Christian art.

If Christianity in the early ages of its history caused the fine arts of ancient heathen nations to decline, ecclesiastical architecture in a later age consecrated the spoils of heathenism to the service of the Cross, and the sister arts came reverentially to adorn the stately monuments that Architecture raised. In the middle ages, too, the popular sympathies went with the development of art, and a nation rejoiced on every addition to the solemn splendours of a cathedral as it would have hailed the triumphs of a conqueror.

Architecture is based, like all the fine arts, on harmony of quantities—on those harmonious laws of proportion which affect the mind like a mathematical truth, and charm the eye as a concord of musical sounds might charm the ear; and geometrical proportion and musical harmony might both be regarded as having their source in the secret caverns of the mind, like the perception of beauty in nature and in art; and (as an able reviewer has said) the paths which have conducted a Galileo or a Newton to the profoundest abstractions seem to start also from the sweet portals of musical sound. And there is, indeed, the closest relation between Church-Architecture and Poetry: from Shakespeare to Scott—from Milton to Keble—Church-Architecture has proved a source of inspiration to our poets; and, employing, instead of words, the produce of the quarry and the forest for its materials, a fine cathedral rears (as Mr. Ruskin has eloquently said) its grey cliffs of stone, its towers, and spires, and pinnacles, far above the populous city into the midst of sailing birds and silent air, and stands a stately monument of sacred art—an epic in stone,—giving perpetual expression to the holy thoughts of those who reared it, and raising on high the continual melody of its beauty, its grandeur, and its strength.

A general analogy has likewise been traced, by other than merely fanciful writers, between Architecture and Music. These charming arts may undoubtedly be said to resemble each other in their power over the feelings, in their metrical structure, and in the correspondence of symbolism in Architecture to words in Music. A distinct analogy, too, has been traced between the three styles of Pointed Architecture and the three styles of Music in harmony which have culminated at successive times. In

First-Pointed or Early-English Architecture, symbolism was paramount; in the Middle-Pointed or Decorated style it seems to have been declining; and in Third-Pointed or Perpendicular Architecture to have become extinct. So, the earliest musical style was altogether vocal, the second is equally adapted to voices and instruments, and the third is peculiarly an instrumental style. The most important change that has taken place in the music of the Church was the substitution of music in harmony for music in unison, and that change is regarded as analogous to the change in Christian Architecture from Romanesque to Pointed. The invention of music in harmony was nearly contemporaneous with that of Pointed Architecture, but the development of Music has been gradual, while Pointed Architecture rapidly attained maturity. The three successive styles of music in harmony are the style of Palestrina and Tallis, of Pergolesi and Kent, of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, to which the epithets "sublime," "beautiful," and "ornate," may be respectively applied, as they may to First-Pointed, Middle-Pointed, and Third-Pointed Architecture. So, too, in the flowing melody of the Italian style of Pergolesi a correspondence is traced to the flowing tracery of the later Decorated Architecture. Again, an analogy has been found between the three styles of Music and the three styles of Painting, which may equally be characterised as the sublime, the beautiful, and the ornate.

But I must not lengthen this lecture by pursuing the relations between Music and Architecture and Music and Painting, yet I am tempted to illustrate the affinities of the sister arts and their kindred influence on human genius from the lives of many eminent favourites of the muses. We find many great masters of form who have excelled in Poetry—

Whose magic touch could bid the canvas glow,
Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow ;

and their love for Music indicates a mysterious affinity between the organ of Music and the organs of form and colour. There is a mystic relation between the perception of sweet sounds in Music and of harmonious colouring as well as beautiful form in Painting ; and either the mute poetry of form or the articulate

poetry of Music can raise noble and tender thoughts and be made the utterance of emotion. We know that a law of harmonious vibration holds in Optics as in Music;—that as each of the seven harmonic sounds has its peculiar effect on the organ of hearing and through the auditory nerves upon the mind, so each of the seven colours of the rainbow has its peculiar effect on the organs of sight when separately transmitted, and that through the series of colours as well as through the series of sounds a strictly analogous proportion prevails. Rich colours in Painting answer to concords in Music. Chiaroscuro has been called the musical element of Painting, and design in Painting seems to correspond to melody in Music.

More than one famous sculptor in ancient Greece was first a painter. Cimabue—the restorer of art in Italy in the thirteenth century—was both an architect and a painter. Leonardo da Vinci was an architect and a poet as well as a painter, and his descriptions of events and scenes have been thought to possess all the force of pictures. Andrea Orcagna—the most celebrated of the artists who closed the period of the Florentine school which Giotto had begun, was the Michel Angelo of his age, and—like that illustrious Titan in art—successfully cultivated Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting. Michel Angelo was, moreover, a musician and a poet. Raffaello was a poet as well as a painter; and as to Rubens, the biographers assert that this great colourist (who spoke fluently seven languages, was skilled in many sciences, and was an accomplished diplomatist,) was so sensitive to the influences of Poetry, that before he took up his palette for the day he was accustomed to read or hear fine passages from the ancient poets, to release his mind from the trammels of low-thoughted care, and waft his fancy to the airy regions of imagination.

The two most famous colourists of the Florentine school—Leonardo da Vinci and Fra Bartolomeo—were remarkable for their love of music. Leonardo was no less admired at Milan as a musician than as a painter; and Vasari, in his *Life of Fra Bartolomeo*, tells us that musical compositions possessed for him an irresistible charm. He represents that pious and enthusiastic artist preparing himself for death by employing his pencil on

votive offerings, and returning to Florence with a new inspiration in the love of music which threw a charm over the remainder of his life. So, too, Correggio, who (in the words of Rio,) surpassed every other artist in the magical effect of his colouring, had experienced such vivid and delicious impressions from music, that in the sleep immediately preceding his death he dreamed he had met Palestrina in heaven—a vision which he regarded as a foretaste of eternal bliss. Among the Venetian painters the passion for music was almost universal—at all events in the second period of the Venetian school which closes with the sixteenth century. The introduction of the most illustrious amongst them as the performers of a concert, in the magnificent picture of the Marriage at Cana, which forms one of the greatest ornaments of the Louvre, was no arbitrary fiction, for certain of them were in the habit of meeting frequently in order to taste this pleasure in common.

It was one of the daily enjoyments of Titian, that, in the small palace which he occupied opposite the island of Murano, he was within hearing of the soft and harmonious songs that were wafted at sunset, and often throughout the night, from the many gondolas which at that time animated this part of the Lagune, now so silent and deserted. This reminds one of Byron's love for the music that came to him "over the waters." Giorgione, as Vasari relates, sang and played so divinely on the lute, that he was often invited to preside at the concerts of the Patricians. Tintoretto possessed this two-fold talent almost to the same degree; and the argument is not drawn from the Venetian school alone. Benvenuto Garofalo of Ferrara, who was no less admirable than Leonardo da Vinci and Correggio in the choice and combination of his colours, consoled himself under the deprivation of sight in his later years by musical gratifications. An illustrious example to the same effect is afforded in our own country. Milton was early instructed in music. His poetry (as Campbell remarks) gives us the idea that he was habituated to inspiration under the influence of music, and he fully recognises its importance in education. England has never been rich in great colourists, but the life of at least one great English painter—I mean Gainsborough—exemplifies the conjoint influence of the Muses. It

is said that at the end of a concert he would sometimes bestow one of his landscapes on the musician who had delighted him.

I bring forward these instances to illustrate the alliance of the Arts, not the capacities of individual temperament; and as we find that several muses have been thus propitious to one votary, it seems that genius can accumulate distinct functions in one individual, and this without the consequence which resulted in the case of the pianoforte-maker celebrated by Macaulay, who added to his original business that of a baker, whereby his customers had both much worse music and much worse bread.

It is not alone the most highly-gifted of artists, the great masters in Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture, who have also yielded homage to Poetry and Music: a love for these has been very generally found allied with a taste for the Fine Arts in every civilised nation. Music as well as Poetry has asserted the universality of its empire over men, but Music has been said to reign over a greater number of hearts than either sister muse. So, likewise, most persons who are fond of Poetry and the Imitative Arts are also fond of Music: thus, the poet Rogers speaks of himself as having received from Nature

——— What most he values—

A passionate love for Music, Sculpture, Painting,
For Poetry—the language of the Gods,
For all things that are grand and beautiful.

But Music, as Metastasio remarked, possesses that advantage over Poetry which a universal language must have over a national one. We have remains which prove that civilized nations in remote antiquity yielded homage to Music, while none have come down to us to show that they had any knowledge of Poetry, or of any but the rudest art in Painting or Sculpture. An early Greek author has said that Music is the most ancient of all arts; and truly the great majority of mankind have been her votaries—men uniting in love of Music who agree in nothing else; and it seems as if the Supreme Giver of all good had inspired this gift with an especial love, as the gift which the world could have the least power to deaden or pervert, and which might be the most fitly devoted to His praise.

In the times of heathen antiquity the poets represented Music

as joined with the knowledge of Divine things; and long before the cultivation of letters in Greece, Music was well known in Egypt—the birthplace of Religion, and once the mart of the civilised world. What Tasso said, three centuries ago, of Music and Poetry—viz. that they are sister arts, gifted with power to lift the heart to God, and animate the language of devotion—was felt, three thousand years before, among the people of Israel. In every period of their history the Hebrews were accustomed to celebrate their gratitude to God in songs of joy. The Hebrew ode was adapted to sacred melody; and, under the government of David, the arts of Music and Poetry, in combination, attained the most flourishing state they ever enjoyed among the Jews. The splendour of his establishment for the service of the Temple indicates the original dignity and grandeur of sacred Music, as joined to that wondrous fabric of devotional Poetry which has ever since proved so suited to human feelings and aspirations.

That the earliest music was simple we may well believe, for simple music is well suited to be the handmaid of Religion, and to affect the heart; and we still find the music to which nations are attached the most simple and the most affecting, just as in Ireland some striking melodies are traditionally preserved which are said to ascend a period as remote as the conversion of the island.

From the earliest times of Grecian civilisation, Music appears to have been inseparable from Poetry, and to have been used especially in the celebration of divine rites. In former ages Orpheus and Linus, who taught Music to man, were fabled to be descended of the Gods; and sometimes, as we learn from Plato, legal authority solemnly sanctioned those sacred songs which assumed the form of addresses to the divinities and the name of hymns.

That the Greeks had musical instruments we know, from their sculptured representations, from references made to them, and indeed from extant treatises on the art of making and using them—treatises, however, which are not likely to be referred to in the present day, except as curiosities. It does not give us a very high idea of the ancient Greek Music when we find that one of those instruments seems to have been a bagpipe; still I do not

mean to speak disrespectfully of that primitive instrument, especially as it probably gave rise to the organ; but the harp is represented as the companion of Apollo, and Aristotle is said to have written a treatise on the flute.

It is even thought that remains of Greek music have come down to us. The Greeks did not understand part-singing, but three hymns were found in a Greek manuscript at Rome, one of which is a hymn to Nemesis, and is said to be a pleasing air; and in the ancient ecclesiastical chants there is little doubt that the Church of Rome preserved remains of the old Greek music. But (as a writer of our day has well remarked) the first few centuries of the Christian æra have transmitted no sounds to posterity. We “know nothing of the low chanting which echoed in the catacombs of Rome, which Constantine listened to and St. Ambrose reformed;” and, save the tradition of the Ambrosian Chant, which was used in the reign of Theodosius and continued to the time of Gregory the Great, it is not until the end of the sixth century that the silence is broken by the Gregorian tones, “which rise up from the vast profound of the past like heralds of a dawning world of sound,—pure, solemn, but expressionless;” and a thousand years elapsed before Palestrina spiritualised the music of the Church.

So that the musical remains of antiquity which have come down to us are very slender compared with the productions inspired by the sister Muses in Italy’s rich and regal past.

But to conclude my comparison of Music with Painting and Poetry. Although Music has such power to raise emotions of the soul, it cannot express incident, or situation, or form, or colour. It cannot narrate, inform, or reason. It is an expression of the feelings and the fancy. We all know that there is music which may tell its own tale without any words for an interpreter—music which a player of taste and poetic feeling can render the utterance of emotion and a discourse full of poetry, capable of appealing to the feelings like a fine work of the sister art. Mozart’s devotional music, it has been said, is the true voice of supplication; and the “sculptured grandeur” of Handel’s recitative fulfils our highest conception of Divine utterance. Beethoven’s celebrated Mass is a wonderful *tableau* of musical

painting; and what a charm we feel in the scenery (so to speak) of some of his Symphonies! The tempest in his Pastoral Symphony has been likened to a scene in Thomson's Seasons set to music. On the other hand, how utterly Haydn's attempt to describe sunrise by musical notes fails to give us any idea of what Weber has called that magnificent *crescendo* of Nature! There is much dramatic music that truthfully expresses passion, and there is some imitative music, Handel's *Hailstone Chorus* for example, which impresses a sense of sublimity, for it is a forcible piece of sound-painting, in which sounds suggest images of terror to the mind; but the highest musical pleasure cannot be derived from the best imitative music; nor can the cultivated taste derive any pleasure at all from that so-called "descriptive" music, which, as aiming at delusion, is unworthy of the art. Can we listen, for example, to the musical accompaniment to the words "their land brought forth frogs," without perceiving its ridiculous practical mimicry? Those things seem best adapted to musical expression for which Music supplies a sort of natural and universal language.

It may now be interesting to glance briefly at the state of the sister arts from the time of their being attracted to Italy, while Rome was "the magnet of nations."

But, before that Roman name was heard which afterwards filled the world, art was not unknown in Italy. A multitude of remains at this day bear testimony to the splendour and refinement of the Etruscan people long before the origin of Rome; and the Paintings and other works of the Etruscans show the influence of Greek genius. So likewise, in a later age, other western lands of the Mediterranean received their civilisation and their arts from Grecian isles; and the Western world owed the very preservation of letters to compositions which the muse of Poetry had inspired amidst scenes consecrated by the genius of ancient time. "Thoughts winged on Grecian words" were communicated to the Western world before Rome received from Greece those imitative and constructive arts which the Romans moulded to their service—those arts which were destined to find their home in Italy long after genius should be extinct in Greece

itself, and when only ruin should occupy the land that gave them birth. But before the days of the Empire, and even in the time of Cicero, when Rome was old, Architecture and Sculpture, Poetry and Painting, were arts which Rome knew only as imported from Greece, and practised only as adapted to civil uses; for, when the arts were cultivated by the Romans, none were valued that could not become the handmaids of her martial spirit. Poetry was not cultivated until its charms reflected the genius of a Court; Architecture had not then begun to employ the magnificence of order and the grace of proportion on any buildings but those of public utility and worship; and Sculpture adorned the places of assembly only with the statues of those whose public virtues were to be set before the people. And during the Republic the march of the Romans seems to have effaced the footsteps of the Muses in the western lands of Grecian civilisation, as if Art was too delicate for a soldier-people, whose utilitarian roads, aqueducts, coliseums, and other gigantic works have been justly said to stand no less contradistinguished from the temples and academies of speculative Greece than does the practical Code of Justinian from the metaphysical abstractions of Plato. The Romans seem to have been more capable of doing than of imagining great actions; and, under the rule of the Roman Emperors, it seemed as if the luxurious sensuality of the Empire was not favourable to the genius of those Hellenic arts which had gone hand in hand with the genius of the nation in days

When glory knew no clime beyond her Greece.

There was an elegance in the Grecian mind which affords a remarkable contrast to the manners of Rome under the Emperors. Look, for example, at the application of art to the commonest appurtenances of domestic life. The Greeks gave the stamp of beauty to everything they touched. When they adopted the Eastern custom of reclining at their meals, they exhausted tasteful invention in the fashion of their couches; they graced their dinner-tables by articles of use, from which the moderns borrow the best of their models; and the same refinement of taste which formed their drinking-vessels, wreathed the cup with flowers, and

bound the brow with the mystic chaplet of myrtle—the inspirer of refined thoughts. But, after the conquest of Greece, and the removal of art and artists to Rome, the spirit which had inspired the arts of Sculpture and Painting seems to have fled the land, and pictorial art was characterised only by a corrupt taste for gorgeous decoration. In Poetry, however, as well as in Oratory, History, and Jurisprudence, a new stage of intellectual progress began with the Augustan age, as it did with our Elizabethan era. The Romans of the Empire had at their command the whole fabric of that Greek philosophy of which we have only disjointed fragments to found our modern knowledge. Rome has been called the living synthesis of nations; and, as she sought politically to mould all the families of man into one community, so she made a composite art, literature, and philosophy of her own from the intellectual riches of the Greeks. When Greece ceased to be isolated, the Muses no longer inspired her people, and from the decay of Greek liberty and genius Roman Poetry arose; but, as we all know, the Poetic Muse made her home in Italy during only a short period of the national existence, attaining a culminating point when Virgil sang from the marble halls of Augustus Cæsar. But, whereas among the Greeks every phase of the national existence had its own characteristic poetry, and all ranks of the people had been votaries of the Poetic Muse, the poetic literature of the Romans extends over a comparatively short period, was not dedicated to human life in action, was cultivated successfully by few, and addressed a comparatively small class of the people. It was natural, however, that in Italy, which had then lured into her embrace all lovers of the beautiful, the Italian poets of the Empire should derive from their own country a sensibility to the beauty of nature; and, to a poetical power of depicting natural beauty, they added gravity, earnestness, and moral fervour. So closely did Roman poets study nature, that Virgil’s “grave majestic verse” is thought to sound in the ear what it conveys to the mind; and in some of the grander lines of Lucretius critics fancifully hear echoes from the ocean as it breaks upon the shore—solemn and monotonous, yet with cadences of more sonorous music.

But, while imperial Rome was adorning her temples and luxu-

rious palaces with all the noblest tributes of art that she could bring from subject-lands, a power that had its birth-place in Jerusalem was advancing in the first centuries of the Christian era, which was destined to discard the fables of heathen mythology, and depose the heroes of ancient worship: CHRISTIANITY came, with its own legends and its austere symbols, and proclaimed heroes superior to them all; and Rome herself was destined to yield to the conquerors who came in the Redeemer's might. But Christianity asked no aid from the fine arts of heathen nations; and in the catacombs, amid the most solemn inspirations the world has known, the confessors of Christ celebrated in gloom and persecution the mysteries of their faith. Long ages were to elapse before the Church of the true God was to be set on high among the people, and was to bid art revive, and become thenceforth consecrated to His service. On the rude walls of subterranean caverns, and above the tombs of martyrs, the first Christian artists traced works which they hoped would remain the lasting memorials of a superhuman faith and fervour: the pictured formularies of human lives and hopes, which Poetry came not to celebrate, nor History to preserve. When Christianity triumphed, the Muses met no encouragement from the anti-pagan zeal of the Christians. They are said to have put ropes round the necks of many a marble Venus and Apollo, to have tried them publicly like criminals, found them guilty of heathenism and beauty, and pounded them to dust. One cannot think without lively indignation of the similar scenes that were enacted in our country more than twelve hundred years afterwards, when the Puritans and Reformers raged with the fury of iconoclasm, and rose to outrage and deface the solemn temples of God in which they had just before worshipped. Then, after the downfall of the Roman Empire, and the irruption in Italy of barbarous nations—enemies alike to Christianity and to classic art—even civilisation underwent eclipse. Amid the ruins of Rome and other cities of Italy, the Church alone preserved ancient learning, and alone afforded a sanctuary to those arts which were conducive to her service; but the rigid forms and materials of the Christian art of those days gave little scope to genius, nor did Architecture yet afford a theatre for its encouragement; still,

neither Music nor Painting seem to have wholly fled the land. When, however, the Christian faith was acknowledged throughout the Roman Empire, a second period of the development of Christian art began; and, instead of the allegorical forms in which she had symbolised her faith in the ages of persecution, the Church could now represent images of beatitude and triumph, and place the figure of her Lord in a pre-eminent majesty as the Light of the World. The accession of Charlemagne gave a new impulse to the Fine Arts throughout the whole Empire of the West: the mission of inspecting the churches and paintings formed part of the functions of the royal envoys. Italian art had before this time found its way to England, where the lamp of learning shone brightly from this remote diocese of Christendom. To the union of Poetry and Music, and the cultivation, to some degree, of both in our own country, even in the remote times of the Saxon Heptarchy when society was in a disturbed and an almost barbarous state, full testimony remains; and (as Mitford remarks) it is a curious coincidence, that in so widely distant an age as the reign of our great Alfred, and in this remote home of civilisation, Poetry and Music should have been united much in the same way as they were in ancient Greece. But some centuries that passed after the time of Charlemagne are illumined by no rays of genius in the southern lands where the Muses had formerly breathed inspiration upon their votaries. At length the silver-winged messengers appeared: a new light and spirit moved upon the face of the earth. Art, like the Dardan wanderer, had found the golden bough, and, led by Religion among the saintly forms of holiness, devoutly aspired to find the abode of the heavenly Father.

In Italy, the latter half of the thirteenth century—that is to say, a period contemporary with our Edward the First—is illustrated in Poetry with the grand and solitary name of Dante, and in Painting with the name of Cimabue, who was its reviver and regenerator in Italy, and who, like the graceful and expressive Giotto, his successor, shone as an isolated light in the long-darkened world of mediæval art. It was not long before the time of Cimabue that modern Architecture freed itself from the classic yoke; and it is gratifying to our national pride that we

are able to trace that change in Italy to the influence of the English style of Gothic Architecture. If it was from Italy that the Fine Arts first came into England (and I need not here narrate what the Anglo-Saxon Church owed to Rome for the Romanesque architecture, the music, and the art of illuminating manuscripts which she successfully cultivated from the time that the venerable Abbat Benedict brought the productions of distant lands to adorn his great monasteries of Jarrow and Wearmouth); if, I say, it was from Italy that Art was transplanted to our country, it was from England that Gothic Architecture was introduced into Italy. To Cardinal Guala, a potential legate known in English affairs of state in the last years of the reign of King John, that introduction has been ascribed. And an Englishman may also reflect with pride that Painting was successfully practised in England (though, perhaps, only in the service of Architecture) contemporaneously with the restoration of the art of Painting by Cimabue in Italy. The magnificent monuments of architectural skill and splendour that were erected from the time of the Conquest to the close of the thirteenth century afforded abundant scope for the employment of architects, sculptors, and painters. Henry the Third at least deserves this praise—that he was the first English sovereign who paid attention to those arts; and by him, as by Edward the First, their professors appear to have been liberally employed. The reigns of the Plantagenets were indeed a glorious epoch for art; they wrote the narratives of Scripture-history (as somebody has well said) on vast illuminated leaves of glass; their monumental memorials are a style of sculpture unsurpassed in any age or country of Europe; and the rising commercial greatness of England fostered the arts without degrading them, and enriched our land with forms of grace and beauty.

But in mediæval times neither Sculpture nor Painting attained in England a development equal to that of Architecture. The Pointed style—at once original and Christian—unadulterated by those associations of heathenism which infect the walls of every antique edifice, seems to have been created for a new and purer faith; and it spread rapidly and simultaneously over the chief part of Christendom, but in no country attained more character-

istic purity, majesty, and grace than in Great Britain. Its rapid naturalisation and its luxuriant development have been attributed to its fitness to give expression to our faith, our love and hope. Gothic Architecture (as a gifted writer well observes) creeps not along the ground like the horizontal line of the pagan temple, nor the low-roofed mosque of the Moslem, but aspires as with the prayers of worshippers. Greatness, massiveness, and sublimity were felt to be needful elements for the material temple of the Eternal: in vastness and altitude the architects of old sought utterance; their vaulted roofs conveyed the impression of sublimity; their clustered pillars were full of symbolic expression; and their vast dimensions and shadowy aisles set forth the Christian's sense of the greatness and unsearchable presence of God:—

While far away, and high above,
 In maze on maze the tracéd sight
 Strayed mindful of that heavenly love
 Which knows no end in depth or height.

And how perfect is this Christian style! how harmonious in its proportions! how inexhaustible in its resources and varieties of combination, how full of meaning and capability! how significant its cruciform plan, its aspiring pinnacles! how pervading the religious sentiment, how true the artistic poetry and feeling! how satisfying to the eye, how eloquent to the sympathetic heart!

But if in mediæval times neither Sculpture nor Painting attained in England a development equal to that of Architecture, I fear that in Architecture and Monumental Sculpture our own age will not bear comparison with the thirteenth century; and truly, in the application of painting and colour to our churches and palaces, we might advantageously take a lesson from the times that bigotry calls “the dark ages.” In Church Architecture we have not yet emerged from the carpenter's Gothic of the time of George III.; and whereas the thirteenth century saw the noblest abbey-churches built, the nineteenth century sees them still lying in lonely and desolate ruin, as if they were no more to us than the Irish round towers—those slender, cone-topped piles that, upon bleak hill-sides or by a

gloomy lake, stand in such mysterious and ghost-like grandeur, surrounded by the ruins of a thousand years.

The monumental sculpture with which the false taste and perverted art of the last three hundred years have encumbered our edifices of religion is unworthy even of heathen art, and has for the most part nothing Christian in its character. Even in the third century, Christian subjects were represented in the sculptured forms of Roman art; but our modern monuments are generally mere petrifications of heathenism, unredeemed by the grace which classic Sculpture could boast, and destitute of its poetry and fitness. Westminster abbey and St. Paul's cathedral are crowded with "the marble offspring of allegory," speaking a language unknown to the people, and unsuited to the place. In St. Paul's cathedral somebody reckoned up nine Britannias, six Fames, fifteen Victories, seventeen Neptunes, and one Minerva, besides a crowd of river gods of every kind, varied with what have been facetiously called "fricasees of flying angels;" winged and chubby boys—those spiritualised cherubim which are formed of an infant's head with a pair of duck's wings under the chin; troopers in jack-boots, and solemn statesmen in copious wigs—all undeniably Georgian in their type. Again, what can be a more abject perversion of the powers of Sculpture than to apply it (as it has been applied in several of the modern monuments in Westminster abbey and St. Paul's,) to impalpable objects, such as clouds and sunbeams? Then, as regards the application of fresco and coloured decoration to our edifices, we are not less behind the days of the Plantagenets. An unvaried coldness of stone surface was unknown in England in the middle ages, as it was in the best periods of antiquity. Great works in fresco enlivened the halls of kings and the Houses of God; and even beneath the northern skies gold and colour glowed in our cathedrals.

But I was speaking of the revival of Art in Europe in the thirteenth century. At that epoch, Art attained a wondrous unity. The studio of the painter became transformed (as it were) into an oratory; and Art—ever embracing a divine theme with ardour—brought the noblest productions of genius to the altar. Painting became peculiarly the handmaid of

Christianity, as Sculpture had been the expression of Greek mythology.

And perhaps the only public patronage which was ever really useful to the Arts, or (as Hazlitt has said) worthy of them, was that which they received, first in Greece and afterwards in Italy, from the religious institutions of the country, when the artist felt himself, as it were, a servant at the altar, when his hand gave a visible form to angels or apostles, to saints and martyrs, and when the enthusiasm of genius was exalted by mingling with the flame of national devotion. It was then (to adopt the comparison drawn by Tacitus between eloquence and fire) that enthusiasm found matter to feed and motion to excite it, and brightened as it burned. The case was the same with the sculptor, the musician, and the poet, for every kind of inspiration then sprang from the same source, and flowed towards the same end. The most sublime and ideal conceptions were those which Religion inspired: the artist's imagination was tinged with a glory from the sphere it reached, and the light that shone in his work had been kindled at the altars of God. In the paintings of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries we have the handiwork of devout men who thought and worked in the silent, solemn shadow of the cloister—with whom all display of technical skill, all geographical or chronological accuracy, were mere secondary considerations, merged in the sacred subject, to them as hallowed as the shrines they were destined to adorn. Their absorbing end and scope was the temple of the Eternal—not the annual exhibition in Trafalgar Square,—and their works reflected their singleness of purpose and their faith. Thus it is that the great old masters are fulfilling their mission to nations of whom they knew not. Who shall say what has been done for man by such devotional pictures as the masterpiece of Leonardo da Vinci, and by the other works which great artists have left us as so many luminous monuments of their passage through the world? The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were ages of grandeur and earnestness; the people, though illiterate, were not ignorant of Religion, or unmoved by religious art. The Painting of those ages was a figured symbolism, for art aimed at the expression of something beyond mere historical events or sensible objects.

The art of Painting then only needed the vivifying impulse and direction which it received from the fervour of the times, to commence a new life and put forth the highest splendour of its powers. And truly the flame of enthusiasm had abundant material from which to draw the images of Poetry and the forms of Art. The remains of antiquity in Italy; the presence, though in ruins, of temples, of ancient statues, sarcophagi, altars, and relievos naturally aided the revival of art. The student of Painting and Sculpture drank day by day at the undefiled wells of bygone inspiration, and laid his head by night upon "an empire's dust." Such sources of the beautiful could not fail to address their subtle language to his spirit, like the rock which became harmonious after Apollo's harp had rested on it, and to imbue genius with the spirit of the antique. So, too, the great painters of the Umbrian and the Venetian schools drew their best inspirations and their earnest love for the beautiful from the scenery that surrounded them. Thus, the school of Pietro Perugino rose (as an accomplished writer has remarked) amidst the wavy hills of his native Umbria, clothed with the bright chestnut and pale olive, and crowned by the many-towered village or peaceful convent, mirrored in the clear, blue lake of Trasymene; while the more grand and solemn natural features of the Friuli—the sunset gilding the rolling clouds that hang over the distant Alps, the deep valleys almost hid in their purple shadows, and the boundless expanse of the Adriatic, imparted that feeling for rich and glowing colour which distinguish the Venetian school.

The cloister, gloomy and austere as it appears to us in history, owned the poetical empire of the gods of Olympus and the charm of imaginative creations, and this was not less the case in England than on the Continent. Christianity had long banished the mythology which the Anglo-Saxons brought from their dark Teutonic forests; but the pantheism of Eneas and Achilles did not prevent the religious men of the cloister from treasuring the genius of Virgil and Homer: they appreciated the sublime images of Eschylus and Hesiod, the grandeur of Sophocles, no less than the philosophical amplitude of Pliny; they were amused by the sparkling beauties of Aristophanes, the merriment of Democritus, the satires of Juvenal, and they warmed with the

impassioned eloquence of Cicero. And here I may mention that the monks of Durham seem to have had very good taste in classical poetic literature, for we find them in possession of the works of Virgil, and of some of the poems of Ovid and of Horace, and even the Romance Poetry of later times was not banished.

But I was tracing the comparative progress of the arts in Italy in those centuries when their practice exhibited the union of artistic beauty and devotional ideas. The glorious age of our Edward the Third and William of Wykeham was marked in England by some of the noblest works of Ecclesiastical Architecture that any land can boast; and that part of the fourteenth century was equally marked in Italy by a perfect union of beauty and religious aim in Painting, in metal work, in other branches of Sculpture, and in Architecture. But early in the fifteenth century Sculpture seems to have advanced beyond Painting in Italy. We have an illustration of this in Ghiberti's celebrated bronze doors for the baptistery at Florence—those doors which elicited from Michel Angelo the well-known eulogium that they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise. His sculptures exhibit an attentive study of nature, and a sudden emancipation from the formal, traditionary style; and when we look at the grace of his forms and groups—(they are made familiar to untravelled Englishmen by the copies in the Crystal Palace)—and see that for long after his time great painters—Florentines like himself, aiming at the same reality, with the same life around them and the same antique beside them,—could not give their figures the animation, the grace, and action of those in Ghiberti's bronze, one might conclude that colour may be a drag on art, and not an assistance.

While Sculpture was advancing, the pictorial art was emerging from the pedantic formality of the Byzantine school, discarding those types which are the mere spectres of a once living art; and, by the imitation of nature and the expression of feeling, began from the middle of the fifteenth century a new and fruitful life.

But Painting was emphatically the art of the sixteenth century. The newly-awakened spirit of Catholicism in the Pontificate of Sextus V. gave a new impulse to the arts and to

poetry, as well as to the manners of the Roman court; and the study of the antique yielded to the new religious tone. That was the age, it will be remembered, when Spenser and Sidney adorned the court of Queen Elizabeth: and in Italy it had Tasso for its poet; the Caracci, Guido, Domenichino, and Guercino—emphatically the delineator of exquisite forms—for its painters; and Palestrina for its musician—Palestrina, whose genius made Music the purest utterance of devotional feeling. But the light which shone with so much lustre in the productions of those great masters of Christian art, and which had attained such splendour in the works of their immortal predecessors—Michel Angelo and Raffaele, Correggio and Titian—expired with Guido; and it is remarkable that Gothic Architecture died out in the Tudor style about the same time that the devotional school of Italian Painting thus expired. In the time when Elizabeth reigned and Spenser wrote in England, Spain was in the apogee of the fine arts: palatial and ecclesiastical magnificence testified to the generous patronage of the crown. Cadiz, it has been said, was then a city of ivory, rising fair as Amphitrite from the blue sea, or, as the natives delighted to call it, the casket of silver; and it presented a unique combination of Saracenic decoration and Gothic art, intermingled with the classical and arabesque of the cinque-cento style, for in that age the renaissance shone forth in art, gilding all on which it rested.

It was reserved for the genius of Michel Angelo to recognise the demands made upon the artist's imagination by the epic and ideal in art. From his chisel, as from his pencil, grew to life those creations which show him to have been one of the most imaginative, if not the most graceful, of artists; and his poetry evinces his sympathy with grandeur. The influence of his master-mind was felt throughout the whole of Europe; and, for at least a century after his death, artists chiefly aspired to his grandeur of expression; and their migration from Italy into other countries greatly modified the aspect of Sculpture in Europe.

As Italy was first indebted to Greece for its literature and art, so the Poetry of Europe in the middle ages was greatly influenced by Oriental ideas. The case was precisely the reverse with Eastern Architecture, as we may see in those architectural

remains of Chaldæa that belong to the period when Rome was mistress of the world, for there we find the old Asiatic or Oriental types influenced by the art of ancient Greece and Rome. The Poetry of the middle ages, however, and especially the romantic Poetry of Southern Europe, was tinged by Oriental hues, as indeed we might have expected when we remember how commerce and the crusades brought Europe into contact with the East. With Dante, the contemporary and countryman of Giotto, Poetry revived in Italy; but, though future votaries of the Poetic Muse found splendid images strewn over his pages, and meditated in the land of Virgil, no lesser lights appear between the great poet of the thirteenth century and Petrarch, the contemporary of our Edward the Third. In the middle of the fourteenth century, Petrarch (as Campbell has elegantly remarked) stood "like a post-diluvian patriarch, connecting our knowledge of the old world with that of the new, and having over his head a rainbow of genius, promising that the flood of ignorance should never return." In England at that time the appearance of Chaucer was as a premature day of summer in an English spring, after which the blossoms called forth by the transient sunshine are nipped by returning frosts. Chaucer was the greatest spirit that preceded Shakespeare: he arose when Poetry was but a name, and when our language was without literature, though England was not without learned men; and he shone as a transient light and solitary wonder, succeeded by two centuries which have reflected no rays of poetic genius to after time. It is remarkable that in Italy only Ariosto and Vida shone in Poetry during those two hundred years, although with the fifteenth century a constellation of genius arose, and Leonardo and Giorgione, Raffaele and Michel Angelo, Titian and Correggio, illustrate the roll of fame in Painting. At length in the sixteenth century all the sister arts inspired illustrious votaries, and we

Behold each Muse, in Leo's golden days,
 Start from her trance, and trim her wither'd bays;
 Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
 Shook off the dust, and rear'd his rev'rend head:
 With sweeter notes each rising temple rung,
 A Raffaele painted, and a Vida sung.

In England, in the sixteenth century, the national feeling for Art took that form of which language is the expression, and was signalised by the richest emanations of Poetry. I need only name Spenser—

——— that gentle bard,
Chosen by the Muses for their page of state,—
Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,—

who peopled forest, flood, and fountain from his still land of truth and fancy, delineating his creations with a painter's accuracy of perception in form, and presenting to the mind's eye beings not found on the dusty highways of life, and landscapes that seem to breathe a dewy freshness, and to be bright with flowers brought down upon his verse from the realms of imagination. But English Poetry attained a fuller development when in that wondrous combination of active and reflective poetry, the Shakesperian drama, the Bard of Avon for ever fixed, as in a magic mirror, the romantic spirit of the middle ages, then passing away from real life; and when Milton, in his sublime theological poems, wrote with the grandeur of conception which had marked the works of the greatest masters of Painting of the preceding century.

It is remarkable that the chief lights in Poetry should have been separated by such long intervals:

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard;
To carry Nature lengths unknown before—
To give a Milton birth, asked ages more.

However, we may think with pride of the poets—likewise our countrymen—whose names illustrate the annals of song from the time of Dryden to the time of Tennyson, and shew us that the poetic muse has never deserted our British Parnassus.

The native school of Painting and Sculpture which had arisen in England, and which was so nobly developed in our Gothic ecclesiastical buildings, seems to have been crushed by the Wars of the Roses; and more than three centuries passed away before its revival. Various causes might be alleged for the failure of

the formative arts to keep pace in England with their progress in the Netherlands and in France. There were in the seventeenth century native powers sufficient to have maintained an original school of native-English art, but the dark and joyless spirit of Puritanism was inimical to every species of art, and retarded its revival. We still wonder how it came to pass that in the seventeenth century, as if under the impetuosity of a tempest, Art as well as Poetic Literature sustained a prostration from which a hundred years did not suffice to recover them. Spenser had hardly ceased to speak; the poetry of Shakespeare had but lately filled the public ear, and in Milton the poetic muse displayed her ancient glory, when, suddenly, the voice of song ceased in the land, as the voices of the groves are hushed on the approach of the thunder-storm, and a dark interregnum of false human conceits began. Never was brightness succeeded by such eclipse, nor illumination followed by such cheerless gloom! The Puritans had frightened the muses from their dwelling-place, and the Cavaliers imported licentious manners and foreign tastes that were equally inimical to native art. So that when Poetic Literature sustained this heavy blow, Sculpture came in for its share of oppression; but a native school of Portrait Painting gave assurance that the sister art had not wholly fled.

At the end of the eighteenth century, however, art presented fair promise in England, when Flaxman breathed "its old and lofty majesty" into Sculpture, and in his designs adopted the pure and exquisite forms of Grecian art. Painting was late to revive in England, but we soon surpassed our foreign contemporaries, and raised a native British school that drew its inspirations from the everlasting sources of ancient art, but asserted a native independency and a province of its own. With the English mind, true imitation of nature seems to be the principal condition of every form of excellence; we combine with realistic tendency a fantastic humour, and love the representation of an everyday object when it has passed through an artist's mind. Nor was the poetical element of Painting discarded. There are many works of modern painters in which a soft transparency of light and shade floating over them, suggests a fancy almost like

that of Spenser in its cast of poetical creation; and the application of the fine arts to manufacture, popularised and domesticated them amongst us, and has carried notions of grace and beauty to every village in the land.

The Athenians of old devoted the gains of commerce to the cultivation of art—to surrounding the people with forms of beauty and grace; and, although the love of art for its own sake which characterised speculative, isolated Greece, is foreign to the practical, cosmopolitan tendencies of Englishmen, and hardly to be reconciled with their pursuits, the existence of an Athenæum in a great town of trade, and the diffusion of a love for art, show that Englishmen, while constructing magnificent docks and engaging in works that only England can produce, feel aspirations beyond the practical objects of daily life, and are pressing with Athenian ardour towards the portals of science.

And here let me briefly advert to those works, worthy the art and the noble thoughts of the artists of former days, which are now in progress at Alnwick Castle. Less than a century ago our ancient edifices, castellated as well as ecclesiastical, were passing through the dark period of Georgian mutilation. The works of that day almost ruined the mediæval features of Alnwick Castle; but now, the noble and munificent Duke of Northumberland is working in the spirit of the mediæval times, and is gradually restoring the exterior features of the Castle, and substituting works of architectural beauty for the bastard Gothic of the Georgian era; while within, His Grace, discarding the decorations and furniture of feudal times, is decorating his ancestral halls with sumptuous carvings of flowers and foliage that are as gorgeous in hue as if they had grown under the sunny skies of Italy; and, for their better cultivation, is raising up a native school of art in the ancient town of Alnwick. And although the valiant Hotspur, if he could revisit the Castle whose fair coronal of towers here crowns the green eminences of the Aln, would, I dare say, be astonished by the luxury of a style of interior decoration which was certainly unknown in his day, he would see his noble successor engaged on works that evince a grandeur of idea and a considerate love for art worthy of its ancient patrons, and worthy the ancient splendour of the Percy line.

But now it is more than time to conclude. The more we consider the subject, the more do we see reason to regard the Arts as mediators that bear to man the divine message of nature: I should rather say, as ambassadors from on high, divinely commissioned to sway every mood of the human heart. We see in Painting an art which, advancing from the rude symbols of the earliest nations, "companioned all the changes of the human state," and at length advanced to gorgeous plenitude as the handmaid of Christianity: we see in Sculpture an art which among the most intellectual of nations embodied ideal beauty and gave a visible presence to the objects of human worship—an art which has raised "grand and graceful time-marks" in every land: we see in Music an art whose language has been truly called the purest Sanscrit of the feelings—the only gift of Heaven and innocence that seems to have taken possession of the human heart before the fall of man, and to have ever since aroused its best emotions and remained with it as a celestial guide: we see in Architecture an art which, advancing from the rude shelter raised by Asiatic tribes, through all its gigantic developments in the lands of ancient civilisation, and all its graceful transformations in classic Greece and Western Europe, at length brought all other arts to enrich its stately monuments of piety and skill—those Christian edifices which have been well said to raise on high the hope and perfume of the soul, as if men had aimed to return

The gifts by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven:

and we see in Poetry an art whose sceptre is universal—an art that was cultivated for the highest ends by the ancient people to whom graven images were forbidden, and that has afforded in all later times the loftiest inspirations to the sister arts, and gone hand-in-hand with their cultivation—an art around whose throne the kindred arts of Music, Painting, and Sculpture wait as the graces of ancient fable round the throne of Venus; but whose messengers have travelled with the Light that has lighted the Gentiles, and have shone brightest in the service of true religion.

And finally, in the powers and functions of all the arts, no less than in those faculties of the human mind to which they bring perpetual tribute, we recognise additional reasons for gratitude to the Giver of all good :—God who has shown His power in the stars and the firmament, in the everlasting hills and in the perpetual streams, has shown it also (to use the language of a reverend divine) in the minds of the most gifted of His creatures. Homer and Virgil, Dante and Milton, Michel Angelo and Raffaele, no less than Bacon and Newton, remain as the Danube and the Alps remain, prominent, enduring glories of the world, and all history shows us that the arts are intimately bound up with the enjoyments, the dignity, and the higher destinies of the human race.

LEAVES FROM OLD TREES.

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FROM the earliest ages trees occur as objects revered from generation to generation, and with particular trees many memorable events of history are associated. In the most ancient annals we find mention of some tree that became a landmark of nations long before Ethelbert and his court listened to the preaching of St. Augustine beneath a Kentish oak; and it seems as if the human race had in all times loved to connect the memories of transitory man with these enduring witnesses, and to hold as consecrate their ancient solemn shade.

The towering oaks of Palestine mark each step of the first patriarchal migration.* Under the oak of Moreh, at Shechem, and the oak of Mamre, at Hebron, was built the altar and pitched the tent of Abraham;† and each of these aged trees connected with the history of Israel became the centre of a long succession of traditionary memories and historical recollection:—

Such tents the patriarchs loved.

Within the ancient inclosure mentioned by Josephus, of which some ruins still remain to the north of Hebron under the name of “Abraham’s House,” stood a gigantic tree, supposed not only to have seen the Flood, but to be coeval with the Creation! The tree to which this marvellous antiquity was attributed remained

* *Sinai and Palestine*. By the Rev. A. P. Stanley. 1856.

† Ven. Bede, in his *Op. Hist. Min.* (Book of the Holy Places, chap. ix.), mentions Abraham’s Oak as reduced to a stump twice the height of a man, inclosed in a church and situated in the northern part of the plain of Mamre.

down to the time of Theodosius, and in the reign of Constantine its branches were commonly hung with images and a picture, and a fair was held under its shade, at which time Christians, Jews, and Arabs alike rendered honour to the leafy patriarch. This Methuselah of trees was afterwards inclosed within a church, in which it was standing in the seventh century, and marvellous tales were told of it. Another tree, known as the Oak of Abraham, near Hebron, is described by Dr. Robinson as a magnificent tree, with a sound trunk measuring twenty-two feet and a half in circumference, the branches having a diameter of nearly ninety feet; but he remarks that Abraham's tree (a terebinth) probably stood nearer to Jerusalem, and it had disappeared in the days of Jerome. An oak at El Kantarah, near Sidon, measures forty feet in circumference—a girth which exceeds that of the Hebron oak by more than fifteen feet.* Maundeville relates of a tree which he saw near Hebron, that it was green in Abraham's day, and withered up at the time of Our Saviour's crucifixion. This is not the only tree to which popular tradition has ascribed a sympathy with the life of Christ, for the oak in the New Forest, against which Tyrrel's arrow glanced (and which was standing a hundred years ago), was said to put forth buds every Christmas-day that withered before night. There were other sylvan patriarchs of fame in the Holy Land, as the Oak of Bethel, the Oaks of the Wanderers, &c., which look green in the history of Palestine, like the palm-trees of its wells. And we must not omit the sycamore, from which Zaccheus saw Our Saviour's entry into Jerusalem, which was standing in the fourth century after Christ, when it was seen by St. Jerome.

Then, besides these long-remembered landmarks, there is the cluster of ancient trees that remain in their secluded heights on Lebanon, celebrated by the poets of Israel as the Trees of God—the tall cedars which He had planted. A Syrian traveller, in 1696, found one of the largest thirty-seven feet in girth. Their extreme antiquity is proverbial. Their timber was used (and probably for the last time) in Constantine's Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, the roof of which, when last renewed, was repaired

* It is mentioned by Mr. Beamont of Warrington, in his *Diary of a Visit to the East*, 1856.

with British oak, the gift of our fourth Edward. The Greek clergy still offer mass under their branches as in a natural temple. And so, upon the ridge of Carmel, in the ruins of a stone building which might be of any age, among thick bushes of dwarf oak, the reputed scene of Elijah's sacrifice upon the sacred high-altar of the Lord, the Druses come—as Vespasian went—to offer sacrifice.

But long before the Druses were a people, woods and groves were held in reverence by heathen antiquity for the celebration of religious rites. We have all read of the solemn shades

Where maidens to the Queen of Heaven
Wove the gay dance round oak or palm.

Homer mentions a sacrifice offered under a beautiful plane-tree. Ulysses, inquiring for his son,* hears that

In sacred groves celestial rites he pays.

The oak, which was held sacred by the Greeks, was dedicated to Jupiter himself by the Romans, was revered by the Britons, and (as we learn from Diodorus Siculus†) by the Gauls. Pliny‡ says, that to the sacred shade of oaks the Druids resorted for their solemn ceremonies. Then—to pass from heathen customs to the usages of Christian antiquity—we find that to hold a synod under the shade of an oak-tree was a custom of which early ecclesiastical history furnishes many examples. Thus, the place where Augustine convoked his first synod, and met the ecclesiastics of the British Church, was afterwards distinguished by the name of “Augustine's Oak.” It seems to have been near Aust-ferry, at the extremity of Gloucestershire, in Bede's time part of the kingdom of the West Saxons. The name of Augustine is, moreover, connected with more than one oak in England.

A custom of very distant antiquity was followed by those mediæval princes who received embassies, and—like St. Louis—dispensed justice, sitting under a wide-spreading ancient tree.

* *Odyss.* xi. 223.

† *Diod. Sic. b. v. c. 31.*

‡ *Plin. Nat. Hist. xvi. c. 44.* “Jam per se Roborum eligunt Lucos, neque ulla sacra sine eâ fronde conficiunt.”

And well might the heathen rites of antiquity be performed within the awe-inspiring shade of dark and solemn forests; well might the Gospel of the Eternal be proclaimed beneath His ancient and wide-embracing oaks; well might a Christian sovereign hold his court surrounded by such monitory and steadfast nobles, and take counsel from the "tongues in trees." Remembering those who had there preceded him in judgment, he might feel that "centuries were looking down" upon him from the towering branches, and he might be admonished, by the magnitude and stability of these crowned ones of the forest, to contrast with them the littleness of man, and with their vigorous duration the evanescence of human sway. But we are not going to moralise on trees: let us revert to the notices of trees in ancient history. And first, there was the plane-tree, famous for its extraordinary size and beauty, which grew in Arcadia, and was said to have been planted by the husband of Helen, and which Pausanias saw when it was supposed to be thirteen hundred years old, being then still vigorous. The temple of Apollo in the Peloponnesus stood among plane-trees. Pliny mentions the famous plane-tree of Lycia, which grew near a fountain by the highway, itself a forest, and in the hollow of whose trunk the Roman governor, Licinius Mucianus, with eighteen companions, enjoyed a repast. Enormous plane-trees are mentioned in the earliest records of Greece. It was probably under their shade that Socrates conversed of philosophy; and the Academic groves in which the mind loves to picture Plato and his disciples were formed of the lofty and wide-spreading plane. We learn from Herodotus that Xerxes, when he invaded Greece, halted his army under a tree of this kind, which delighted him by its spreading shade and colossal form; and Elian says that the Persian king spent a whole day under it, and commemorated it in a medal which he caused to be struck. A tree like a sycamore, equally capable of sheltering an army, was seen, in 1656, by Thevenot on the Turkish island called Isola Longa, the branches of which, he says, would cover two thousand men! Down to later days magnificent specimens of this umbrageous tree have continued to flourish in Greece, many of which are now existing. One of the most celebrated of these is the gigantic "Plane-tree of Godfrey de Bouillon," at

Buyuk-dere on the European side of the Bosphorus—a tree that was flourishing when first

Byzantium's native sign
Of Cross on Crescent was unfurled,

and is conjectured by M. de Candolle to be more than two thousand years old. When measured in 1831, it was found to be a hundred and forty feet in circumference at the base, and it has been described * as resembling a tower of clustered trunks. Its branches are said to be more like a forest than a single tree. Its sides are cavernous, and shelter the herdsmen as in a grotto, who make their fires in these hollows. It is picturesque and majestic in its aspect, as a tree should be over whose masses of foliage centuries have glided, and which has shadowed the tents of heroes that Tasso sung. Whether it was Godfrey himself or his fellow crusaders who encamped beneath this millennial tree, there it stands, ever full of nests and sunbeams, seeing the years depart like the leaves that fall at its feet, and the winds of the desert scatter the dust of those antique warriors, remaining itself, from age to age, only more firm and colossal.

Another enormous plane, growing upon the banks of the Selinus, near Nostizza, is mentioned in Hobhouse's "Travels in Albania," and is described as being forty-five feet in circumference at the base, and a hundred feet high, covered with luxuriant foliage. In the Turkish Empire these ancient trees seem to be held in reverence as they were before the days of the Prophet. The Mahomedans retire to pray and meditate under them, selecting those beneath whose shade religious men in former days are believed to have meditated and prayed.

But we were speaking of trees mentioned in history; and perhaps one of the most remarkable is the tree called *Ruminalis*,† which stood in the place assigned for public elections in Rome. Tacitus ‡ informs us that in A.D. 58 this tree, which eight hun-

* By Monsieur Gautier, in his "Constantinople of To-Day."

† From the word (in old Latin) *rumen*. Thus, in Pliny, "Lupa infantibus præbens *rumen*."

‡ Annals, book xiii. sec. 58.

dred and forty years before had given shelter to the infancy of Romulus and Remus, began to wither in all its branches, and seemed threatened with total decay, which was considered ominous of future evil, but that it regained its former verdure.

Pliny, in his memoranda of the *Quercus Ilex* (evergreen oak), mentions trees, growing in his time, of a greater age than Rome itself—trees which must have stood at that period for at least fourteen hundred years.

Ovid, it will be remembered, speaks of the “mighty oak” which,—

———— in aged majesty,
Towers o’er the subject trees, itself a grove.

Of trees now remaining, the venerable cypress-tree at Somma, in Lombardy, which is a hundred and twenty-one feet in height, has a longer historical existence than any other tree of which we have read, if it be true that the chronicle at Milan, referred to by the Abbé Belize, shews it to have been standing in the time of Julius Cæsar. The tradition of the place, however, is, that it was planted in the year of the birth of Christ, on which account it is revered by the inhabitants, and was spared by Napoleon himself when he laid down the plan of his great road over the Simplon.

We are not aware of any other existing trees to which either history or tradition assigns a greater age than twelve hundred years, but there are many which are estimated by naturalists to be much older, as will be noticed presently. *Apropos* of existing continental trees with historical associations, we may mention here the old orange-tree in the Orangery at Versailles, known under the three names of Grande Connétable, François I., and Grande Bourbon, but this royally descended as well as titled tree seems quite overshadowed when compared with the venerable cypress of Lombardy. However, it is more than four hundred years old, and has a curious history, which we believe is to the following effect: It comes from some pippins of a tree of bitter oranges planted at the commencement of the fifteenth century by Eleanor of Castile, wife of Charles III., King of Navarre. The trees raised were preserved, down to A.D. 1499,

at Pampeluna, and afterwards passed to different owners as rare and precious objects, and at length to the Constable de Bourbon, who kept them at his Château de Chantelle, in the Bourbonnais, until 1522, when, on the confiscation of his property, the orange-trees were sent to decorate the palace of Fontainebleau, then restored and enlarged by François I. In 1684, when Louis XIV. had finished Versailles and its magnificent Orangery, he collected there all the orange-trees preserved in the royal residences; and accordingly the time-honoured orange-trees of Pampeluna, then two centuries and a half old, were ultimately removed to Versailles. The Grande Connétable, the most remarkable of them, is still quite vigorous.*

The fine orange-trees in the public pleasure-gardens at Gotha are probably known to many of our readers. Some of these trees are said to be three hundred years old.

The ancient Oak of Guernica is mentioned by Laborde, in his account of Biscay, as a most venerable natural monument. Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1476, after they had heard mass in the church of Sta. Maria de la Antigua, repaired to this tree, under which they swore to the Biscayans to maintain their privileges.

But in various parts of the world there are trees now standing, which, if not dignified by historical associations, were flourishing trees almost before European history began. Humboldt considers the Dragon tree of Orotava in Teneriffe to be a thousand years old. It is said to have been in 1402 as large and hollow as he found it late in the eighteenth century. The Olive tree† at Pessio, regarded as the oldest tree of the kind in Italy, is said by Maschettini to have attained the age of seven hundred years; and near Nice there is an olive-tree which is considered to be of much greater age. Then, too, there is that venerable tree near Saintes, in the maritime department of the Lower Charente, which Mr. Digby regards as the oldest oak in Europe and the largest, and which is supposed to be two thousand years old—an age

* *Ex relatione* Galignani's Correspondent, July, 1855.

† The Olive still loves its paternal soil in Palestine. It is still found, as Dr. E. Clarke remarks, on the spots where it flourished eleven hundred years before Christ.

greater even than that of the venerable cypress of Somma. Many of the oldest trees are yews. Monsieur de Candolle computed the average yearly increase of the yew in bulk at about a twelfth of an inch; and, applying this rate to the three most famous trees of this kind in Britain, estimated their ages at twelve hundred and fourteen, twelve hundred and eighty-seven, and two thousand eight hundred and eighty years respectively. The first of these estimates refers to the oldest of the well-known yew-trees at Fountains Abbey, which is one of a group that must have been of considerable magnitude seven hundred years ago, when the monks who had migrated from their Benedictine House at York were sheltered by the thick foliage while building their monastery. These yew-trees were originally seven in number, and all are of extraordinary size. The trunk of one of them is nearly twenty-seven feet in circumference at three feet from the ground. A very exact scrutiny is, however, required in making the number and distances of the concentric zones observable in a transverse section of old trees a measure of duration, but Monsieur de Candolle's principle has been approved by other botanists; and applying it to certain trees in Mexico and Senegal specified in his "Physiologie Végétale," their age was estimated at no less than four thousand years! Mr. Digby mentions a cedar on one of the mountains of Calaveras, in California, that must be two thousand five hundred years old; but this venerable tree, we are told, is surpassed in age by that patriarchal family of gigantic trees which stand on a plateau of the Sierra Nevada, about four thousand five hundred feet above the level of San Francisco, some of which have been pronounced, on the evidence of concentric rings, to be contemporary with Moses and Pharaoh. We call these mammoth trees a "family," for they form a grove of eighty-five trees growing in an area of fifty acres. Several of them attain a height exceeding three hundred feet, and the largest in the grove is a hundred and seven feet in circumference. One of them was recently felled, and the stump, which is twenty-five feet in diameter, having been made smooth as a floor, visitors have dined and danced on this extraordinary table. Its age is considered to be not less than three thousand years. The specimen of the *Wellingtonia gigantea*, recently set up in the Crystal Palace, with the bark taken from

one of these gigantic "Sons of the Snow," affords some idea of their symmetry and grandeur.*

England cannot boast such patriarchal trees as these; but there are some ancient monarchs of the wood, especially among our majestic oaks, that saw not only mail-clad Normans but painted Britons—trees that were giants on the earth in the days of Alfred and Athelstan, and are giants still. Although Druidical rites are no longer celebrated in the kindred gloom of these old oaks, they stand as landmarks of history and human memories, like the grey church-towers of England. And our hereditary trees, standing fenced round by parks and cultivated grounds, of which they are the celebrities and the pride, seem, like most of their noble owners, to blend antique stability with modern grace; and, full of a patrician dignity, the very types of steadfastness and duration, loving society, yet secluded from a crowd, they form the sylvan aristocracy of the land, and a chief glory of Nature.

From the forest of royal Windsor (said to have been formerly a hundred and twenty miles in circumference), to the remote remains of the ancient forest of Caledonia, most of the old woodlands of Britain can boast stately aged trees, conspicuous among which THE OAK still grows in all its native magnificence of form and size, attaining in many instances an age supposed to be not less than a thousand years:

* Among trees remarkable for gigantic size we should not omit the Larch that stood near Matsch in the Vintschgan, in one of the Styrian forests, known as the King of the Larches, the trunk of which could hardly be spanned by seven men with outstretched arms. But the Old World has no trees so gigantic as the New World can boast. The Eucalyptus or Gum tree, near the base of Mount Wellington, in Tasmania, almost rivals the mammoth trees of California, in regard to size, inasmuch as its height is stated to be 250 feet and its diameter thirty. Some interesting particulars descriptive of the Californian trees were published in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, in 1856, by Mr. Thomas Banister, of the Inner Temple, who visited the mammoth grove. Whimsical names have been given to some of them, *Ex. gr.*, the "Father," the "Mother," the "Husband and Wife," the "Three Sisters," the "Family Group," the "Old Bachelor," and the "Old Maid" (forlorn looking trees of course), the "Hermit," the "Twins," &c. Some magnificent Baobab trees (*Adansonia digitata*) or Mowanas grow on the banks of Lake Ngami in Southern Africa. One of them is 76 feet in girth.

The monarch oak, the patriarch of trees,
Shoots rising up and spreads by slow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state ; and in three more decays.

The history of the oak, whether natural or traditional, is (as Professor Burnett justly remarks) replete with interest ; and the reverence in which the tree was held, the oracles sought from it of old by the Druidic priesthood, as well as the superstitions connected with it in other ages and various countries, all tend to combine the annals of the oak with the history of the human race. Of the antiquity of the oak in the British islands, and the enormous size which our indigenous oaks attained, we have evidence in buried remains of the ancient forests which overspread England in the Anglo-Saxon days. Several of these pre-historic oaks have been found in different places. Beneath Hatfield Chase (for example) the solid trunk of an oak was found which measured thirty-six feet in girth, and was computed to have been originally more than a hundred feet in height. Similar but less gigantic trunks have been found on the banks of northern rivers of England, and, in one or two instances, amongst the remains of those forests which seem to have been overwhelmed in some irruption of the sea, and are now below the general level of the coast.

Other oaks, that were probably contemporaries of the Ottadini and the Brigantes, were standing north of Humber until comparatively recent times, when, being wholly decayed, they were cut down. Notices of many such trees may also be found in the histories of midland and western counties. Dr. Plot mentions one at Rycote, in Oxfordshire, under the boughs of which four thousand men might have stood ; but this is surely an impossible number. The trunk of the great oak at Norbury measured forty-five feet in girth ; the Boddington oak was even larger ; and the great hollow tree, known as “Damory’s Oak,” in Dorsetshire, cut down in 1775, was sixty-eight feet in circumference. The Golynos oak, which stood near Newport, in Monmouthshire, and the Fairlop oak—long a venerable celebrity of its native forest—have disappeared more recently.

But we can boast some millennial and equally gigantic trees

still standing. The following oaks seem the most remarkable for age, or magnitude, or associations: first, there is the magnificent tree, forty-seven feet in circumference at the ground, pre-eminent among the majestic oaks of Salcey Forest, in Northamptonshire, which is supposed to have seen fifteen hundred summers; then there is the celebrated Green Dale oak at Welbeck, pointed out as the tree through the arched cavity of which a coach and six was driven; and in Wiltshire the "King Oak," in Savernake Forest—a tree which carries back the imagination not only to the days when Norman hunters came to rest under its spreading branches, but to the earlier times when, in this sylvan temple, with massive trunks for its pillars, and solemn shade for its canopy, the venerable tree looked down on heathen rites. Another magnificent tree now standing, called the "King Oak," is mentioned by that name, as a boundary mark, in a grant by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, to the monks of Waverley, and is probably, therefore, at least nine hundred years old. The Flitton oak, in Devonshire, is supposed to have been a young tree in the time of King Alfred. Like the Green Dale oak, it is thirty-three feet in circumference at the base. And the Fredville oak, a tree as old, was majestic in appearance fifty years ago.

The "brave old oak" of Marton, a little village near Congleton, is described as having a circumference of forty-seven feet at a yard from the ground, but decay has long been reducing this mighty relic of former ages. In the same county of Cheshire there was until lately a tree scarcely inferior in size, and it is said its existence could be traced back for eight hundred years.

But in magnitude, these fathers of the forest are surpassed by the oak of the ancient church of Cowthorpe, near Wetherby—a tree which has been called the glory of England and the pride of Yorkshire,—the dimensions of which are set down at forty-eight feet in circumference at the ground,* and eighty-five feet in height. The Cowthorpe Oak is stated in Loudon's *Gardener's Magazine* to be undoubtedly the largest tree at present in the kingdom. Its girth at a yard high is forty-five feet. This tree also

* In Hunter's Evelyn's *Sylva*, in 1776, the girth at the ground is stated to be seventy-eight feet; but this measurement probably included some buttress-like projections that rise from the roots against the trunk.

is supposed to have not only flourished during the Heptarchy, but to be sixteen hundred years old. The trunk has been hollow for generations—a noble and imposing ruin,—and a few years since sixty men stood inside it. One branch extended ninety feet, and another eighty feet, but these have fallen: the greatest living branch extends about fifty feet. The Hempstead Oak, in Essex, and the Merton Oak, in Norfolk, are still larger trees. The woodland haunts, so much loved by the poet Cowper, on the Marquis of Northampton's estate, abound with magnificent specimens of forest trees. "Cowper's Oak"—one of these Northamptonshire trees—is supposed to have been planted in the reign of William the Conqueror. Two others (figured by Strutt) called Gog and Magog, measure thirty feet in girth at three feet from the ground. One of the largest oaks in England stands close by the old stables in Hampton Court Park. At five feet high it measures thirty-six feet round. Among the ancient and noble trees for which Windsor Great Park is famous—trees that were contemporaries of our early sovereigns, and have survived their companions of the forest,—are two magnificent oaks near Cranbourn Lodge, which are of the same girth as the Hampton Court oak. "William the Conqueror's Oak," as it is called, in Windsor Great Park, measures thirty-eight feet in girth at four feet from the ground, and is probably from a thousand to twelve hundred years old. Another of the old trees which render Windsor Park so impressive of antiquity, and which it is pleasant to look upon as associated with the pranks of the Merry Wives, is the oak which Mr. Jesse maintains* to be the real "Herne's Oak"—the tree of which

An old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns.

The tree is now dead, and stretches forth its spectral arms like those of a giant. From its aspect, we need not wonder if

* It is commonly said that Herne's Oak was cut down by order of George III.; but Mr. Jesse maintains that the oak cut down was a different tree.

There want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak.

The Winfarthing oak and the Bentley oak are likewise remarkable trees, for they are pronounced to have been seven hundred years old at the Conquest. The Bull oak in Wedgnock Park, and the Plester oak at Colborne, may also be mentioned as trees at least as old as the eleventh century. Some very large trees of the *Quercus robur* are growing on the vallum of the old British encampment in Ugbrooke Park, Chudleigh, which seem to have sprung up there not long after it had ceased to be the outwork of the camp, the old ivy encircling some of them having a circumference of more than three feet in its stalk. Many oaks that are some centuries old are in Ugbrooke Park.* Many British oaks, distinguished for their associations rather than their great age or magnitude, might be mentioned. The following are among the most remarkable that occur to us.

The old oak at the edge of the park at Clipston (on the verge of Sherwood Forest), where the Anglo-Norman kings had a palace, which is called the "Parliament Oak," in memory of the parliament held there by Edward I. in A.D. 1290.

The large tree called the "Wallace Oak," at Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, the place of his birth, in the foliage of which the formidable Scotch chief and many of his followers are said to have hid themselves from the English. The branches are said to have once covered a Scotch acre of ground. But relic-hunters have made this tree pay such large tribute to its renown, that it had become woefully diminished when drawn by Strutt. It will be remarked that Charles II.'s famous oak fell by a similar fate. It was a spreading tree, and was rendered more picturesque by its boughs being covered with ivy.

At Jedburgh, too, there are ancient wide-spreading oaks, known as the "King of the Woods" and the "Capon-Tree," which are regarded as remains of the ancient forest of Jed. Tradition points out the last-mentioned tree as the trysting-place in the days of Border warfare.

* See a Communication by Mr. W. Collyns, of Chudleigh, in *Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. sec. series, p. 434.

One of the noble oaks that surrounded Donington Castle, in Berkshire, and that still rears its head above the ruined walls, is associated by tradition with gentler memories, it being ascribed to Chaucer. Adjacent to it is a larger tree, called the "King Oak," which rises fifty feet before branches spring from the trunk.

A noble tree near the forest of Whittlebury, still known in the local traditions of Northamptonshire as "The Queen's Oak," derived that name from having been the scene of more than one interview between the fair widow Elizabeth Woodville and the enamoured young monarch, Edward IV. Under the shelter of its branches, she first addressed him, holding her fatherless boys by the hands. "The Queen's Oak," which stands in the direct track of communication between Grafton Castle (her mother's dowry-estate) and Whittlebury forest, is now hollow, and of very aged aspect, but remains a monument with which, as Miss Strickland remarks, one of the most romantic scenes in English history is associated.

Then there is the "Abbot's Oak," in front of Woburn Abbey—a nursling of the monks,—upon which tree the last abbot is said to have been hung, according to the custom of Henry VIII. in the case of those superiors of religious-houses who, with a noble constancy, denied his ecclesiastical assumptions, and resisted his plundering myrmidons.

We must not forget the Shelton oak, near "proud Salopia's towers," from the lofty branches of which Owen Glendower is said to have reconnoitred the forces of the king and the gallant Hotspur before the battle of Shrewsbury (21st of June, 1403); or the oak planted on the classic ground of Penshurst at the birth of Sir Philip Sidney, to be a mark of the great event "where all the Muses met;" or the oak in the park formerly belonging to Lord Hunsdon, from which Queen Elizabeth is said to have shot a buck.

The "Chapel Oak," of Altonville; the "Great Oak," in Holt forest (which in Evelyn's "Sylva" is said to measure thirty-four feet in girth at five feet high); the "Prison Oak" of Kidlington; the "Spread Oak" of Worksop; the Tockwith oak (which stands within a mile of the Cowthorpe oak); and the

Avington "Gospel Oak" are celebrated trees. The "Riven Oak" in Thorndon Park, Essex, bore that name in the time of Henry VIII., and was then a noted tree; and there is a very old oak, twenty-seven feet in circumference, in the grounds of Corby Castle, Mr. Philip Howard's beautiful seat in Cumberland.

We might refer to many other remarkable oaks, but the trees we have mentioned are, we believe, the most ancient and interesting of their kind among the leafy glories of sylvan England. May all the dryads guard them!

In point of antiquity, however, even the Oak does not surpass the sombre, "solitary Yew," which undoubtedly attains an immense age. We have already mentioned the venerable and gigantic yew-trees of Fountains Abbey, and there are many remarkable trees of the same kind in Britain. One of the most remarkable is the Ankerwyke yew, near Staines, which is believed to have flourished in the days when St. Augustine came to deliver Saxon England from heathen darkness, and to have become the silent witness of those conferences of the barons which resulted in the grant of the great charter of civil liberties in its vicinity at Runnymede. This tree, some centuries afterwards, acquired more tender associations, Henry VIII. being said to have met Anne Boleyn beneath its ominous shade. The girth of this tree at eight feet from the ground is set down at thirty-two feet, and the whole circle of its branches at two hundred. But a yew-tree at Perone, in Picardy, is mentioned in history as early as the year 684; and the immense yew in the churchyard at Fortingale (which is situated at the entrance of Glen Lyon, in Perthshire, in a wild, romantic district in the heart of the Grampians,) seems a veritable relic of Roman Caledonia. Indeed, Dr. Neill, who visited it in 1833, remarks that in all probability it was a flourishing tree at the commencement of the Christian era. Pennant gives its measurement as fifty-six feet in girth, and in his time its trunk stood like a great archway. According to M. De Candolle's computation, the Fortingale yew is two thousand five hundred years old. The Dryburgh yew, the branches of which extend fifty feet, is remarkable for size rather than antiquity, it having been planted, as is supposed, when the abbey was founded, in A.D. 1136. One of the largest

yew-trees in England is at Hampton Court; and a very ancient yew stands by Iffley church, near Oxford, the date of which is believed to be prior to the Norman conquest. Its trunk is now nearly reduced to a shell, but its head is still darkly green. In the churchyard of Dibdin, in the New Forest, a yew-tree, measuring thirty feet in girth at the ground, is mentioned by Sir T. D. Lauder, who says that in the interior of the enormous yew in the churchyard of Tisbury, Dorset, seventeen persons assembled to breakfast. The hollow trunk is thirty-seven feet in circumference, and it is entered by a rustic gate. The Harlington yew (between Brentford and Hounslow) is stated to be fifty-eight feet high, as many in diameter of its branches, and twenty-seven in the circumference of its trunk; and at Darley-in-the-Dale is one still larger, and its age was estimated by Mr. Bowman, F.L.S. at two thousand years.* The beautiful and stately yew that grows in the churchyard of Gresford, near Wrexham, has a circumference of twenty-nine feet a little below the divarication of its branches. According to M. De Candolle's computation, this tree, which has a mean diameter of twelve hundred and twenty-four lines, is the same number of years in age. A yew-tree grew at Forthampton, in Gloucestershire, which was twenty-seven feet in girth, and one thousand three hundred and sixty years old, according to M. De Candolle's computation. In some English parishes, and in most of the parishes of Wales—in which country there are yews of great antiquity and huge dimensions—the yew that stands in the churchyard may be taken to be coeval with the first planting of the parish church. Many English churchyards besides those above named can boast extremely ancient yew-trees; but there are few that can present anything like the “forest of sepulchral gloom” that must have shaded the cemetery of the abbey of Stratfleur, in Cardiganshire, when (as Leland says) it had a group of thirty-nine great yew-trees. As a sepulchral emblem it seems to have come to Europe from Egypt through Greece, and its durability and unchanging foliage well adapt it for such situations. Wordsworth has celebrated that yew—

* Proc. of British Association, 1836.

The pride of Lorton vale,
Which to this day stands single in the midst
Of its own darkness as it stood of yore :

and the “Four Brothers” of Seathwaite, in Borrowdale—a
clump of yew-trees, which in their dark hue resemble at a
distance a mass of cypress—the

—— fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove.

The largest of the four is a noble tree and shows no mark of
decay. It is about twenty-five feet in girth at four feet from the
ground. In the same dale there was until lately a tree of vast
size that was regarded as antediluvian. Forty years ago its dark
cavernous trunk lay prostrate.*

But in point of size as well as antiquity the great chestnut at
Tortworth, in Gloucestershire, seems to rival, if not to surpass,
any existing oak or yew-tree in Great Britain. This is the tree
under which King John held a parliament, and it has been
deemed the oldest and the largest tree in this country. As it
was referred to as a boundary mark of the manor in the reign of
Stephen, and was famous in King John’s time for its magnitude,
it was probably a tree in the time of Egbert, and it may even be
much older than a thousand years. The circumference of its
trunk is no less than fifty feet at five feet from the ground. This
magnitude, however, is greatly surpassed by that of the famous
tree on Mount Etna, the “Castagno de Cento Cavalli,” which is
probably the largest chestnut in the world, and the trunk of which
is described by Brydone as resembling five large trees growing
together, and having a hollow cavity more than sixty feet in
diameter. *Apropos* of chestnut-trees, we may remark that the
avenues in Bushy Park are perhaps the finest in Europe, but of
course none of the trees have any pretension to the size or anti-
quity of the gigantic old trees just mentioned. There are nine
avenues in all, of which the centre one, formed by two rows of
horse-chestnuts, is the widest, and when they are in full blossom,
nothing can surpass the beauty of this

—— living gallery of aged trees,
lighted up by those graceful “chandeliers of the forest.” A

* Dr. Davy’s *Angler in the Lake District*, 1857.

noble tree, a horse-chestnut, is conspicuous in the Wilderness at Hampton; and the chestnut-tree at Cobham Hall measures thirty-five feet in circumference at the ground. At Burghley, the lofty and graceful horse-chestnut is not only a fine specimen of the size which this tree attains, but combines with the antique turrets to recal the Burghleys and Cecills of former days. And the Spanish chestnuts in Beechworth Park, near Dorking, are thought to be coeval with the first Beechworth Castle, founded in 1377.

There are in England some very ancient trees of another kind, namely, the Thorn, which, if less stately and ornamental, are, in some instances, hardly less remarkable for age than the magnificent trees we have mentioned. "Hethel Old Thorn," which stands on the property of Mr. Hudson Gurney, has been described as one of our vegetable patriarchs, and a still living witness of, perhaps, Roman Conquest and Druidical rites. It is mentioned as the "Old Thorn" in a deed dated early in the thirteenth century, and is indicated as the place for the peasantry to assemble on an insurrection in the reign of John. The branches spread over thirty yards, forming one thick, grotesque mass, curiously interwoven. The trunk is a mere shell and every branch is hollow, but the bark is hard and heavy as iron.* Then the "Thorn of Ransom," near Hesketh, in Inglewood Forest, is a noted tree. On the stone table below it the forest dues are paid to the "bow-bearer" of Inglewood Forest, now the Duke of Devonshire.

And now let the shadow of a few noble Elms be thrown upon our page. In France the elm seems to have been associated from ancient times with the seignorial château, in like manner as the British oak has been associated with our historic edifices. It was under a great tree planted before the door of the seignorial manor-house that village judges in France formerly held their assizes. They called these assemblies door-debates (*plaids de la porte*); and as the tree under which these pleadings were held was nearly always an elm, the form of threat to bring a person to justice was "Meet me under the elm!" (*Attendez-moi sous l'orme.*) Dances and village festivals were also held under the

* See McGregor's *Eastern Arboretum*, 1841.

old seignorial elm, as in merry England round the maypole; and other suits were urged beneath its shade besides those of "stubborn law," for lovers made it a place of assignation; and the expression is still used—but ironically—"Wait for me under the elm!" These words are cruelly tantalising from the lips of a fair inamorata if they mean "You *may* wait, for I shall not be there." The custom is alluded to in Hautcroche's "*Amant qui trompe*," where this line occurs:—"Et du reste, bonsoir; attendez-moi sous l'orme." In the middle ages, before the invention of printing, when there were poetical societies, the members of which read their compositions to their colleagues, one of these associations took its name from its custom of meeting under an elm.

We do not know of any English elms thus associated with poetry and song, but there are many localities in the south of England to which the elm seems to have given its name from the time even of the Anglo-Saxons, although there are not many very old elm-trees in England. Perhaps there is not a more ancient elm than the tree which companions the mansion-house of Chequers, at Ellesborough, in Buckinghamshire, and which, according to the family tradition, was planted in the reign of Stephen. The Wych elm at Field, in Staffordshire, described by Dr. Plot to measure twenty-five feet in girth, must likewise have been in his time an ancient tree; and the similar tree at Tutbury is a relic of the castle, and of "time-honoured Lancaster," as well as of the days when the wood of this kind of tree was esteemed for the long-bow in England. Then, too, there is the Chipstead elm, under which the annual fair was held from the time of our fifth Henry, when the road from Rye to London passed close by it. There is on Richmond-green the trunk of an ancient tree called the "Queen's Elm," from having (it is said) been a favourite of Queen Elizabeth; and in the park of Hampton Court there are two elm-trees known by the name of the "Giants," which must have been formerly of enormous size, for the trunk of one of them is twenty-eight feet in girth; and another elm adjacent, known as "King Charles's Swing," measures thirty-eight feet in circumference at eight feet from the ground. In our days, when among "smoke, and crowds, and cities," we endeavour where we can to bring around us "the ever-renewing freshness, the grace and

poetry of trees," we bring the elm to adorn our public walks—a location for which its patient endurance of smoky atmosphere well fits it. Some of the finest public walks in England are thus adorned: witness the noble rows in Christ Church Meadow at Oxford; St. John's, Cambridge; Gray's Inn-gardens (planted by Lord Chancellor Bacon); and St. James's Park. *A propos* of the latter, Mr. Jesse mentions that one of the elms standing near the entrance into Spring-gardens was planted by the Duke of Gloucester, brother of Charles I., who is said to have mentioned the circumstance, and pointed out the tree when passing it for the last time on his way to the fatal Whitehall. In the midland and southern parks of England there are some noble ancient avenues of lofty elms, beneath which it is delightful to pace the mossy turf, to hear the sound that sweeps through their branches as they bend to the wind, and see the shadowing foliage

— weaving its verdant tracery overhead,
With the light melting through the high arcades
As through a pillared cloister's.

Everybody knows the avenues of limes at Hampton Court. Speaking of the lime-tree, we may mention the tradition that the first trees of this kind that were planted in England were those at Dartford, the planting of which is attributed to the Sir John Spilman who, before 1590, set up there the first paper-mill in this country. It was in the time of Louis XIV. that the approaches to residences of French and English nobles began to be bordered with lime-trees, and there are many noble survivors in this country of the trees then planted.

The Beech, likewise, forms many of the mile-long avenues of our sylvan cathedrals, and we might mention several green arcades of amazing height and grandeur, besides some individual trees of this kind, that are of noble proportions, and as old as the days of the Tudors. One of the largest that we remember is the beech-tree near Sawyer's Lodge, in Windsor Great Park, which at the height of a man has a circumference of thirty-six feet.

The oldest known specimen in Britain of the oriental Plane is that at Lee Court, in Kent, which was a fine tree when seen by Evelyn, in 1683. It is figured in Strutt's *Sylva Britannica*.

The Walnut, probably a native of Persia, is thought to have been introduced in Europe by the Greeks. It found its way early to Rome—Horace and Virgil allude to it,—and very probably this tree was brought to England by the Romans.

We have not yet mentioned the Ash—a tree which, though yielding in vastness and circumference of trunk to many of our ancient oaks, frequently towers in height above the herculean monarch of the woods. In the *Arboretum Britannicum* many ash-trees are mentioned varying from twenty to thirty feet in circumference of trunk, and attaining from seventy to even a hundred feet in height. The Ash is not so slow in growth as the oak. The great ash at Carnock, planted in 1596, is thirty-one feet in circumference, and ninety in height. The great ash at Woburn is also remarkable, but not so large in its dimensions.

But here we must stop, or the dimensions of our paper will grow beyond all customary bounds. We have spoken of the sylvan celebrities that adorn our parks and ancient woods rather than of trees generally; of the historical interest of particular trees rather than of the poetry and charm that belongs to these ever-magnificent objects of God's fair creation. Otherwise we might have said much of their "infinite variety" of character and aspect, contrasting the grand, massy foliage of the sycamore with the silvery leaf and plumose lightness of the willow; the dark, wide-spreading, horizontal branches of the tall cedar, of which such magnificent specimens grace the pleasure-grounds of many English noblemen in the southern counties, with the tremulous verdure of "the light, quivering aspen;" the dark, tufted foliage of the stately chestnut with the light, picturesque, pendant branches of the ash; the grand, living pyramid of the lime with the lightsome, weeping verdure of the birch-tree—"lady of the woods;" the ancient, solitary gloom of the yew with the slender and aspiring poplar or the towering pine. What natural objects can be more magnificent in themselves, or give a greater charm to landscape scenery, than the English elm, with its picturesque and noble outline; the walnut, with its imposing form and lofty stature; the Wych elm, with its massive yet graceful luxuriance; the Oriental plane, with its elegant form, majestic layers of foliage, and picturesque depth of

light and shade; the noble, expansive beech—the Adonis, as it has been called, of our Sylva; or, finally, the majestic oak, so stately in growth, so massive and strong in its branches, so rich in its clustering foliage, so pre-eminent in dignity and duration amongst the sylvan lords, and which, if the ash is the Venus of the woods, may well be called the Hercules of the forest? Long may our woodlands flourish, and may their shadows never be less!

THE INNS OF COURT.

[“Illustrated London News,” 4 April, 1857.]

WITHIN a circle of a few hundred yards from Temple-bar, islanded by the thronged highways of traffic, and adjoining, yet apart from, the noisy thoroughfares of commerce, the old paved courts and dark quadrangles of tall houses that form the quiet colonies of the lawyers stand in their privileged seclusion—curious portions of old London that seem (in the words of our friend, Mr. Charles Dickens) to have been “left behind in the march of Time.” You need only cross the threshold of their guarded ways to exchange the tumult of crowded, garish thoroughfares for quiet courts where “shadows and silence dwell;” to stand amidst quaint-looking groups of high, red-tiled houses old enough to have sheltered a Bacon and a Plowden, a Selden and a Coke; and to find things of the Past lingering as if spell-bound amongst the buildings of a by-gone age. But all is not sombre and dingy that we find within the quiet Inns of Court: for there tall elms, inhabited by birds (and those not rooks only), spread their refreshing verdure; and you may stand on grass-plots under whispering trees, while you

————— hear the vast sound
From the streets of the city that compass them round.

A high legal authority recently described the learned civilians in Doctors’ Commons as moving in a kind of ancient twilight rather than the clear light of day, and certainly the penetralia of some of the less-favoured Inns of Court can hardly be said to possess any greater enjoyment of natural daylight; while, to the

uninitiated, their constitution and purpose appear wrapped in a mystery darker than the aspect of their ominous labyrinths. They are looked upon as provinces sacred to benchers and butlers, barristers and barbers, law-students and laundresses, pleaders and porters, solicitors and stationers, conveyancers and cooks—the heterogeneous constituents of the mythic University of the Law. And if these inns present external features so unlike the rest of London, their internal privileges and polity seem equally anomalous and antiquated. An Inn of Court is supposed to be designed for a college of legal education; and its hall and chapel give collegiate and religious associations to the spot; but the public see in it only a stronghold of law and good living—an aggregation of unsavoury chambers round a savoury symposium. An Inn of Court is understood to be well endowed from olden time for promoting the study of the law; but, until lately, one looked in vain for a visible system of education. Its fine hall is, indeed, collegiate in character and capacity—but the course was found to be gastronomic rather than academic; and, as to the government of this *imperium in imperio*, less has been known of it than of the most distant colony of the crown. It was therefore not surprising that, when Parliament recently addressed Her Majesty for inquiry into the application of their revenues, and the fulfilment of their assumed charge of legal education, the popular voice arraigned the benchers to answer for trusts broken and resources misapplied, for having sent forth their students graduated but untaught, and for having allowed their halls to become mere refectories, where

Bar-aspirants ate their tedious way.

All persons acquainted with the character of the eminent men chosen to govern their respective Inns of Court felt that such accusations, however well founded, must be occasioned by the faults of a system, and were not justly attributable to any personal deficiencies in the benchers. Mr. Phillimore, the Queen's Counsel, does them no more than justice when he ascribes to them “a high feeling of honour, and a strong desire to do right. They constitute (to use the language of that learned gentleman) an excellent aristocracy; they have no conceivable

motive to go wrong; their honour and social *status* are involved in the honour of the profession which they watch over; they have no interest except for the general good; they are very considerate—almost too indulgent; men of highly-exercised minds, and yet not overlooking offences which the interests of society require them to notice.”

A strong impression, nevertheless, prevailing in the public mind, that all sorts of abuses had crept into the administration of the Inns of Court, it was quite in accordance with the spirit of the age that the governing functionaries of this legal *oligarchia* should be called upon to shew what revenues they possess properly applicable to the study of law and jurisprudence, and what arrangements they have made for its promotion. Her Majesty accordingly appointed Commissioners on the 5th May, 1854, to inquire into those arrangements and revenues, and “the means most likely to secure a sound and systematic education for students, and to provide satisfactory tests of fitness for admission to the bar.” The “Blue-book” now before us* contains the results of that inquiry, and their importance and interest are by no means confined to that portion of the community which is engaged in the study and practice of the law. Every Englishman has an interest in the enlightened training and due education of the advocate: to that education must be attributed the influence which lawyers exert; and upon its high character must depend the titles of the legal profession to its eminence in the estimation of mankind. For these reasons we propose, although the professional studies of the lawyers are of course foreign to our critical province, to glance at the history of the Inns of Court, and at the recommendations which the Commissioners offer with the view of improving the education of candidates for the Bar.

And—looking first at the present before we revert to the past—it is startling to learn that the income of the Inns of Court, collectively, amounts to nearly 80,000*l.* a-year (which sum is derived from rental of such chambers as are not appropriated by

* “Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Arrangements in the Inns of Court and Inns of Chancery for promoting the Study of the Law and Jurisprudence.” Presented to Parliament by command of Her Majesty, 1855.

benchers, from fines, funded property, and annual payments by members), but that the benchers have nevertheless been unable to apply until recently any part—and at the present time can apply only a few hundreds a-year—towards providing legal education; and it would seem that at more than one of the Inns of Court the benchers (as some one facetiously suggested) might well surrender *en masse* to take the benefit of the Insolvent Act. They frankly disclose how their funds are spent. First, there is the maintenance of the buildings of the societies, and this is a heavy branch of expenditure: the Inner Temple, for instance, expended in building and repairing chambers, during a period of about thirty years, ending June, 1853, nearly 180,000*l.* Besides that expenditure, there was the magnificent restoration of the church, which cost the Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple (in round numbers) 53,000*l.* The Inner Temple, moreover, will have to expend in a few years more than 100,000*l.* to re-build houses that have become unsafe.* The whole funded property of

* Events that have passed into English history, and pleasant memories of great jurists and men of letters of other days, are associated with many of these decaying old houses. Since this article appeared, the auctioneer's hammer has waved over the tenements on the west side of Inner Temple-lane, and *à propos* of one of these, *The Builder* gave the following notice of Dr. Johnson's lodging in the Temple:—On the 1st of October the house-breakers will be masters of the situation, the bricks will go for what they will fetch, and, the site being cleared, the honourable benchers of the Inner Temple will proceed to improve their property by building better houses in the place of the rubbish removed. Ah! but is it all rubbish? Not quite. Some of it has a value; and, though we can scarcely offer an objection to its removal (benchers, like other people, will “do what they like with their own,” and progress will not be stayed), at least let us keep a slight record of how it looked and what it was associated with. On the transom of the doorway at No. 1 (there is a lamp projecting and a large carved hood above) is written, “Dr. Johnson's Staircase,” and up this truly enough he often went with Goldsmith, Reynolds, Boswell, and others, of whom this present generation are never tired of hearing. They belong to us, indeed, though they seem to have lived in a past age. We spoke, not long ago, to a hale and clear-headed gentleman, still in the like condition, who recollected, though he was a small child at the time, seeing the puffy doctor with his arm round a post in Fleet-street, resting for breath after some exertion; and who, moreover, had been taken up into the arms of the kind-hearted Goldsmith. Dr. Johnson lived in this house between 1760

the Middle Temple, which, in 1854, was about 60,000*l.*, is stated to be insufficient for the repairs and re-building now to be undertaken; and the 7,000*l.* a-year which the society derives from its rental is exceeded by expenditure. It does not appear that the state of Lincoln's Inn is so rotten in regard to its old buildings. The noble new Hall and Library which, in 1845, was completed by that society, cost (in round numbers) 88,000*l.* Then, there is the maintenance of the libraries, though we cannot but observe that the whole expenditure on books is a trifle compared with that upon bricks. The Inner Temple, for example, has spent on an average from 600*l.* to 700*l.* a-year in buying books, and the expenditure of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn in making additions to their noble libraries has been equally limited. When we see to what dimensions the literature of law has expanded, it is difficult to think without envy of the simple and happy times when Glanvil, Bracton, and Fleta* were the only authors whose works a student of common law had to read. But much heavier is the cost of providing food for the body, of providing, that is to say, dinners for the bench-table and contributing to provide those of the bar-table and the students'-table, for the benchers seem to carry on unlicensed the business of the licensed victualler upon a very extensive scale, feeding their students at all events substantially, if they do not sustain them with legal food. In 1854 there were in Lincoln's Inn Hall upwards of thirteen thousand dinners; and in the Inner and

and 1765, and it was during this time that the association, which afterwards became so renowned as the Literary Club, took a regular form. Joshua Reynolds, Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Dr. Nugent, Langton, Topham Beauclerk, Chamier, and Hawkins were the original members. It was while Johnson occupied these rooms that the adventure occurred, as described by Boswell, when the dissipated but accomplished Beauclerk, returning once with Langton from supper, roused up the grave doctor at three in the morning and dared him to a ramble. Many, indeed, are the incidents, now common in our mouths as household words, connected with this lodging of his in the Temple."

* It seems that even in the reign of Edward I. a learned lawyer could not always keep out of a prison, and that legal studies went on within its walls, for it is said that the famous treatise called *FLETA* was written by a lawyer who was confined in the Fleet prison in that reign.

Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn the expenses incidental to the halls and dinners, including the requisite establishment, amounted in the same year, in the aggregate, to more than 14,000*l.* The salaries of officers constitute a branch of expenditure no less heavy. Surprising as it is that the charge upon the two Societies of the Temple in respect only of the church, the master, reader, organist, singers, and subordinate officers should exceed 2,000*l.* a-year; this is the least objectionable item in the list of salaries. The Inner Temple pays nearly 5,000*l.* a-year in salaries; the Middle Temple, 3,156*l.*; Lincoln's Inn, 3,660*l.*; and Gray's Inn, 2,200*l.* Some of the servitors appear to be preposterously multiplied: (*Ex. gr.*) at the Middle Temple there is a "chief butler and verger" with 150*l.* a-year, who, it may be supposed, is a kind of symposiarch; a "bench butler," who is responsible for the wine; a "puisne bench butler and verger;" an "assistant bench butler;" a "bar butler;" a "puisne bar butler and verger;" an "assistant puisne bar butler;" and a *servus servorum* called "assistant butler." So much for expenditure. It appears that the chambers of the societies, which are supposed to be held by them "for the lodging, reception, and education of the professors and students of the laws," are, as to the principal portion, let for the most money that can be fairly obtained, in order to meet the expenditure of the society, and as to the remainder, appropriated by the benchers themselves. That appropriation of chambers seems to be derived from the custom in former times, by which every barrister who was promoted to be a bencher undertook to become a "reader," and in consideration of his sustaining that honourable office had chambers assigned to him. From the time when the readings were given up the benchers have paid a heavy fine in lieu of reading, and have retained their right to chambers.

It is now time to glance briefly at the events from which the Inns of Court appear to derive their origin, and at their history as societies constituted for the promotion of juridical studies and for regulating admission to the bar.

Blackstone attributes to the permanent establishment at Westminster of the King's Court of Common Pleas, early in the thirteenth century, the formation of the practitioners of the

common law into a society or aggregate body and the beginning of the Inns of Court. It seems that at the time when King John granted Magna Charta the civilians and canonists had their schools of law not only at Oxford but within the city of London, and that ecclesiastical persons were there and elsewhere the scholars; but it does not clearly appear that any place was dedicated to the study of the common law of England, or that its professors were anywhere assembled together. Early in the reign of Henry III. ecclesiastical constitutions promulgated by the Bishop of Salisbury, forbade clerks and priests to practise as advocates in the courts of common law; and later in the same reign Pope Innocent IV. prohibited the clergy from studying the common law in the English schools and universities. Down to the close of King John's reign, the clerical order had been the depositories of all legal learning, and clergymen alone were the judges and justiciars of the land. But it probably now became necessary to train a body of laymen for the judicial business of the country. So in the reign of Henry III. the students of the municipal or common law were encouraged to associate in a collegiate manner; some houses situate between the cities of London and Westminster were acquired by them, and the king, in order (as it would seem) to foster this infant school of law, prohibited the study of the common law within the city of London. In the opinion of Lord Chief Justice Coke these regulations were the origin of a juridical university, and the "apprentices of the law"—as its students were termed—formed a new order of graduates, and became, instead of the clergy, the practitioners in the king's courts. In Edward I.'s reign the practice of the common law is said to have become a distinct profession. Ecclesiastical persons, nevertheless, occur in the two succeeding reigns as advocates, but their clients seem to have been of the religious orders; and, to judge from instances that occasionally appear in history, their emoluments were not very magnificent. Thus, in the reign of Edward III., Eustace de Folleville bound himself to be counsel for life to the Abbot of Croyland in all suits relating to his house, for which general retainer he had a yearly salary of twenty shillings; and in 1339 Simon de Islip, Canon of Lincoln (who afterwards became Archbishop of Canterbury), received

“for his good advice and assistance in the affairs of the convent against all persons but the Bishop of Lincoln and the Abbot of Peterborough,” a yearly fee from the convent of ten marks, and “half a piece of clerk’s cloth, with one fur of strendeling and one of squirrel at Christmas.”

But it must not be understood that the original settlements of the common lawyers were on the site of the Temple, or where other Inns of Court now stand. At the time when the students of the law first associated together, little more than half a century had elapsed since the migration of the white-robed Templars from their original Norman house (which stood near Holborn on the site of Southampton-buildings) to the lands on which the convent buildings of the Inner and the Middle Temple were afterwards erected, and which they had acquired soon after the year 1162. There they proceeded to build the famous round church, which was consecrated in 1185, and which seems to have given the name of the New Temple to their great convent by the Thames.

In those days the illustrious military monks were still employed in defending the Holy Land from the unbelieving Moslem, as they had been ever since the time when

From the moist regions of the Western star,
The wandering Hermit waked the tide of war;
Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
A countless host the Red Cross warriors came.

Embassies then passed between London and Jerusalem, and the Templars were lords of nearly all Palestine. In the “New Temple,” sovereigns of England were their guests; there councils assembled, and there the military friars dispensed a royal hospitality, the master of their order enjoying the rank and precedence of a prince. But before the year 1310 those splendours were no more: the Templars had been seized, their order was suppressed, and the lawyers succeeded to the occupation of their convent. We are enabled to conjecture what the Temple was at that time from architectural remains, and from an inquisition that was then taken. The ancient hall of the Templars stood where the present hall of the Inner Temple stands, and appears from its

remains to have been of Pointed work, probably of the same period as that beautiful fabric, the oblong portion of the church, which was completed in 1240.* At the western end stood other buildings of the Templars' monastery, and at the eastern end, on the site of the present library, was the house of the master of the order. A range of cloisters connected these buildings and the hall with the church, and a cloister extended to the east. The "king's highway" (now Fleet Street) ran by the northern wall of the monastery, and walls divided it from the gardens of the Bishops of Exeter on the west, and from the lands of the White Friars upon the east. Besides the church, there was the chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury, the edifice and cloister of which extended from the door of the hall to the ancient gate of the Temple. In the church and cemetery many founders and brethren of the order lay interred. On the north of the cemetery were thirteen houses, one of which was the lodging of the Bishops of Ely, and by the inquisition it was found that their site, and the space between the church and the chapel, the cloisters and the walls, and the site of the cloisters and the hall, were sanctified places dedicated to God.

Such was the Temple when the lawyers came to occupy its deserted chambers. It then stood in the suburbs of London. The monastery and gardens of the White Friars bounded it on the east; on the south was the Thames, upon the moving pageants of which they might look from their own pleasant grounds; and there was a great water-gate through which "the king's clerks and justices" were wont to pass to Westminster. To the west, the banks of the Thames, on the line of what is now the Strand, were occupied by episcopal residences, the nearest of which was the Inn of the Bishops of Exeter, afterwards Essex House.† Beyond this was the Inn of the Bishops

* Some remains of monastic buildings are below the present hall, and the buttery and adjoining chamber have vaulted ceilings.

† At a later period, viz. in 1666, the Essex House property was purchased by the Society of the Temple. Essex House, then described as "a large, but ugly mansion," stood on the site of Essex and Devereux Courts. Originally the town-house of the Bishops of Exeter (as above mentioned), who held it under the Knights Hospitallers as the lawyers did the Temple, it passed, after the dissolution of religious houses, and after forfeiture by successive lay holders, into the hands of Dudley Earl of

of Bath, afterwards the mansion of the Earls of Arundel, which in its turn has left only the memory of its place in the names of streets called after its noble owners; then there was the Bishop of Chester's Inn (first built by Walter Langton in the reign of Edward I.) which stood between the Thames and the church of St. Mary-le-Strand which was destroyed, together with the inn, by Protector Somerset:—an Inn of Chancery was this Chester's Inn, when the old poet Occleve dwelt there,—and near to it were the Inns of the Bishops of Worcester and Llandaff, Durham and Carlisle. Adjoining to the latter was the palace of the Savoy, then an imposing castle; and in the vicinity there was the house of the Bishops of Coventry, where, at the stone cross, Edward I.'s judges of assize sometimes sat. Then on the north of the 'Templars' Courts, and beyond the line of Fleet Street, was the site of the Old Temple, and near to it the house of the Bishops of Lincoln, built in the year 1147, which afterwards came to the Earls of Southampton, whose name is still preserved upon its site. Adjacent to these mansions, in what became Chancery Lane, were the palace and grounds of the Bishops of Chichester,* who possessed in that locality (from the gift of Henry III. to Ralph Neville) a large tract of land—then open country—now part of Lincoln's Inn and the site of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here stood the palace and productive gardens of Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln,† from whom that other great Inn of Court, little less ancient than the Temple, derives its name. Such were the neighbours of the lawyers when, more than five centuries ago, they first settled in the Temple, where the professors of the laws were thenceforth (as old Fuller remarks) to use learning and eloquence for the purpose of defending Christians from each other as the soldiers of the Cross, their

Leicester, and from him to his unfortunate step-son, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's celebrated favourite and victim.

* Symond's Inn to this day belongs to the see, and the town-inn of the Bishops of Chichester seems to have stood near to it in Chancery Lane.

† When the earl was residing at his inn in the year 1296, the garden, which was of very great extent, was inclosed by a paling and fosse, and had a pond or vivary in which pikes were preserved. It was managed by a head-gardener, whose annual fee was 52s. 2d. with a robe or livery, and he had numerous assistants, whose wages amounted to 5*l.* a-year.

predecessors there, had used the sword to defend the holy places from the unbeliever.

Upon the dissolution of the Templars, the professors and students of jurisprudence (who then occur by the name of the Men of Law) acquired their lōdging in the Temple by a composition with the Earl of Lancaster, to whom, as lord of the fee, the Temple had then escheated. After the execution of that popular and powerful prince, the property was granted by the king to Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, but on his death it reverted to the crown, and was conferred on the Hospitallers of St. John, who were then becoming a very powerful body. Some years, however, elapsed before the prior and brethren were left in quiet possession, and they granted the property to the lawyers in fee-farm at the annual rent of 10*l.* which was paid to the Hospitallers from the time of Edward II. until the dissolution of their own order in 31 Hen. VIII. When the lawyers came hither, they found upon the buildings the shield of the Templars—*Argent, a plain Cross gules*,—and the Holy Lamb bearing the banner of the Order surmounted by a Red Cross; and they thenceforth assumed that bearing and cognisance for their own. Amongst the legal fraternity who thus succeeded to the military brotherhood, many of the rules and usages of the ancient Templars found a continued existence. The professors of the common law, who had the exclusive right of audience in the Court of Common Pleas from the time of Edward III., became a privileged brotherhood as *freres serjens*; the ancient ceremony of admission into that legal brotherhood closely resembled the former ceremony of reception into the monastic fraternity of the Temple; the coif is said to have descended from the *fratres servientes* of the ancient Templars to those of the law; and some observances of that renowned fraternity prevailed down to our times in the common hall of the Temple, though its paved courts no longer echoed the tread of the military monks.

The manciple, or purveyor of provisions to the lawyers of the Temple, is referred to by Chaucer about 1362, who says that functionary had of masters more

———— than thries ten

That were of lawe expert and curious.

The Temple appears to have formed one Inn of Court or Society until the reign of Henry VI., when the professors and students of the law residing there, having multiplied and grown, as we are told, to "so great a bulk that they could not be conveniently regulated in one society, or contained in the old hall," they divided into the two societies, thenceforth known as the societies of the Inner and the Middle Temple. Those were the palmy days in which Chief Justice Fortescue wrote his celebrated treatise in praise of the laws of England; when in the Inns of Court and Inns of Chancery—the two sorts of collegiate houses which the legal university then comprised—the knights and barons, with other grandees and nobles of the realm, were accustomed to place their sons, even though their parents might not desire that they should become profoundly learned in the law, or get their living by its practice. At that time there were about two thousand students in these several inns, all of whom, Fortescue says, were gentlemen by birth; and he sets down the annual expense of each student at 78*l.*—a sum equivalent, perhaps, to 450*l.* of our money.

The members are supposed to have raised the buildings of the Temple out of their own funds, being induced so to do by licences to build chambers which the builders were to enjoy for their lives. Tanfield Court was first built in 26 Henry VIII. Ten years before, the lawyers had raised an embankment-wall between the river and their gardens. At the accession of Queen Mary, the kitchen was newly built, and at this time it would appear the Society had very little house-property in the Temple besides the great manor-house or "mansion" and the hall, and its revenue was derived chiefly from fines. But during the reign of Elizabeth many buildings were raised. The present Middle Temple Hall, which was ten years in building, was completed in 1572, in the treasurership of Plowden the Jurist. Here *Twelfth Night* was performed on the 2nd February, 1602, and (as is observed in Charles Knight's *Shakespeare*) it is pleasant to know that we have a place yet remaining where a play of our great dramatist was listened to by his contemporaries. The Society of the Inner Temple appear to have still assembled in the venerable hall in which they had met from the time of Edward III.,

and which was not taken down and rebuilt until the present century.

Early in the reign of Elizabeth, in accordance with the persuasion of Master Gerard Leigh, the Society of the Inner Temple substituted for the time-honoured bearing of the Holy Lamb a rampant winged horse, with the motto *VOLAT AD ÆTHERA VIRTUS*, by which strange device the old herald (as suggested by Mr. Addison) probably intended to signify—in allusion to the fable of Pegasus forming the fountain of Hippocrene by striking the rock—that the lawyers aspired to cultivate the liberal sciences, and even to become poets. But however the Inner Templars may emulate the fabled achievement of their equine prototype, the Middle Templars lately resolved to build porticoes of science upon the site of their actual fountain—that well-known slender jet whose waters have always sounded so refreshingly as they rang upon the sunny pavement, and whose

——— low singing, heard on the wind

of summer night by many a wearied student has been celebrated by such pleasing poetry. This assumption of the winged horse by the one society and the retention of the ancient Christian symbol by the other, occasioned in our own time those well-known ironical verses:—

As through the Templars' courts you go,
The lamb and horse display'd
In emblematic figures show
The merits of their trade:

That clients may infer from hence
How just is their profession—
The lamb displays their innocence,
The horse their expedition.

Without stopping to inquire whether clients in former times enjoyed their present privileges in regard to

——— justice without guile
And law without delay,

we find that from the time of the dissolution of the fraternity of

Hospitallers the professors and students of law in the Temple remained in possession of all the property they had held from the time of Edward II., but without obtaining any confirmation from the Crown until the 6th James I., when on their petition the king granted to them, at the accustomed rent of 10*l.* (then paid by each society), all the property of which they were then and are now in possession, to serve (as the grant expressed it) “for the entertainment and education of the students and the professors of the laws residing in the Inns of the Inner and the Middle Temple for ever.” The Templars thereupon made the king a magnificent present of a stately cup of pure gold weighing two hundred ounces, of which a glowing description is given. The old fee-farm rent of 10*l.* continued to be paid to the crown until the time of Charles II. when it was purchased by the societies. In the meantime, many of the courts and buildings of the Temple that still exist were erected; and now, upon the lands for which 10*l.* a-year were paid, the houses built have so enormously increased in value that the present rental exceeds 16,000*l.* a-year! The societies possess little property beyond their respective inns. There is a place called Scales’s Inn, in Queen Street, Cheapside, from which the Middle Temple receives 40*l.* a-year (it may at some time have been a house for the lawyers), and this rent-charge from it was devised to trustees, who were to be benchers, for the strange purpose of finding an arbitrator, who is to sit during term once a-week in the Middle Temple Hall, to arbitrate upon all subjects and between all persons in Her Majesty’s dominions! The 40*l.* are divided between two gentlemen, who are not only ready to arbitrate, if called upon, but to do so gratuitously. It is worth mentioning, too, that the tavern called the “Rainbow,” one of the first coffee-houses established in England, was left to the benchers by a citizen and cloth-worker two centuries ago.

But it is time to pass from the Temple to mention some facts connected with the other societies; yet it must be remembered that it is not the object of this paper to trace their history, or give any account of their possessions, for these particulars may be found in books. In the evidence given before the Royal Commissioners few facts are stated that were not previously known

with regard to the origin and growth of the Inns of Court; of such points in their history and present state as are the most interesting to the general reader we shall, however, give a brief outline, commencing with Lincoln's Inn.

The Temple has been called the mother and most ancient of all the Inns of Court; but Lincoln's Inn, as a seat of legal learning, seems to have been co-eval in its origin with the Temple, for it became a place of lodging and education for students of the law in the reign of Edward II. They held upon lease the greater part of the estate which Henry III. had bestowed upon the see of Chichester in this locality. The earliest muniments of title at Lincoln's Inn do not afford evidence of any grant from the crown; nor can the history of the society be traced for the century and a-half which elapsed between the time when the lawyers came hither to occupy the noble mansion of the Earl of Lincoln, and the time of Chief Justice Fortescue (himself a member of Lincoln's Inn), to which era the foundation of their library—the most ancient collection in London—is referred. Between the days of Agincourt and those of the Armada, the Society of Lincoln's Inn advanced in prosperity and importance, but it did not acquire the fee-simple of its property until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Sir Edward Sulyard sold the fee to the benchers. Its chief buildings were raised in the Tudor age, and even then Lincoln's Inn was famous for the walks under the elms which are celebrated by Ben Jonson. The old hall—long used for commons in term, and by chancellors out of term—dates from the time of Henry VII., and the fine old gate-tower of brick was erected by Sir Thomas Lovell in 1518. Most of the old buildings were raised in that century or in the reign of James I., to which period the chapel also belongs. With these characteristic edifices of olden time, and the chief additions of modern time—we mean the fine Corinthian façade of Stone Buildings, and the noble new hall which recalls the architecture of Eton College,—Lincoln's Inn can boast quite a varied group of historical and picturesque buildings. The income of Lincoln's Inn from rents was nearly 10,000*l.* in the year 1854, and from payments by members upwards of 8,000*l.* more; but the outgoings (which include

1,350*l.* for interest of debt incurred for the new building,) exceeded in that year 14,000*l.*

The origin of the Society of Gray's Inn seems involved in mystery. In Edward III.'s time, mention occurs of the lawyers of Gray's Inn; and the treasurer, in his evidence before the Commissioners, states that from that time the society held the property of the inn under the Lords de Gray, to whom it belonged as early as the time of Edward II. "The manor of Portpoole and Gray's Inn" was both acquired and lost by the prior and monks of Shene in the reign of Henry VIII.; and for the Gray's Inn property a fee-farm rent of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* was paid by the society to the crown until the year 1733, when it was purchased by the society from the representatives of the crown-grantees. The real property of the inn produces a rental of 3,700*l.* a-year.

If in recent times this ancient inn has fallen from the rank and estimation it once enjoyed, and cannot rival the other Inns of Court in the academical distinction, the patrician family, or the professional eminence of the bulk of its members, it could boast great men at more than one period of its history; and in the seventeenth century Gray's Inn was famous as well for its Readings as its Revels. From the time of Bacon, who planted elm-trees here, Gray's Inn has been famous for its gardens. Howel, in the reign of Charles I., speaks of the far-stretching, delightful prospect they enjoyed, and of the choice walks, to which the beauties both of city and suburbs were accustomed to resort in summer to breathe fresh air—and, we dare say, disturb the thoughts of the studious lawyers.

Passing now from the Inns of Court to the lesser inns, called Inns of Chancery, we find the same obscurity with regard to their origin. During the fifty years of Edward III.'s reign, only two of the lesser inns that now exist—viz. Clifford's Inn and Thavie's Inn,—were known, in neither of which is there any trace of an original connection with the Inns of Court, or of the Inns of Chancery having stood in a subordinate relation towards them. Clifford's Inn derives its name from the noble family to whom it once belonged, whose lease of it to students of the law was granted in the year 1344, when the property was described

as "adjoining the Church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, in the suburbs of London." In Thavie's Inn *apprenticii ad legem* were accustomed to dwell even before that date. According to Fortescue, who wrote his celebrated treatise in the reign of Henry VI., the legal university then comprised two sorts of collegiate houses—the one called (in his time) Inns of Chancery, and the other called Inns of Court. And in these inns of both kinds, the learned chief justice tells us, the knights and barons, with other grandees and nobles of the realm, were accustomed to place their sons, although their parents might not desire that they should become profoundly learned in the law, or get their living by its practice. In his time there were about two thousand students in these several inns, all of whom were gentlemen by birth (*filiis nobilium*), as indeed they had need to be, seeing how great was the annual expense of their maintenance, for the 28*l.* which Fortescue sets down as the yearly expense of each student was equal to 450*l.* of our money. The modern disuse of this custom is attributed by Blackstone to the desuetude in these societies of all regimen and academical superintendence with regard either to morals or studies, and to the want of leisure or of resolution sufficient to induce those who have finished a university course to enter upon a new scheme of study at a new place of instruction. In the reign of Henry VI., or at all events at the time when Fortescue wrote, the lesser houses or Inns of Chancery had increased to ten in number; but about the year 1580 they had become reduced to eight, and of those only five now remain, the rest of the existing Inns of Chancery being of later foundation.

The cause of the distinction between Inns of Court and Inns of Chancery is to be found, according to Mr. Foss, in the fact that the students in the latter studied the elements of the law, and the original writs, which were prepared in the Chancery. Be this as it may, these lesser houses seem to have been auxiliary to the Inns of Court; and formerly there was a custom—but it had become obsolete before 1629*—that a student for the bar be first admitted of an Inn of Chancery before becoming a

* Lord Campbell's *Lives of Chief Justices*, i. 515.

member of an Inn of Court. Of that custom the life of Sir Thomas More affords an illustrious example, for he studied law at New Inn previously to entering at Lincoln's Inn, of which society he afterwards became "Reader," and with the memories of which the student, as he sees the light stream through the heraldic memorial of that devoted martyr, loves to associate the high form that seems (as some one has poetically said) to stand in the sunset of the old faith transfigured on the horizon, tinged with the light of its dying glory.

From the evidence given by the "Ancients" (as they are called) of the present Inns of Chancery, they appear to be mere voluntary societies, none of which acknowledge trusts for the education of their members, or do anything practically for the advancement of legal education; nor do any means appear to exist of rendering their funds available to the study of the law.* The origin of their assumed connection with the Inns of Court is not made out; but it cannot be doubted that they were educational establishments, and the halls which many of them still possess shew their fitness for collegiate purposes. Formerly, barristers were not the only legal practitioners for whose professional education provisions were made, and from an early time attorneys were members of the lesser inns, and also, as it would seem, of the Inns of Court; for in the reign of Philip and Mary it was ordained that no attorney should be thenceforth admitted of any of the Inns of Court. The attorneys, at this day the actual members of the Inns of Chancery, now complain (*Report*, p. 129) that they have lost the advantages their body once possessed.

We have mentioned that only five of the existing Inns of Chancery are older than the reign of Queen Elizabeth. New Inn is one of the lesser inns that became a house for students of the law in the fifteenth century (but after 1485). Upon the destruction of Strand Inn by "Protector" Somerset the students removed to New Inn, "it being (as we read) also under the government of the Middle Temple"—a statement which seems to indicate that the students of both were affiliated to the greater Inn of Court.

* Indeed they have in some instances become private property, and in others are heavily indebted.

At New Inn the "ancients" of the society, like the knights of King Arthur, dine at their "round table," and the rest of the members dine at other tables, the society providing the entertainment. This enviable privilege of free commons would seem to have been acquired by the fortunate possessors signing their names in a book and paying five guineas.

Clement's Inn seems to have risen from the ruins of the monastery of St. Clement, and there the legal settlers courted Themis and Clio by the fountain of the Danish martyr, but how this society of lawyers became connected with the Inner Temple has not been discovered. The society is constituted of "principal, ancients, and commoners." Several of their muniments were burned, and some of those that remain "cannot be read," but their title begins only after the Restoration. After being left readerless for twenty years, the society asked the Inner Temple, as a nursing mother, to send them a reader, and one, we learn, was appointed, but "he went out of town without reading," which is not surprising, for the steward of the Inner Temple, on being asked, "Do you make any payment to the reader?" replies, "None at all; on the contrary, he pays something to the porters"—to secure, we suppose, at all events their attendance, and the payment ought to be liberal, because it is stated further on that the subject of the reading has generally been a new Act of Parliament. The members are only six in number. In their dinners they seem to be very frugal. On the "grand days" even the dry "ancients" are allowed only half a pint of wine each. The buildings are so old that they are always wanting repairs, and continually threatening to fall; indeed, it seems as if they would come down, like the opossums before Colonel Crockett, without waiting to be condemned by the surveyor. This remarkable society has no rental, no library, no students, no chapel, nor any chaplain; but there is a reserved vault in the church of St. Clement the Dane's where the principal and ancients had the privilege of being buried, if they wished it.

Then at Lyon's Inn all that was substantial and vital seems to have still more completely departed. Here the members do not even form a convivial party at dinner. The Commissioners found the whole society to consist, indeed, of only two members—two

surviving "ancients"—the last men left, and it is surprising that they escaped the notice of Mr. Barnum. The oldest of these venerable shadows "thinks he remembers" that the ancients were once five in number, and that he has heard of their dining in hall a hundred years ago. But now the hall dinners are as unsubstantial and imaginary as the members, and it is equally needless to provide mental nourishment, inasmuch as there have been no students to nourish for twenty years. One of the ancients remembers to have seen once in his boyhood a reader, but only the ancients attended his reading. There is no library; there is a hall, but it is seldom opened; they have deeds but no rental; a steward but no dinners; a kitchen but no cook;—so that Lyon's Inn seems to be a body without functions or members.

Some of the other Inns of Chancery appear to have had less appreciation of the value of "readers," for when their parent inn sent them a reader they were rebellious, but now they accept the good the benchers give them.

It would hardly be interesting to glance at the history and the state of the other Inns of Chancery.* It will be sufficient to say that none of them appear to be in such a state of decrepitude as the houses just mentioned, but they are equally ineffectual as regards any provisions for promoting the study of the law by their members, most of whom are practising attorneys.

As regards the education of candidates for the bar in earlier times, the history of the Inns of Court shows that the student was assisted by "readers" in different branches of the law, who were provided by the inn, and had the advantage of taking part in those "moots" or exercises which assisted him in acquiring practical dexterity in argument, and accustomed him (so to speak) to the atmosphere of law. These "readings" were anciently of great importance and dignity. It was long the custom for young

* One of these is Staple Inn, traditionally so named from having been the inn or hostel of the merchants of the woolstaple, whither it was removed from Westminster by Richard II. in 1378. It became an Inn of Chancery in the time of Henry V., and the inheritance of it was granted by Henry VIII. to Gray's Inn. The Holborn front is of the time of James I., and is one of the oldest existing specimens of our metropolitan street architecture.

men of family and fortune to attend them for the purpose of acquiring enough knowledge of law to qualify them to manage their estates and act as magistrates, and this custom prevailed in, if not after, the seventeenth century. Every barrister who was promoted to be a bencher undertook to become reader, in consideration of which service he had his chambers, and at Gray's Inn is recorded to have had liberal allowances of wine and venison. The readers used to give immense feasts and spend an enormous sum of money at their readings, but this entertainment seems to have been changed for a fine or money-payment after the time of the merry monarch; and, the readings having ceased, the bencher, as already mentioned, pays a large fine in lieu of reading, retaining his right to chambers. Glowing accounts are given of the reader's entertainments in the good old times. The last occasion on which the sovereign was a guest was the entertainment given in the Inner Temple Hall by Sir Heneage Finch, solicitor-general, when Charles II. took part in the revels. At these entertainments it was the custom to serve a swan or a peacock whole, as the luxurious Romans did at the table of Hortensius. It seems as if the Municipal Reform Act, which has had so fatal an effect on civic festivities throughout English country towns, had extended to the Inns of Court. The bench-table, indeed, may be occasionally furnished with the ambrosial champagne and the melting turtle, but where are now the feasts and the music which formed such inspiriting associations of the forensic halls? Where are the gay revels that were led by a chancellor, and the entertainments that were given to a prince? The readings long remained in desuetude, and it is only lately that they have been educationally revived by the lectures which the Inns of Court have instituted. The exercises have dwindled to the merest shadow of what they were, and have not been replaced by any compulsory examination. The empty form of our student days is thus described by Mr. Whateley, in his evidence:—"When I was a student I used to be marched up to the barristers' table with a paper in my hand, and I said, 'I hold the widow'—the barrister made a bow, and I went away; and the next man said, 'I hold the widow shall not'—and the barrister made a bow, and *he* went off."

Of course, as far as regards the acquisition of legal knowledge and fitness for performing the duties of the advocate, a man (as one of the witnesses remarks) might as well pass through a hollow tree as through an Inn of Court under the system that has prevailed; and the ordeal of hall and bar-table has not even prevented unworthy persons from proceeding to the degree of barrister-at-law. At Gray's Inn the benchers called (*Rep.* p. 137) a man who was a police inspector somewhere in the country, and another man who was found keeping a shop under a false name.

And now, turning from retrospect, let us look, though it must be very briefly, at the educational arrangements of the Inns of Court, and the suggestions for improving their efficiency.

All that is at present required of a person who wishes to become a student of the law in England, with the view of being ultimately called to the bar, is that he become a member of one of the four Inns of Court; that he keep twelve terms by dining a certain number of times in hall; and that he attend during one year the lectures of two of the readers appointed by the Council of Legal Education, or, at his option, submit to a public examination, which is compulsory only upon those who do not attend the lectures. These requirements present a striking contrast to the systems of legal education pursued in the principal States of Europe, in Scotland, and in the United States of America, and fall short of what the community may properly demand of societies empowered to confer upon selected individuals a peculiar position and attendant privileges. Mr. James, in his sensibly-written *History of the French Bar*, contrasts with our requirements, in regard to legal education, those which prevail in the universities of Holland, Germany, and France,* and remarks that it is astonishing that the English bar, as a body supposed to

* The French bar may be said to have had its origin no longer ago than 1783, when the law school (whose staff consisted of six professors of Roman or canon law, a professor of French or municipal law, and twelve assistant professors,) was solemnly inaugurated. It was in 1804 that, under the Napoleon Code, the *Ecole de Droit* was re-opened on a new basis. There are now nine law schools in France and 20,000 students. The graduates are bachelors, licentiates, and doctors. For this degree the course requires four years' study. The student has to submit to compulsory examinations, and cannot obtain business without six years' study of theory and practice.

be learned, can have remained so long contented with a system which offers no guarantee of fitness for the privileges it bestows. A positive advantage is acquired by the *status*—the name and degree of barrister, and contingent advantages may be obtained through the partiality of friends.

When the recipient is not so well educated as he ought to be, the community may suffer from his being sent forth bearing what may be termed the mint-mark of qualification. This is not a question of individual capacity for success: the character of the Bar of England is concerned. The existence of a highly-educated, liberal-minded, independent and enlightened bar is a safeguard of the community; and it is not less important to the public than to the individual that only persons of general as well as professional acquirements should go forth with the mint-mark (so to speak) of the degree of barrister-at-law. So thought the Greeks under the ancient Empire of the East. In the time of Constantine, when Berytus—the Beyrout of modern days—attracted students by its fame in law and merchants by its Tyrian purple, and its schools of legal education rendered it “the metropolis of ancient law,” students were required to pass at least five years in its scholastic course. This care was taken for the due instruction of the advocates, because—then as now—the legal profession had great influence on the interests of mankind, and the student proceeded from the schools and lecture-rooms of Berytus to aid with legal knowledge the governors of colonial possessions, or to fill offices of government at home. Paris seems now to be much what Berytus was as a school of civil students. The candidates for professional degrees assemble at Paris from all parts of France, when they have passed through their collegiate course of instruction in the provinces or the capital; and L’Ecole de Droit has been described as the magnetic pole towards which the ambition of most young French civilians is attracted. In France the bar affords an opening to every elevated position, whether administrative, commercial, financial, or legislative. But we do not need the wisdom of either the ancient Empire of the East or the modern Empire of the West to guide us to the conclusion that efficient tests should be established for the purpose of raising the character of the acquirements to be possessed by a candidate for the bar. “The

profession of the law (as Lord Woodhouselee remarks) requires an enlarged acquaintance with human nature; an extensive knowledge of the various arts which constitute the occupations of mankind, and give rise to a great proportion of those legal questions which occupy courts of justice;" and general scholarship is at all events as important to the barrister as to the clergyman, the physician, the surgeon, the attorney, or the commissioned officer, none of whom can now obtain preferment or employment without first passing an examination.

The Commissioners have directed their attention as well to the duty which the several societies owe to the public, as to the duties which they owe to the student; and, as regards the latter, we find that in 1833 the Inner Temple instituted two lectureships, the attendance on which was voluntary, and which, after two years' trial, were relinquished for want of auditors; and that in 1847 the society nevertheless renewed the experiment by establishing a lectureship on Common Law; while at the Middle Temple lectures were delivered on Jurisprudence and the Civil Law; and that in the same year Gray's Inn established a course of lectures, followed by voluntary examinations. In 1851 the present system was established. The benchers of each of the four inns select two of their body, and the eight benchers form the Council of Legal Education, who regulate the lectures and classes. They have appointed a Reader on Common Law, a Reader on Conveyancing, a Reader on Jurisprudence and Civil Law, a Reader on Equity, and a Reader of Constitutional Law and Legal History.* Mr. Phillimore, Q.C. the reader on this branch, thinks the subjects embraced by his lectures usually much neglected, and mentions, by way of illustration, that one of the gentlemen who was thought worthy of passing by the council had never heard of the Spanish Armada, and that another, who was equally ignorant with regard to Lord Clarendon (not Her Majesty's noble Secretary for Foreign Affairs),

* It should be mentioned that studentships of fifty guineas a-year are tenable for three years by the student who passes the best examination. The above-mentioned lectures, examinations, and studentships at present constitute the whole system provided by the Inns of Court for the benefit of students.

was selected some time ago for honourable notice on account of professional attainment.

The question appears to have been much considered by the Commissioners, whether there should be a compulsory examination to test the extent to which students profit by the educational provisions which have been made, before a call to the bar. The eminent men who fill the offices of Reader are unanimous in recommending that examination, and the Commissioners have arrived at the same conclusion. They also think that there should be a previous examination for the admission to the Inns of Court of persons who are not graduates;* and that the several inns should combine to test the general knowledge of candidates for admission as students, and the legal knowledge to be required as a condition of the call to the bar,—an opinion in which we entirely coincide.

With this view, the Commissioners propose that the four inns should be united in a university, each inn, however, preserving its independence as a distinct society with regard to property and internal arrangements; that the preliminary examination and the call-examination be established; and that the conduct of those examinations and the conferring of degrees be entrusted to the legal university, the governing body of which is to consist of a chancellor and senate, to be elected in part by the masters of laws, and in part by the barristers.

The subjects for the examination of candidates for the bar at present form two divisions: the first comprising Constitutional Law and Legal History, Jurisprudence, and the Roman Civil Law; and the second comprising Common Law, Equity, and the Law of Real Property. It need hardly be observed that great lawyers have acknowledged that much of their proficiency in the common law of England is attributable to their early study of the Roman Civil Law—that indelible constituent of our composite legal fabric. Texts of Roman law, as Professor Maine has very truly remarked, have been worked at all points into the founda-

* “We entirely agree,” say the Commissioners, “that the higher the standard of intellectual attainments, of proficiency in general as well as technical knowledge required in the barrister, the better it will be for the public, the profession, and himself.”

tions of our jurisprudence, just as Roman materials have been preserved in the fabric of our oldest buildings. In at least one subject in each division, the candidate must pass a satisfactory examination, but he may offer himself for examination in all the subjects of either division for certificate of honour, or in all the subjects for the proposed degree of Master of Laws.

A scheme for legal studies is under consideration at Oxford, where there is already a School of Law and Modern History; and for the study of the law on the banks of Cam, provisions have been recently made by the sister university. Students will be at liberty to choose legal honours instead of honours in classics or mathematics.

Thus we may anticipate the time when a course of scientific and practical instruction in law will be provided for the student, and when young men of the patrician class shall be encouraged to prepare themselves as well for the duties of the legislator and magistrate as for the practice of the law, by climbing to the 'vantage ground of science.

HISTORIANS AND LITERATURE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

A LECTURE.

[Read to the Members of the Durham Athenæum; the Newcastle Church Institute; and the Church Institute of Chester-le-Street.]

THE military camps and paved highways, altars and votive tablets, weapons and productions of art, which are found in every part of England, are the monuments which have been left to us by the Romans; our language, customs, and national institutions preserve the memory of our Saxon forefathers; a thousand local names and much of the folk-lore that surrounds us (notwithstanding all the boasted light and progress of this nineteenth century) bear the impress of the once-dreaded sea-kings of Scandinavia; and massive castles, as well as feudal customs and our language, mark the dominion of Norman power in England. And while every race that has here held military sway has thus left its peculiar traces, so the religious dominion of the peaceful monks—a power which lasted longer in this country than that of the Cæsars or the Normans, the Saxons or the Danes—has left to us equally characteristic monuments. The manuscripts which are treasured in our public libraries, and the productions of antiquity preserved by the scribes of the Middle Ages, are the memorials of THE MONKS of the fraternities that were so powerful in England during nearly a thousand years, for they had their beginning in Ireland before Augustine and the Roman missionaries landed on the coast of Kent, and dated in Great Britain from the time when, on remote Iona, Christianity set up her earliest temple in Scotland. And the monks of old not only built stately churches—

edifices some of which are still our chief temples of religion in every county of England, and others of which, though standing in lonely ruin, are models of architectural dignity and grace,—they also accumulated an inconceivable number of manuscripts, of which specimens remain in our cathedral and public libraries fair and perfect as when they were penned—their illuminations and miniature drawings as bright with gold and colour as when the portraits first grew to glittering life. And just as we should form a most imperfect idea of the countrymen of Virgil and Horace, of Tacitus and Livy, of Cæsar and Cicero, if we only knew the Romans through the tangible monuments left to us by their colonists in this remote part of their dominion, and had not found their mental acquisitions treasured in their imperishable literature, so, if we had no other remains of the monks than the magnificent buildings they raised, we should very inadequately appreciate the lives and works of the old monastic fraternities. But the great body of manuscripts which have come down to us from the Middle Ages bring the monks of old into an undying relation to the historical literature of our country and the preservation of ancient learning, and give us a daily and continuing interest in what they achieved as annalists and transcribers.

The elaborate manuscripts that were in many instances the work of a life and the pride of an abbey-cloister, place in striking contrast with this age of cheap literature and diffused knowledge the times when there were no newspapers or printed books, and when English was not yet a written language. It has been the fashion, therefore, to call those times “the dark ages,” but the want of *our* means of enlightenment does not justify our regarding as dark ages the mediæval centuries of the English Church, for they are commemorated by manuscripts which shew that during the long dominion of the monks the monasteries were retreats of learning as well as homes of religion. The labourers of the cloister, it is true, knew nothing of those great applications of science which mark the present age. They traversed narrow bridle-roads instead of railways, and the illuminations they produced were certainly not those of gas-light; their countrymen exported no manufactures to foreign lands, and England was great without a Liverpool or Manchester; but, while Society was turbulent, the houses of

religion maintained the vestal fires of knowledge, and prevented the flood of barbarism from again overflowing Europe; and the monks raised buildings compared with whose duration most other things seem to be shadows, and to which our boastful age finds it must still resort for its best architectural models.

Any person who has seen the manuscript volumes that are preserved in the British Museum, in the Bodleian Collection, in the College Libraries at Oxford and Cambridge, and in our cathedral libraries—and where is the cathedral library that can boast manuscripts so venerable as those of the Church of Durham?—has looked upon characteristic monuments of the institutions, arts, tenets, and manners of men in bygone centuries, and upon authentic sources of our ecclesiastical and literary history. In those ancient volumes, written in characters now obsolete, and adorned in some instances with decorations in a style of art that flourished before the most ancient of our cathedrals rose, we see objects that are associated with the history of our religion, our literature, and our laws; books that have been studied by saints, and cherished by English sovereigns; records that have companioned grave justiciars on the seat of judgment; transcripts of classical productions that have delighted many a former owner; works of devotion that have cheered many a life, and soothed many a departing soul. Of the thousands of manuscripts that have come down to us, some few saw the days of the Saxon Heptarchy; many are older than any existing cathedral or other old fabric in England, and the chief part belong to the reigns of the Plantagenets. Their language is generally Latin, their leaves are of parchment, and their subjects are for the most part theological, scientific, and historical. Amongst them we find copies of the Bible in full, of the Gospels, and of the Psalms; the writings of the fathers and the works of the schoolmen; the service-books that were used in celebrating the divine offices, treatises on arts and grammar, historical annals and registers, and copies of the classical works that were produced in Greece and Rome. As to the preservation of the latter, I may remark that throughout the history of literature in the Middle Ages we find many great ecclesiastics celebrated as preservers of ancient learning, and lovers of those classical productions which have

such undying power to refine the taste and develop the highest faculties of the mind. In the earlier centuries of the Christian Church, her fathers and bishops were students of the literature of Greece and Rome, as we find from the preservation of valuable fragments of antiquity in the patristic writings; but a change came over the taste of churchmen in this respect even before the time of Gregory the Great; and in the age of Charlemagne classical literature was not cultivated, at all events in his vast empire. At that time, indeed, as we learn from Alcuin, Charlemagne's illustrious preceptor, the Kingdom of Northumbria cherished monuments of ancient genius and learning that could not be found in France. In the twelfth century, however, classical literature was diligently cultivated in many parts of Europe; in Italy—especially during the thirteenth century, which saw the revival of Poetry by Dante, and of Painting by Cimabue and Giotto—an army of transcribers was employed on the works of classical authors. Still, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, even the University Library at Oxford was very slender, insomuch that scholars were impeded by the want of books; and in the University of Paris, unrivalled for scholastic theology, only four classical manuscripts then remained of the collection which Louis IX. had formed. But in that century more than one English bishop possessed a valuable library, and in it many copies of classical works; and most of the monastic fraternities had a considerable collection of books, which they had acquired generally from individual donors, but augmented chiefly by the labours of their own scriptorium (or writing-room), for in those ages it was in the monastic houses that manuscripts were chiefly transcribed. Even before the reign of Henry I. the diocese of Durham could boast a great cultivator of letters in William de Carilefe, the Conqueror's Justiciary of England, that magnificent Bishop of Durham who founded the present cathedral and built its oldest portions—for he was an architect as well as a scholar, a prelate, and a judge—who seems to have personally superintended the transcription of books for the edification of the Benedictine fraternity of his Church, and his example was followed by many succeeding bishops—great men those sovereign prelates and princes were!

The monks, however, did not merely transcribe the compositions of ancient authors: several of the learned recluses wrote national annals and were the historians of their day. Most people read English history, yet few know much about the monastic historians from whose writings our histories down to the sixteenth century are chiefly derived, and there is no period in the kingdoms of the Middle Ages of which the monks have not left us some literary monument. Our oldest British historian wrote in the age when St. Augustine was converting the Anglo-Saxons; the Venerable Bede composed his imperishable works at Jarrow long before the good Alfred was born; and the other principal writers of history lived between the time of the Norman Conquest and the brilliant reign of Edward III. Learned monks were peacefully accumulating materials of English history while Norman princes were establishing their power in England, while her noblest sons were fighting in the Crusades, while the realm was agitated by all the contests of Henry II.'s reign, while Richard of the Lion Heart was in Palestine, while the barons were gaining Magna Carta from King John and fighting for our liberties with his son. Matthew Paris, the monk of St. Alban's, who was so judicious and fearless an historian of British affairs, was writing his great history during the confusions of the civil war in the reign of Henry III., and other monks were writing their historical or theological works while the victorious Edward was leading campaigns against the Scots, and while our Parliament was acquiring its present form and constitution. So that through many centuries the agitations of the world did not suspend the literary labours of the cloister; and here it may be interesting if we glance briefly at the principal historians of English affairs, whose works have come down upon the stream of time.

The oldest British historian whose writings are known to us is Gildas—a gray, almost mythic, father of the British Church, who is said to have been a monk of Bangor, and to have died in Glastonbury Abbey about the year 570—which was half a century before King Edwin of Northumbria was converted to the Christian faith. In the two following centuries religion and letters seem to have found in this Northumbrian kingdom their

chief abode. Neither Newcastle nor Durham then existed; but Lindisfarne and Hexham, Tynemouth and Jarrow were centres of sanctity and learning; and from the monastery at Jarrow—which was united with that of St. Peter at Monkwearmouth, under the government of Abbot Benedict a noble native of this part of England—the light of learning shone throughout the western world. There the immortal Bede, whom admiring ages entitled the Venerable, wrote the first authentic annals of the English Church and people, and no fewer than thirty-six other works, the Cologne edition of which fills eight folio volumes. During the lifetime of Bede (who died in 735), and through the remainder of the eighth century, learning seems to have been pre-eminently cultivated in the kingdom of Northumbria. At York, its ancient capital, Archbishop Egbert, the friend of Bede, founded a noble library, which he, doubtless, furnished from Rome; and at York he educated the illustrious Alcuin, also a Northumbrian, who became the most learned man of his age; and when Alcuin, then Abbot of Tours, was founding, at the request of Charlemagne, a school of learning in that city, he sent envoys to York for copies of various works which could not be obtained in France; for at York, as he himself tells us, were preserved “monuments of the ancient fathers, works which were produced by the Romans themselves, and works which were transmitted to them from the glorious land of Greece, truths received by the Hebrew nation from above, which Africa, receiving their pure light, has diligently extended.” Alcuin here refers, doubtless, to the ancient Christian cities that flourished on the Mediterranean shores of Africa, and especially on the Algerian coast ennobled by the great name of Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, where he wrote those precious manuscripts that have for centuries instructed Christians; so that, whereas missionary enterprise now flows from England for the deliverance of that vast continent from a second heathen darkness, European Christendom in early centuries of the Christian Church received prelates and doctrine from Africa. The good Alcuin, when obtaining permission to transplant what he called the flowers of Britain, “so that their fragrance might no longer be confined to York, but might perfume the palaces of Tours,” sought to raise a new

Athens in France, higher than the ancient city of the purple crown in as much as the wisdom of Christ transcends the philosophy of Plato; and his conviction of the importance of knowledge, which, he says, "exalts the low and adds lustre to the honours of the great," was shared by Charlemagne, who was zealous for the advancement of learning. The emperor himself took great pains, though in vain, to acquire some facility in writing; but the princesses, his daughters, appear to have been more accomplished, and to have been fond of putting formidable questions to Alcuin in philosophy and theology. Speaking of Charlemagne's time, I may mention that a monastic fraternity obtained his leave to hunt deer in one of the royal forests, "to the end," as they suggested, "that they might convert the skins into covers for their books;" but the shrewd brethren seem to have wanted something more than the skins, for they represented that venison was "good for sick monks." The scarcity and costliness of writing-materials in that age confined the transcription of books to the richer monasteries only, and the royal library itself was but scantily furnished. Charlemagne's successor, Louis the Pious, was known as a lover of learning, and his brother emperor, Michael of Byzantium, sent him a work in Greek; but the work seems to have been of little use in France until some years afterwards, when it was translated into Latin at the command of Charles the Bald (who succeeded Louis as King of France). But even for that service the French king was indebted to a learned native of Ireland—John surnamed Erigena, who was in that age a miracle of Greek scholarship; and this very book became the source of many of the mystical and speculative notions of the Middle Ages.

But to revert to England. During more than two centuries from the time of Bede few monks are found to have kept alive the lamp of learning that he had maintained so brightly; but native prelates in the ninth century continued the Saxon annals, and the immortal Alfred translated the Psalms of David, the Ecclesiastical History of Bede, and other works, from the Latin into his mother-tongue. In the following century the name of St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury—that wonderful scholar, monk, and statesman, who was the Wolsey of his day—and

St. Ethelwold, the good Bishop of Winchester, irradiate the scanty annals of learning and genius; but they almost stand alone as far as regards this country. No rays of learning are reflected to us from the first half of the eleventh century (at the beginning of which, it will be remembered, Canute was reigning at Winchester as King of England); but in the latter half of that century, when the crown of St. Edward had passed to William Duke of Normandy, Ingulfus, a native scholar and historian, flourished in England. The Conqueror made Ingulfus his secretary and Abbat of Croyland. About fifty years after the establishment of the Norman power, Ailred of Rievaulx, a great Yorkshire abbat, wrote a life of the royal saint of England, Edward the Confessor; and from that time the writers of histories, annals, and biographies, became very numerous. Nearly contemporary with Ingulfus was Florence of Worcester, a Benedictine monk of that city, who diligently compiled a general history, which he was not content to begin at a less remote period than the time of Adam. I may here mention that a very celebrated personage in Border history during the Stuart reigns—that picturesque old chieftain Lord William Howard, the “Belted Will” of Scott—connected his love of literature with the name of Florence of Worcester by editing his Chronicle. Memorials of public affairs from William the Conqueror to Henry I. were written by Eadmer, a Benedictine monk of Canterbury, and were edited by the learned Selden. Then came the celebrated William of Malmesbury, monk and librarian of the once great abbey of that place, a faithful and judicious writer of English history from the coming of the Saxons to the year 1126. A new edition of his work was recently published. When Malmesbury wrote, the church of Durham was advancing in riches and fame; learned men were already cherished in its cloister; and the names of Symeon, Turgot, and Reginald reflect lustre on the Benedictine fraternity of Durham. With honesty and purity of intention these men wrote: they praised the virtuous and reprovèd the vicious, without regard to rank or to the judgment of men; they did not aim at graces of style or to win reputation for themselves, and little could they have anticipated that the printing-press would spread copies of their writings before the proud tribunal of the

world. And it was not at Durham only that writers of history flourished in the North of England, for in the reign of Henry II. Richard, Prior of Hexham, wrote memoirs of the reign of Stephen, and Roger de Howden, a Yorkshire monk, who was chaplain to Henry II., and was skilled in the laws of England, wrote his well-known annals (edited by Sir Henry Savile), which begin where Venerable Bede's history ended, and extend to the end of the reign of Richard. I will pass over the less eminent successors of these early English historians, and will next mention Roger de Wendover, whose work forms a history of England for eight centuries down to 1235, and who was gathering his "Flowers of History" in foreign as well as native gardens, while Marco Polo was arousing Western Europe by glowing accounts of Indian riches; while the Christian Empire of the East was still flourishing at Constantinople; while the Moors were still reigning in part of Spain; and while the military monks of the Temple were still lords of Palestine. Like many other of the monastic historians, this humble monk of St. Alban's wrote as if he acknowledged with the dignified Tacitus of Rome, that it is the historian's province to re-judge the conduct of men, to the end that virtuous actions may be commemorated, and that shame may await the evil-doer at the tribunal of posterity; and he felt the dignity of history in being (as Cicero says) the witness of ages, the herald of antiquity, the soul of memory, and the light of truth. How different has been the conduct of a popular and brilliant writer of our own day, who has given us the pleading of an advocate rather than the exposition of a judge, and has perverted history to exalt the idol of his prejudice and partiality! The thirteenth century produced also a still more famous writer—I mean Matthew Paris, monk of St. Alban's, who was an orator, logician, and lover of the arts, a theologian, monastic reformer, and historian of national affairs. I must not pass by the succeeding writers of history in the reigns of Edward I. and Edward II. without making honourable mention of Matthew of Westminster, a monk of the royal abbey there. He wrote "Flowers of History," a work which begins at the Creation and comes down to 1307. The reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. had also their annalists in the cloister; and in that fourteenth century

Durham could boast three accurate and faithful historians of the affairs of the diocese. Although the civil wars convulsed England in the following century, the lamp of learning shone in many an English cloister, and there were several writers of history in the days of the Lancastrian kings. The diligent, learned, and venerable John of Whethamstede, who was Prior of Tynemouth and subsequently Abbat of St. Alban's, is, perhaps, the most conspicuous of these annalists of the cloister: he was writing his chronicles while Henry V. was gaining the field of Agincourt and while Henry VI. was contending with his foes at home; but the wars of York and Lancaster seem to have put an end to the labours of the monastic historians as far as regards national affairs.

Almost every conventual fraternity, however, kept its own annals—a custom which ascends to much higher antiquity than the time to which I am referring—and these registers were continued down to the time of the dissolution of monasteries by Henry VIII. The chronicle written in the abbey of Bury St. Edmund's, in the reign of Richard I., and recently published in a popular form, is a well-known example of these conventual registers. Many of them are now extant in public collections and private hands; and where the monastery in which they were written was connected with the cathedral church, as in the case of Durham, they afford authentic materials for the history of the church and diocese to which they belong, and their authority and importance are always recognised. The writers, moreover, were fond of recording anecdotes, and these frequently afford characteristic illustrations of the moral and social condition of the people at the time, or furnish curious information with regard to great men and public events; indeed, we often find in monkish chronicles a quaint relation of such occurrences as would now be published in newspapers. Thus, in the Chronicle of Lanercost, for example, amid the relation of political affairs, we have a story which affords a striking picture of the simple manners of the Scottish court six hundred years ago under Queen Margaret, an English princess; and the monks noticed not only remarkable actions of men, but the appearance of comets, meteors, and other natural phenomena, which seem to have been regarded by the brethren as portentous of evil. In chronicles written by monks

in England and on the continent we have notices, for example, of that brilliant comet of the year 1264, which, from a comparison of the elements of its orbit with those of the comet of 1556, sometimes called the comet of Charles V., has been supposed to be identical with that alarming visitant, and has been for some time past expected to re-appear after another interval of nearly three hundred years.

From this very brief review of works of which monks were the authors, I will now pass to describe some of the most remarkable of those which they collected and transcribed. Transcripts of the Holy Scriptures were their earliest productions. Perhaps the first books brought into England from the time of the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons were the MSS. which Pope Gregory the Great sent to Augustine. These were, a Bible which had purple and rose-coloured leaves, a Psalter, two copies of the Gospels, Legends of the Martyrdom of Apostles, and Commentaries on the Epistles and Gospels. Some of these books had on the covers thin plates of gold and silver with jewels. In the library at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, two ancient manuscripts of the Gospels still exist, which, according to Professor Stanley, have a fair claim to be considered the very books which Gregory sent to Augustine. If so, they are probably the first books that were ever read in England—the beginning, indeed, of English literature and of English instruction; books that first came to our shores when Cambridge was a desolate fen, and Oxford a forest surrounded by a waste of waters. Copies of the books brought by later Roman missionaries soon came to be multiplied in the monasteries from royal Canterbury to remote Lindisfarne, and a few of these venerable manuscripts still exist. In the Chapter Library at Durham there is a copy of the New Testament which may have belonged to St. Cuthbert; and his Book of the Gospels is one of the most celebrated curiosities of the Cottonian Library in the British Museum. I must say a few words about this book. It was written for St. Cuthbert's use by Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne (who died in 721), and was elaborately illuminated by Ethelwold, his successor, and covered with gold and silver. When the monks fled from Lindisfarne, it

became the companion of their celebrated travels; but, having fallen into the sea during their attempt to reach Ireland, and having soon afterwards been found in safety on the Scotch coast, it accompanied the monks through their residence at Chester-le-Street and all their wanderings, until the year 1104, when it returned to Lindisfarne, its original home, where a colony of Durham Benedictines had built, upon the site of the original cathedral, the "dark red pile" of which so many interesting portions remain. The book can still boast its brilliant illuminations and its beautiful manuscript, and is remarkable besides for the Dano-Saxon version which the Surtees Society has recently published—a great philological curiosity, no doubt, but we may rejoice that no such language is now spoken in this part of the country. Then in the Chapter Library at Durham there is another book, a manuscript of the Four Gospels, a portion of which, for reasons explained by the Rev. James Raine the learned librarian, is believed to be in the handwriting of Venerable Bede himself. There is also a Saxon copy of the Four Evangelists, which King Athelstan gave to the monks who had not long before found upon the wooded hill of Durham a final resting-place for their mighty saint, and were there erecting their then humble church. In the same Chapter Library, too, there is a magnificent Norman manuscript of the Bible, written by order of the great prelate-architect Bishop de Carilefe. Again, in the library of the British Museum there is now preserved a copy of the Gospels, in Latin, which, there is little doubt, is the book that was sent over to King Athelstan by his brother-in-law, the Emperor Otho, between the years 936 and 940, and which was given by Athelstan to the Metropolitan Church of Canterbury. This venerable manuscript has been looked upon as the only undoubted relic of the Anglo-Saxon regalia in England. I might mention many other manuscripts of the Holy Scriptures, dating from Anglo-Saxon times, the decorations of which mark not only the taste of the illuminator but the reverence of the Christian possessor; and they afford conclusive proof that in every age of the Anglo-Saxon Church the Gospels were transcribed and revered by the monks. So, too, from the landing of William the Conqueror, which gave us our Norman aristocracy, down to

the invention which gave us the printing-press, portions of Holy Scripture, and even whole Bibles, were diligently transcribed and multiplied in the monasteries, for the monks held that a monastery without a library was like a castle without munitions of defence, and that the Bible was the chief strength of all.

The labour of transcribing was, of course, divided where a monastery had several competent penmen; but in some instances a copy was wholly produced by one scribe, who devoted almost a life-period to the work. For instance, there is a manuscript of the Bible in which the scribe, who was a contemporary of Edward I. has recorded that he was fifty years in writing it. We therefore need not wonder at the high price of manuscripts in the Middle Ages, or that broad acres were in some instances exchanged for a MS. adorned with illuminations. The scarcity of writing-materials in days when books were written on parchment was of course another cause of their high price, and it often led to the destruction of more ancient manuscripts. Thus, for example, a monastic scribe in the days of the Plantagenets wrote on leaves that had borne the manuscript of Norman or earlier times, and obliterated, perhaps, some valuable fragment of former days to adapt the parchment to his purpose.

Commentaries on various books of Holy Scripture were numerous in monastic libraries, but the greater portion of the contents of these collections was made up of lives of saints, writings of the fathers, and works of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages. The portentous mass of departed learning known as the scholastic philosophy having passed into desuetude we are accustomed to form a low estimate of the value of the schoolmen's lore, and of the utility of those abstract reasonings by which the principles of natural theology were sought to be established; and our public libraries, containing, as they do, many volumes of the scholastic subtleties, have been called cemeteries of departed reputations; while the dust accumulating upon their untouched manuscripts has been compared in its moral to the grass that waves over the ruins of Babylon.

Let me now advert to that other great body of literature which occupied the pens of monastic transcribers—I mean the writings of classical antiquity. We no sooner look at a catalogue

of the manuscripts which formerly belonged to a monastic foundation, than we see that the monks well knew how to value those great works of imagination and genius which have become models for the literature of every civilised tongue. The influence of the language and literature thus perpetuated by the monks cannot be overrated: it has been truly said that the largest and most solid foundation-stones of those languages which now stand as the open temples of all human thought were hewn out of the classic rocks: it was Virgil—poet and magician—who led Dante his wondrous course; and the subtleties of Rabelais are woven out of the Latinity of the cloister. It may be interesting to mention here that, as regards the monks of Durham, those authors of antiquity were much sought after who had exercised the art of rhetoric at Rome, or studied in the schools of Athenian oratory. They were among the classics that earliest attracted the attention of the monastic scribes; and the Benedictines of Durham added to their collection many works on logic, rhetoric, and philosophy. Cicero was undoubtedly a favourite in the abbeys of England; and it appears that English monks did not sympathise with the asceticism of Spanish zealots in a later age with regard to heathen or profane compositions. The monks of Durham seem, moreover, to have had very good taste in classical literature; for we find them in possession of the works of Virgil, of some of the poems of Ovid, the comedies of Terence, the satires of Juvenal, and some of the poems of Horace. In many a cloister, Valerius Maximus seems to have been a favourite classic with the monks, and his *Memorable Sayings and Doings* is the work that probably afforded the model upon which a French Benedictine prior—who would no doubt have greatly enjoyed the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*—compiled, five hundred years ago, for the use of monastic societies, that favourite collection of religious, legendary, and romantic narratives known as the *Gesta Romanorum*. From this work the monks often drew illustrations for their sermons, and in it we find the oriental source of many of the tales and incidents immortalised by English poets. Several stories in this remarkable collection contain striking traces of eastern imagination, and some of the apologues are said to be found in Arabian writers of

the tenth and even the eighth century. A religious tale, written in Greek more than a thousand years ago by a monk known as John of Damascus, seems to have suggested the device of the caskets in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*; and there, too, we find the story of the young prince who, by the advice of his physician, was kept in a dark chamber until he was of the age of twelve years, and who, being then allowed for the first time to look upon his fellow-creatures and behold the riches of the world, was pleased the most by the appearance of the women, and being informed by his attendant, when he inquired what those fair objects were, that they were devils who catch men, said, when brought to his father and asked which he liked best of all the fine things he had seen, that he liked best "the devils who catch men." It is worthy of remark that the Western literature, and especially the romance literature of the Middle Ages, if not actually derived from that of the East, was largely indebted to it, and, during the Crusades especially, was augmented from oriental sources.

But, excepting such tales as these, and the monastic narratives of public events, and the classical authors whose works were copied by the monastic scribes—works which, if they were in an English form, might be read with as much interest in our popular libraries at the present day as they excited in the cloister—the contents of an old monastic library would now have little charm for the members of a literary institution; for there were many books on Roman and canon law in most of the monastic libraries, besides the formidable and repulsive works on theology, philosophy, and grammar to which I have adverted. As regards, however, the Institutes of Justinian, with the Commentaries and Decretals, and the Treatises of Doctors on Canon Law, it must be remembered that such works were formerly of great practical value. For many reigns after the Conquest, our chancellors, chief justices, and judges were of the clerical order, and our early clerical chancellors seem to have been proficient in the great and enduring system of the Roman jurisprudence, and to have been guided by this immortal collection of the wisdom of former ages in the endeavours they made to ameliorate the rude legislation of England. Time and changes of opinion

have not robbed all these manuscripts of their value, and honour is due to the memory of the monks of Durham for their industry in collecting and transcribing them.

I must now proceed from the subjects of monastic manuscripts to advert to their illuminations—the tasteful, quaint, elaborate ornaments with which many of the manuscripts are decorated, and in this respect the labours of the cloister have a living interest for every age. These illuminations may be said to afford pictorial illustration of the arts and costumes, manners and customs, of the time and country in which they were executed. There are several manuscripts—such, for instance, as the Psalter that belonged to Canute, and the Benedictional of St. Ethelwold (now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, and about which alone a book was written,)—that bring vividly before us the dresses and occupations of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. Many Norman manuscripts, too, are adorned by magnificent illuminations which the monks were executing while Crusaders were fighting in Palestine, and fair hands were working in the Bayeux tapestry other characteristic features of the time. In artistic skill, the illuminations of the middle and latter part of the thirteenth century are hardly equal to those of the twelfth century; they are less correct in outline, and less spirited, but they are more elaborately and richly coloured. Ornamental design was then becoming very varied and fantastic; and the styles of drawing are unequal in the manuscripts of this period, during which, as will be remembered, Giotto was reviving in Italy the art of Painting. Events and persons, from Holy Scripture or saintly legend, form most of the subjects represented in the miniatures with which the monks enriched their manuscripts. Generally, the drawings are contained within an initial letter at the beginning of a page; and often we find them quaint, and full of satirical humour; but the illuminators, like great painters in a later age, sometimes committed strange anachronisms by representing historical personages of one period in the dresses of another; and these incongruities are often somewhat amusing. The illuminators, as well as the “writers,” “correctors,” and “binders” of manuscripts, worked in the apartment called the Scriptorium, which was maintained in every abbey, and for the

maintenance of which estates were, in many instances, appropriated. In the great monasteries the professed transcribers and illuminators of books found their most constant patrons, and from the scriptorium of a convent nobles and prelates were accustomed to obtain the manuscripts they desired to possess, as people now obtain their books from Albemarle Street or Paternoster Row. But, as illuminated manuscripts, especially those of a devotional character, were highly valued, and kings and nobles were always desirous to possess manuscripts enriched by illuminations, there were English artists who could be engaged for the purpose of illuminating books. The household account of the good queen Eleanor affords an example that this was the case as early as the reign of Edward I., and many instances of their employment might be given. Every one knows what stately and magnificent monuments were raised by pious munificence and architectural skill in the reigns of the Plantagenets; and it is very interesting to an Englishman to find, when he investigates the state of the fine arts in England during those ages, that Painting, as applied to the representation of subjects on the walls of churches and palaces, was successfully practised in this country contemporaneously with the restoration of the art by Cimabue in Italy during the latter half of the thirteenth century. Henry III. was the first English sovereign who encouraged the arts of Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture; and by him, as well as by Edward I., the professors of those arts were employed in decorating palaces, and in executing royal monuments in abbey churches. It was not only painters in fresco, sculptors, and artists in metal-work and other branches of decorative art, who found abundant employment on the noble edifices built, enlarged, or adorned in the reigns of the Plantagenets; for in the transcription and illumination of service-books for the altar and the choir enormous sums of money were expended, and the piety and taste of individuals increased the demand for illuminated books of devotion. Although many bishops were celebrated in those days for their love of learning, I know of only one who actually maintained in his own palace a staff of transcribers and illuminators—that one was Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, an illustrious ornament of the reign of Edward III., whom he served

as lord chancellor and chief minister of state. His great power and wealth, and his frequent visits as ambassador from his royal friend to the chief courts of Christendom, gave him opportunities for acquiring books, of which he profited largely; he seems occasionally to have spent a sum equivalent to 20,000*l.* of our money on the expenses of an embassy, a great part of which expenditure went in buying books, and he generally returned enriched with manuscripts acquired in Paris or in foreign convents. At Auckland Castle, the ancient, wood-environed palace of the Bishops of Durham, Richard de Bury maintained a staff of transcribers, correctors, illuminators, and binders of books; the very floors of his presence-chamber and other apartments were covered with books, and in his sleeping-room we are told it was difficult to move without treading upon a book; and this, we must remember, was nearly a hundred and fifty years before the invention of printing, and was a time when the English nobility were unlettered, when few of the halls of our universities had been founded, when ecclesiastics and lawyers were the only persons who had any pretensions to learning, and when Norman-French was the language of Westminster Hall; when bishops could not move from place to place in England without a large retinue bearing arms and furniture and provisions; when Durham and Newcastle were walled cities, occasionally approached by the hostile Scots, and when England and Scotland were continually at war! But I said that the great monasteries were pre-eminently the seats of learning, and the places in which the transcribers and illuminators of manuscripts found their chief employment. Several of the monastic libraries contained many hundreds of books, and an abbat was, frequently, ambitious to mark his reign by the number of volumes which he had caused to be added to the conventual library. Thus—to give an instance from the Norman times—an abbat of St. Alban's borrowed of Archbishop Lanfranc twenty-eight choice works, of which he caused copies to be made; for Lanfranc—like the great Durham Bishop, William de Carilefe, his contemporary—was a diligent preserver of learning; indeed that great archbishop with Ingulfus and Anselm of Canterbury form a constellation of genius, and were the great literary triumvirate of their age. The

Abbey of Croyland, too, had acquired more than three hundred manuscripts before the accession of William Rufus, and Glastonbury, in the time of Edward I., could boast more than four hundred manuscripts in its library. Although the monasteries for the most part grew richer as years rolled on, yet it does not appear that their diligence in copying and acquiring books was at all relaxed. In the library of Peterborough there were, at the dissolution of religious houses, seventeen hundred books; and from the catalogues of their libraries which were made by the monks of several other great English monasteries, it appears that they had accumulated, before that event, manuscripts varying in number from five hundred to two thousand. These are facts which shew that the monks rightly regarded books: that they knew them to be comforters in sorrow—companions in solitude—guides to truth; and knew what a glorious thing a great library is, what a mine of treasure, what a never-failing fountain of human intellect! Remembering that a few centuries ago five hundred or six hundred manuscripts were thought a great library, we may think of the wonder with which the monks would have regarded such libraries as we now have access to—libraries containing even hundreds of thousands of volumes, and such ceaseless activity of authors with such boundless production by the press.

Without entering into details so archæological as statistics of the chief national libraries in the Middle Ages, I may say a few words about the Vatican Library. It was to the solicitude of great fathers and bishops in the early centuries of the Church, that this stupendous collection owed its rise—a library which, after Rome had given Christianity to the Anglo-Saxons, afforded the vestal fires of learning to her remote disciples. There is not any trace of a papal library before the time of St. Hilary, about the year 470; but in the sixth century a librarian of the apostolical library is mentioned, and from that time it was preserved. Constantinople, however, in the days of the Greek emperors, could boast of the greatest collection of books, and was, indeed, the principal seat of learning. I have already mentioned the Greek manuscript which was sent from the East to the successor of Charlemagne as the offering of a brother emperor, and from

Constantinople manuscripts had previously found their way to the then rising library at Rome. From that Roman library some of the earliest literary treasures of the Anglo-Saxon Church were derived by the great Archbishop Theodore, who from his native Tarsus, in Cilicia, came to Canterbury, and afterwards invited St. Cuthbert from his island hermitage. From that storehouse of letters, too, Egbert Archbishop of York founded the library of his metropolitan city. During the vicissitudes of later ages the Roman library is not mentioned; but it had been revived before the time of Pope Clement V., who took the literary treasures of Rome to Avignon, when he removed the Holy See to the castellated heights upon the Rhone; and the manuscripts which were brought back to Rome in 1417, by Pope Martin V., seem to have become the nucleus of the great Vatican library, which has ever since been augmented from all parts of Christendom. Many manuscripts were brought to Europe from the East during the Middle Ages—the spoils, doubtless, of the once great library of Constantinople; and an immense number are still hid in monasteries of Syria and the Levant, some valuable specimens of which have been acquired in recent years by enterprising and learned travellers, and have been deposited chiefly in the British Museum. Of the National Library at Paris St. Louis is considered to have been the founder; but the good monarch probably never anticipated that the object of his care would come to contain, as it now does, a hundred thousand manuscripts alone. It is worthy of mention, as showing the number of books which had been collected by the French king in the days of Agincourt, that the English, after the victories of Henry V., carried away from Paris more than eight hundred volumes from the collection which Charles V. of France had formed. Perhaps, at that period, no individual collector in England possessed a larger collection of manuscripts than Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, who, when he refounded, in the year 1440, the public library of the university of Oxford, gave to it six hundred manuscripts, which are stated to have been of extraordinary value. Less than a century had then elapsed since the time when Bishop Richard de Bury bequeathed his enormous collection for the purpose of founding a public library for the students at Oxford; but such had been the

agitations of the intervening time, that the bishop's noble foundation lay waste and desolate when the good Duke of Gloucester undertook its revival. His enlightened provisions were in their turn defeated by the storms of the Reformation; so that when Sir Thomas Bodley, towards the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign, devoted his energies and fortune to re-instate the public library of Oxford, and for that purpose diligently sought after and purchased books and manuscripts, the noble collections of the earlier founders had been for the most part scattered. Bodley accumulated nearly thirteen hundred rare manuscripts, chiefly the laboured and costly productions of the cloister, which the dissolution of religious houses had dispersed. So, too, Sir Robert Cotton founded the magnificent collection of manuscripts, all spoils of the monasteries, which long after his death was transferred to the British Museum, and there, bearing his name, happily remains. We are not to suppose, because there were few such collectors before the invention of printing, that there were not many noblemen and ecclesiastics who were distinguished by their taste for literature and their desire to possess manuscripts. Many a book of devotional offices, now the priceless gem of a public library, once belonged to some heroine of history; we find classics and romance poetry in the library of a nobleman who lived under Lancastrian kings; and even Chaucer represents the clerk who was the fifth husband of the Wife of Bath as possessing Ovid's "Art of Love," and other works of classical antiquity. Literature having been preserved by the monks in the days "when Rome was all prevailing," such of their long-hoarded volumes as escaped the destroyers at the time of the dissolution of monasteries passed into private hands, and were rescued by the taste and munificence of a Bodley, a Cotton, or a Howard, to find a secure home in our public libraries. Great as is the number of our manuscript treasures, they must bear but a small proportion to the number of manuscripts that were existing in this country in the reign of Henry VIII., whose reforming visitors barbarously destroyed and scattered the contents of monastic libraries, sold illuminated manuscripts by the cartload, and dispersed them over the neighbourhood to heat ovens, patch windows, and be cut up by the tailor and the bookbinder. For many of the

treasures of antiquity that have come down to us in a printed form we are likewise indebted to the monastic preservers of learning, the works having become known to the learned in the early days of printing, and having thus been consigned to the immortal custody of the press; and numerous printed books of early date which belonged to priors and monks remain to evince their attachment to literature, and the welcome they gave to printing. The legends of saints, which had been for centuries favourite reading in the monasteries, thus came to be household books of our sturdy ancestors, and found their way into the scanty library of many a country gentleman.

If this lecture had not already reached its prescribed limits, I should have liked to give some examples of the enormous value that was anciently set upon manuscripts—it is curious to contrast with it the cheapness of printed books. But I must now conclude. I have endeavoured to give some idea of what the monks accomplished as annalists and transcribers: it is painful to think what destroyers in the sixteenth century barbarously did to obliterate the labours of a thousand years; but when we review all the destructive agencies of which we read in history, and behold in ruin even the massive walls within which the manuscripts were written, we may well rejoice that so many of these treasures have been “sheltered under the wings of Time,” and that we can find in our noble public libraries such long-transmitted witnesses for the classic productions of ancient genius and for the Scriptures of our faith. Although we may disregard the devotional and legendary writings of the cloister, and renounce the austere, unattractive paths through which the monks aspired to reach the joys of heaven, we should remember the discrimination and the industry which preserved to us what we prize so highly and kept alive the lamp of history through dark and troubled years. And as the navigator finds on distant shores names that tell how England’s gallant seamen of former days have bravely toiled in the great cause of human advancement, so the student of letters and history sees in these mediæval monuments of learned enterprise landmarks raised by the monastic pioneers of human knowledge, and gratefully recognises their enlightened diligence and love of science.

NEW LIGHTS IN HISTORY.*

[Colburn's "New Monthly Magazine," June, 1857.]

MR. FROUDE'S volumes embrace a most important and interesting period of English history, for in those already published he treats of the grave momentous occurrences between the accession of the House of Tudor and the time when Henry VIII. assumed the title of Supreme Head on Earth of the English Church. The work is remarkable no less than the period it embraces, for it seems designed to justify many of those atrocities of his ensanguined reign which have excited the horror and detestation of posterity; and to persuade us that the Nero of the Tudor race has been unjustly calumniated, that he was not so bad as historians have represented him, and that some of the worst acts of his selfish, capricious, and cruel tyranny were dictated by patriotism and a sense of duty. The book professes to found this justification upon unpublished documents found amongst the Public Records, and thus to throw their authority over the representations of the historian.

Some people, whose views are darkened by the haze of Exeter Hall, and who seem to think the Reformation and the Protestant cause identified with the character of Henry VIII., and strengthened by its vindication, received Mr. Froude's book so exultingly that we took it up with the expectation of finding that some documents hitherto unknown had been discovered among the

* History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1856. Two vols.

Public Records, by which a new light was thrown upon Henry's character and the acts of his reign. Mr. Froude mentions in his preface the discovery by Sir Francis Palgrave, among the Public Records preserved in the Rolls House, of a large number of documents relating to the opening years of the English Reformation, which had not been published, many of which are highly illustrative and curious, and contain matters hitherto unknown, and are intended to be published by Mr. Froude, who meantime only refers to them as "MSS. in the Rolls House." Mr. Froude elsewhere propounds, that to the statutes of Henry's reign and to these original state papers we must look, if we would form a just estimate of his character and policy; and he lays down as a principle that "facts which are stated in an act of parliament may be uniformly trusted." (!) Now, although Mr. Froude is not by any means the first historic inquirer who has recognised the authenticity and importance of the Public Records as materials for history, he seems entitled to the distinction of originality in being the first writer who has been so perverse as to draw from them any conclusions in favour of Henry VIII., or who has ventured to question the verdict of posterity on that sacrilegious and bloodthirsty tyrant. That many of the manuscripts referred to in Mr. Froude's work contain matters not hitherto published, matters highly curious, and illustrative of the cruel, dark, rough years to which they relate, is unquestionable; and their discovery and selection is another benefit conferred upon the public by the judicious vigilance of the learned deputy keeper.

But confining our present remarks to that part of Mr. Froude's work in which he narrates the history of the suppression of monasteries, we can only say that, as far as we have observed, Mr. Froude does not adduce any newly-discovered documents, nor bring forward any new evidence with regard to the monastic delinquencies which were made the pretext for that memorable act of sacrilege and spoliation. His "authorities," as he calls them, for the darker scandals affecting the monasteries, are the letters of those veracious and impartial functionaries the visitors appointed by Thomas Cromwell—at once accusers, witnesses, and judges—a selection from which was published from the MS. volume of Cromwell papers in the Cotton Library, by the

Camden Society in its book of "Letters relating to the Suppression of the Monasteries," but "some of the statements of the visitors," Mr. Froude candidly says, "I cannot easily believe." For his other authorities, this new elucidator of history takes the mild and impartial Burnet, to whose *Collectanea* he frequently refers, as if the libels raked together by that sour calumniator were of any authority as a matter of evidence; and Mr. Froude also follows the gentle Fox, besides Strype, and Latimer's Sermons, and the recitals in the statute-book of the reign, in which humiliating record, we must take leave to say, we can only discover how ready parliament was to do the will of the king, and blow hot and cold at his bidding.

The journals of the session of the fatal parliament of 1532 are lost; the "Black Book," or Return of the Visitation Commissioners, is lost; not one original information or sworn deposition is cited; but Mr. Froude wishes us to believe that in the Cromwell letters in the Cotton Library and the Rolls House, and in some Tudor statutes, we may read true accusations against the monks, and a justification for rooting out the whole monastic system; and he tells us that, if we are anxious to understand the English Reformation, we should place implicit confidence in the statute-book.

It is, of course, only as an historical question that in this busy onward age people revert to the suppression of the monasteries, and discuss the justice of Henry's exterminating acts; and to review the troubles and oppressions of that dark and cruel time, is, indeed, of no more use, save for the elucidation of historical truth, than the inquest of the Lydford jury, who were said to

— hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after.

In whatever way the question may be viewed, the holders of abbey lands will not be required to relinquish them to their former owners, and the interests of the living need not now prevent them from doing justice to the dead. Yet the question relating to the suppression of the monasteries is one which is seldom discussed without prejudice, and upon which the case has been too commonly taken *pro confesso* against the monks, and

without anything like trustworthy evidence. We have less reliable information as to the state of the English monasteries in the opening years of the Reformation than we have as to the grounds on which those renowned military monks, the Templars, were suppressed in the reign of Edward II.; and though the stately edifices they raised, and the literary monuments of industry they accumulated, in the palmy days of monastic institutions, might well plead for the piety and industry of the monks of old, Englishmen have generally no more sympathy for them than for the rule under which their unobtrusive lives were passed.

In his chapter on "the Social State of England in the Sixteenth Century," Mr. Froude eloquently says:

"The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins . . . and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the old world were passing away never to return. . . . Only among the aisles of the cathedrals, only as we gaze upon their silent figures on their tombs, does some faint conception float before us of what these men were . . . and their church bells that sounded in the mediæval age now fall upon the ear like the echoes of a vanished world."

The old monastic life is, indeed, hidden from us. To many people, the name of monk—once revered by prince and prelate, soldier and saint—seems only synonymous with all that is sensual, slothful, and superstitious; and the turf and ruins that cover the cemeteries in which the monks of England were laid for their final rest are to many of us only as "the grass that waves over the ruins of Babylon." But in these days of historic inquiry we should endeavour to see what the monasteries were; and this has been very well described recently by a reviewer in a decidedly Protestant periodical, who says:

"The abbeys which towered in the midst of the English towns were images of the civil supremacy which the Church of the Middle Ages had asserted for itself; but they were images also of an inner, spiritual sublimity, which had won the homage,

of grateful and admiring nations. The heavenly graces had once descended upon the monastic orders, making them ministers of mercy, patterns of celestial life, witnesses of the power of the Spirit to renew and sanctify the heart. And then it was that art, and wealth, and genius poured out their treasures to raise fitting tabernacles for the dwelling of so divine a soul. Alike in the village and the city, amongst the unadorned walls and lowly roofs which closed in the dwellings of the laity, the majestic houses of the Father of mankind and of his especial servants rose up in sovereign beauty. And ever at the sacred gates sat Mercy, pouring out relief from a never-failing store to the poor and the suffering; ever within the sacred aisles the voices of holy men were rising in intercession for the sins of mankind; and such blessed influences were thought to exhale round those mysterious precincts, that even the poor outcasts of society . . . gathered round the walls as the sick man sought the shadow of the apostle, and lay there sheltered from the avenging hand. The abbeyes of the Middle Ages withstood the waves of war, and, like the ark amidst the flood, floated inviolate and revered"—while over secular institutions the fierce, swift tide of change swept by, and dynasties decayed.

But Mr. Froude says we ought to go to the statute-book for trustworthy testimony; take, then, the declaration which a parliament of the mighty Edward made five centuries and a-half ago on behalf of the religious houses, then impoverished by the extortions of the alien priories their monastic superiors abroad (it is in the "Statute of Carlisle," A.D. 1307):

"Whereas monasteries, priories, and other religious houses were founded to the honour and glory of God and the advancement of Holy Church, by the king and his progenitors, and by the noblemen of the realm; and a great portion of lands and tenements have been given by them to the monasteries, priories, and religious houses, and the religious men serving God in them, to the intent that clerks and laymen might be admitted in such houses, that sick and feeble folk might be maintained, that hospitality, almsgiving, and other charitable deeds might be done, and prayers be said for the souls of the founders and their heirs."

But we should never complete this article within reasonable

limits, if we were to discuss the purpose of monastic institutions, or to adduce testimony to the character that the religious houses for centuries enjoyed in England. Mr. Froude does not deny their ancient grandeur, nor wish us to forget the days when they were filled by communities bound by religious rule, whose whole duty it was to labour and to pray; when the world laid its riches at their feet, and for eight centuries saw the notable spectacle of the owners of vast property administering it as a trust, and reaping from it no aggrandisement for themselves. He recognises, too, the fair beauty of the monastic spirit, and bids us view it still imaged in the calm sculptured forms with folded hands that are recumbent on the pavements of our abbey churches, and seem resting, as they lived, in contemplation of heaven. And he says:

“A thousand years in the world’s history had rolled by, and these lonely islands of prayer remained still anchored in the stream, the strands of the ropes which held them near their last parting, but still unbroken. *They were what they had ever been.*”

Why, then, were they to fall? Because, according to Mr. Froude himself, the monasteries owned only the visitorial jurisdiction of the Pope; and when, by the transfer to Henry of the ecclesiastical supremacy in England, that visitorial jurisdiction could be no longer exercised, the monasteries “fell,” as he tells us, “by a natural tendency to corruption and decay.” Faith, he says, had sunk into superstition, and duty had died into routine. The Pope had not found it necessary to order any general visitation of the monasteries; but parliament had no sooner transferred the ecclesiastical supremacy to the crown than the king undertook a general visitation. Now, why was this done? It does not appear that stories of the degeneracy of monastic manners were in circulation until the time when a general visitation was decided on. But we know that Henry’s idea of spiritual authority, when vested in himself, was the destruction of those who resisted it; and he soon found that his usurpation of papal authority in England could not co-exist with the monastic institutions, which were, by foundation, immediately subject only to Rome, and formed (as Professor Stephen has called them) the distant bulwarks of her power. The blood of heroic men, faithful and

constant even unto death, like the monks of the London Charterhouse, might ensanguine the Tudor scaffold, but the spirit of resistance to usurped authority could not be quenched by the executioner; and accordingly the king—who, for the indulgence of his unlawful passion for Anne Boleyn, revolutionised his kingdom and quarreled with the rest of Christendom, and who afterwards did not hesitate, for the sake of Jane Seymour, to shed innocent blood, and conspire with his council to cloak the deed by forms of law—determined to sacrifice the monasteries, and to make the irregularities which seem to have disgraced certain convents a pretext for destroying all the monastic foundations of the country, and transferring their possessions to himself.

The apologists of Henry VIII. have lately turned very triumphantly to the indictment contained in a letter addressed by Cardinal Morton to William, Abbat of St. Alban's, in 1489. That charges so revolting were true, almost surpasses belief; and the more so, as the accused abbat was only invited to reconsider his doings and amend them. As such dreadful charges were brought against the mitred Abbat of St. Alban's so recently as the year 1489, it might be supposed that wickedness and corruption would be found there, if anywhere, by Henry's visitors, but they do not appear to have reported any immoralities at St. Alban's; they only say there is "just cause of deprivation against the abbat, not only for breaking of the king's injunctions, but also for manifest dilapidation, negligent administration, and sundry other causes." Perhaps, like the Abbat of St. Andrew's, Northampton, he had grown so dainty in his taste as to reserve rents payable in roses instead of corn and grain, in some of the abbey leases, which is made a subject of accusation against the monks of St. Andrew's.

But granting that the Abbat of St. Alban's, in 1489, was guilty of the matters charged against him by Cardinal Morton, what evidence does that furnish to justify Henry's spoliation of the other monasteries fifty years afterwards? And if we are asked to believe that the crimes of the Abbat of St. Alban's, in 1489, were shared by all other abbats, and that, as time went on, the monasteries were deepening in profligacy and corruption until their overthrow could be no longer delayed, we answer that

history is silent as to any such abuses; and it must be remembered that in the reign of Edward IV., the reign of Henry VII., and the reign of Henry VIII. until his statutes against Rome, there was no lack of power in the Pope to visit and depose, and there were many instances in which that power had been used with firmness. Mr. Froude would have us believe that Henry did no more than the Pope's visitors would have done if the Holy See had authorised a visitation of the English religious houses; but, although they might cause delinquent monks to be deposed and punished, the visitors in former times did not suppress and destroy their monastery.

As to the motives for this purifying visitation, Mr. Froude bids us look at the necessity of Henry's position, and would have us believe that, like his divorce from Queen Katharine, it presented itself to him as a moral obligation! We are all familiar with the hypocritical pretences put forward for the divorce when that measure was demanded by Henry's fickle appetites; and we are not surprised by the pretence that the visitation of monasteries was undertaken for the reformation of manners. Accordingly, the monks were accused of being profligate, self-indulgent, and forgetful of their vows, and the monastic institution was declared effete and delusive. Henry, we know, professed a great zeal for true religion, as became the "Defender of the Faith;" and the purity of his own character assures us that any self-indulgence or profligacy must have been unendurable by the royal accuser of the monks. It is true that some suspicion is cast upon the motive, when we find that even before the suppression, and by the inquiring visitors themselves, the jewels and plate of the "sick man" were packed up for the king's use; and that (as Mr. Froude himself tells us), in 1529, at a time when the visitation of the monasteries had hardly begun, the destructive party were so confident in the temper of the approaching parliament, and in the irresistible pressure of the times, that the conversation in the great houses of London was an exulting anticipation of the downfall of ecclesiastical institutions, and the confiscation of ecclesiastical property. If Mr. Froude means by "the irresistible pressure of the times" that the public voice accused the monks and demanded their destruction, we take leave to say that there

is no more evidence of any such accusation and demand by the people of England than of their alleged impatience for the decision of the Pope in favour of Henry's divorce. If, as Mr. Froude represents, the monasteries were regarded by the people with "gathering indignation" when their sacrifice was declared necessary to render the kingdom independent of the Pope, what does he say to that popular insurrection in their favour some years afterwards—the ill-fated "Pilgrimage of Grace?" Perhaps "the irresistible pressure of the times" was to be found in "the Society of Christian Brothers," as they were called, the Protestant Association of those days, who are described by our author as "poor men, poor cobblers, weavers, carpenters, trade apprentices, and humble artisans, who might be seen at night stealing along the lanes and alleys of London, carrying with them some precious load of books which it was death to possess."* For then, as in later years—

The oyster-women locked their fish up,
And trudged away to cry "No bishop;"
Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church.

But this new-born zeal in 1529 contrasts somewhat remarkably with the indifference—nay, according to Mr. Froude, hatred of the mass of the people towards Protestantism only two years before. The time had not yet come when a pious horror of popery pervaded the tap-room of every English hostelry; and we believe the people had no wish to lose their old friends the monks, who were, confessedly, liberal landlords and charitable neighbours.

Thomas Cromwell has always been supposed to have urged upon the king the dissolution of the abbeys. It was necessary, however, to lay some evidence before parliament to justify their sacrifice; and so, with the predetermined purpose of spoliation, the reforming visitation was constituted. "Rough and ready" instruments were found in the infamous and execrable Lee and Layton, and they were constituted visitors in the king's name. There were six hundred and twenty-three monasteries in England. The two

* Froude, ii. 152.

commissioners were appointed in September, 1535; the parliament that was to be asked to suppress them was to meet in the following February, and we are expected to believe that the condition of each monastery was investigated in the interval! The very sameness of the result which the commissioners pretended to discover, shows the *animus* of the inquiry; and one would suppose that the visitors found the monks only waiting for their friendly ear to confess their iniquities, just as we read now and then of a man looking out for a policeman to give himself into custody for some real or imaginary offence. Amongst many other suspicious circumstances, is the readiness with which a monk—as, for example, him of Pershore—was induced by the visitor to confess to neglect of the rule, and to the commission of various delinquencies. If such confessions were genuine, they only show, what was very probable, that there were miscreant, backsliding monks, or monks who were impatient of their vows, and covetous of the pension which they were told compliance would secure. But why a confession obtained from a Worcestershire monk was to work the suppression of a Yorkshire abbey, does not appear. The suddenness, too, with which monks are represented to have been converted to the new order of things when Henry had assumed the supremacy, shows the hand of the commissioners—witness the letter printed by Mr. Froude (vol. ii., p. 478), where the monk informs against his superior for allowing “the Bishop of Rome’s” name to remain in the service books. But when monks were found who emulated the constancy of their noble brethren of the Charter-house—monks who were neither impatient of their vows, conscious of guilt, nor desirous to bid for the king’s favour, the commissioners were obliged to forge confessions, or resort to subornation of perjury; and they appear to have done so with considerable success.

After the visitation, the king’s highness seems to have placed the monks under surveillance. They certainly were not so indulgently treated as our ticket-of-leave convicts are. Mr. Froude accuses some of them of a “fraudulent concealment” of property, by withdrawing the dedicated plate and jewels of their church from seizure by the commissioners. But in fraud of whom, we would ask, was their church property retained? It had not then

been divested from those who legally held it in right of their church; and even if it had been transferred by act of parliament to the king, what fraud would there have been in concealing for their altar what had been inalienably dedicated for its use?

And so, the famous "Black Book" of the monasteries was presented to the Commons. Mr. Froude says he "cannot discuss the question whether the stories it contains were true;" he is content that "it was generally accepted as true by the English parliament." When we think of the stories it was said to contain, of the sacrilegious determination of the king to secularise the property of the monasteries, of the number of timeservers and courtiers expectant of abbey lands who were in parliament, and of the temper of the anti-papal party, we may perhaps believe that, as Latimer tells us, there arose in the Commons House, when the report of the visitors of abbeys was read, one long cry of "Down with them!" And like the cry—"Away with Him!"—that rose on a more awful occasion in the hall of Pontius Pilate, it prevailed, and without trial the monasteries were suppressed; the lesser monasteries first, but the greater monasteries not until some time afterwards, "as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on."

The commissioners report that they found in some of the larger abbeys the same delinquencies and immoralities that they report in the lesser houses; and if the crimes alleged against the monks had been the real cause of the suppression, justice would have required that all, being equally guilty, should equally fall. Yet the measure was confined to the less wealthy houses only; and in the statute for their suppression it is even recited "that in divers great and solemn monasteries of this realm—thanks be to God—religion is right well kept and observed."

Mr. Froude says that in the reforming party there was difference of opinion as to the legality of secularising property that had been dedicated to God. Latimer was anxious that the monasteries should at least be converted into places of education, and he deprecated the lay appropriation of abbey lands. Cranmer, on the other hand, was reluctant that clerical corporations should exist in any form. However, parliament was soon induced to resolve that reformation was hopeless, and, without trial or

hearing, to dissolve all the lesser abbeys (that is to say, all monasteries having an income of less than 200*l.* a-year), declaring it to be "much more to the pleasure of Almighty God, and for the honour of this His realm, that the possessions of such spiritual houses, now spent and spoiled and wasted for increase and maintenance of sin, should be converted to better use;" and Mr. Froude has told us how trustworthy the declarations even of a Tudor statute are. The "better use" aimed at was that of the compliant noblemen and gentlemen expectant of abbey lands, by whom of course they would not be spoiled and wasted; but, for the present, parliament (by statute 27 Henry VIII. chap. 28) gave those possessions to the king. "And this measure," says Mr. Froude, "we must regard as bravely and wisely resolved."

As to the great monasteries, that is to say, as to all the religious houses not within the statute just mentioned, the policy of the court was (as Mr. Wright has justly observed in his edition of *Letters on the Suppression of Monasteries*) to persuade or terrify the monks into a voluntary surrender; but this policy was successful in a comparatively small number of instances. Where the abbats were stubborn, they were indicted for high treason, and upon one charge or another disposed of by the gallows. Thus it was that the noble and ancient abbey of Glastonbury fell. Can any Englishman think without indignation and horror of the mockery of justice by which this outrage was accomplished? Glastonbury was doomed because the visitors found in the abbat's study a MS. "book of arguments against the divorce of the king's majesty and the queen dowager;" and, moreover, a printed life of "Thomas Bequet." It does not appear that the king's visitors could discover any immorality or other matter of complaint against this great abbey. They, however, managed to have the abbat executed upon a charge that he had robbed Glastonbury church. Probably he had endeavoured to conceal some altar plate from the hands of the spoiler. The true reason for the dissolution of the abbey was that the commissioners found it (to use their own language) "the goodliest house of the sort they had ever seen. The house," they say, "is great, goodly, and so princely, as we have not seen the like; with four parks adjoining; a great mere, five

miles in compass, well replenished with great pike, bream, perch, and roach; four fair manor-places belonging to the late abbat, being goodly mansions."

In this way the greater monasteries gradually shared the fate of the lesser houses which had fallen at one stroke under the act of parliament; and so rapid was the work of suppression that, whereas in the parliament of 1536 twenty-eight mitred abbats were present or voted in the House of Lords, they were diminished in the parliament which opened on the 18th of April, 1539, to twenty, and in the session begun in the following year all the abbats had disappeared. In the mean time, and before the dissolution of the great houses, the king's visitors were sent to any abbey which, like St. Edmund's at Bury, was particularly rich and provokingly innocent of any offence, to visit for the purpose of confiscating "the superstitious relics." How gold and silver, to the value of five thousand marks (a sum equivalent, perhaps, to 18,000*l.* of our money), came to be regarded as "superstitious relics," does not appear; but the more valuable the spoil the more superstitious seems to have been its use.

As Henry VIII. had been able to intimidate even the clergy in convocation into pronouncing the opinion he wanted in favour of his divorce, it is not surprising that he induced a parliament, poor, servile, and corrupt, to suppress the lesser monasteries, and to vest in him these houses, and afterwards the possessions of the greater monasteries that had been dissolved. The manner in which the abbey lands soon came to be possessed by the courtiers and statesmen who had been active in these measures for the crown forms a significant commentary on the motive for the whole proceeding.

Henry had found parliament very compliant to his will, and ready to vote his measures "acceptable to God," or "for the benefit of the realm," as the case might be. The obsequious Commons—whose learning of course had qualified them to judge of such a matter—had affirmed the invalidity of his marriage to Katharine; then, the invalidity of his marriage to Anne Boleyn; and when he wished to marry again, humbly entreated him to do so; they were ready to vote Mary and Elizabeth illegitimate, and then to vote them legitimate again, as the policy of the time

should require; they had complaisantly assisted him to dispose of wives of whom he was weary and take others whom he coveted, and why should they not help him to the monastic wealth of which he likewise desired to possess himself? They had assumed to declare him Supreme Head of the English Church; and when, later in his reign, the anti-papal king turned suppressor of religious houses, separated from the communion of the Church of Rome, and was formally deprived by the Pope of the title he had conferred, the legislature assumed to confer it and annex it for ever to the crown! He did not find the clergy so compliant in 1531, and had to resort to most oppressive means before he could extort from the clerical body a recognition of his title of Head of the Church. It was pretended they had incurred the penalties of the statutes of *præmunire*, and they had to buy their ransom by humiliation and a subsidy of 100,000*l.* In the following year the impoverished clergy were sufficiently servile. They endeavoured to outbid parliament for the king's favour. They volunteered in the opposition to the Pope; and, hating a burden upon their purses more than they loved the union of Christendom, they in convocation addressed the king and offered to revolt from Rome. While the visitation was in progress, and while parliament was busy with the measures of suppression of the monasteries, the bishops were paralysed by inhibitions, and "submitted," says Mr. Froude, "in a forced conformity." Our author confesses that the Lords of Parliament, spiritual as well as temporal, "existed as an ornament rather than as a power, and, under the direction of the council, followed as the stream drew them, when individually they would have chosen, had they dared to do so, a different course." By the King and the Commons, through the instrumentality of Cromwell, the work of sacrilege was done, and we have many a glimpse of the selfish scheming of that unscrupulous adventurer;—witness, for example, the letter addressed to him by Lee, the commissioner for the northern district, in which the writer offers to promote Cromwell's desire for the stewardship of the possessions of Furness Abbey, if he will aid Lee in obtaining a grant of Holm Cultram. So, too, Mr. John Beaumont sends Cromwell a present of 20*l.*, and prays that he may be allowed to purchase the nunnery of Grace Dieu.

And so, *ad nauseam*, the harpy courtiers contended for the possessions of the monasteries, or for the offices of stewardship created by their suppression. But Mr. Froude wishes us, nevertheless, to believe that the suppression was occasioned by the corruption of the monasteries, and was undertaken by the government as a duty which the interests of religion obliged them to perform; yet he elsewhere admits that the monasteries were "sacrificed to the policy which rendered it necessary to throw off the papal jurisdiction." Henry VIII. had no wish to abridge the papal power until its authority restrained his licentious and adulterous will. On the divorce question, the fickle tyrant, as we all know, first appealed to the Pope's dispensing powers, but when he found that he could not obtain sentence in his favour, then made it treason to assert them; and it was not until the long-suffering Katharine appealed to the Pope that Henry abolished the papal power in England. With regard to the suppression of monasteries, Protestant sympathies are in favour of the destructive reformers and against the constructive monks; but it is a mistake to view that measure as undertaken with any view to the Reformation. That change was the gradual consequence of Henry's assumption of the supremacy. Some time before the suppression of monasteries, the mass of the people, says Mr. Froude, fancied "it was possible for a national church to separate itself from the unity of Christendom, and, at the same time, to retain the power to crush or prevent innovation in doctrine; they fancied that faith in the sacramental system could still be maintained, though the priesthood should minister in gilded chains. But Wolsey saw that plain men could not and would not continue to reverence the office of the priesthood when the priests were treated as the paid officials of an earthly authority higher than their own." When, in 1534, parliament assumed to declare Henry "Supreme Head" of the Church of England, the government took care to disclaim any intention to decline or vary from the congregation of Christ's Church in anything concerning the articles of the Catholic faith, or anything declared by Holy Scripture and the Word of God. But no final rupture had then taken place with Rome. The political complications of the time, and the power of England, led Henry to imagine that, notwithstanding his self-

willed acts of defiance and sacrilege, the nation might remain in religious communion with Rome; and the statutes against the papal power which were enacted when that expectation was given up, are to be viewed as dictated by a roused spirit of national independence and a jealousy of foreign jurisdiction, rather than by any altered convictions of Englishmen on the score of doctrine. How soon the result foreseen by Wolsey came to pass, we have no present occasion to show; and having intended to confine the present article to that part of Mr. Froude's work in which he treats of the suppression of the monasteries, we need not trace the history of the early Reformation statutes, or of their victims, who formed a large proportion of the two thousand people who (on an average) were hung yearly in England during Henry's detested reign.

ESSAY ON CHURCH BELLS.

[Quarterly Review, Sept. 1854.]

[The substance of this Essay was previously read as a Lecture to the Gateshead Mechanics' Institution.]

— Hourly, calmly on she swings,
Fann'd by the fleeting wings of Time :—
No pulse, no heart, no feeling, hers,
She lends the warning voice to Fate ;
And still companions, while she stirs
The changes of the human state.

THERE is abundance of literary evidence to show that in bygone times the history and office of the bell engaged the attention of the learned. Mr. Ellacombe* enumerates nearly forty distinct treatises of foreign origin, ranging from 1495 to the present century. Of these the best known is the work of Magius “*De Tintinnabulis*.” The author, an Italian, was a civil judge in the Venetian service at Candia, when besieged in 1571 by the Turks. He was taken prisoner, and amused his captivity by writing the treatise which has preserved his name. His occupation could gain him no favour in a land where the bell was considered the symbol of sinful infidelity, and he was finally beheaded by order of a pasha. The productions of our native pens are mostly confined to the art of ringing, which is peculiarly an English accomplishment. In other countries there is no attempt at a musical peal, and the only object is to produce the utmost possible noise by a chance, irregular clanging. Such was formerly among ourselves the enthusiasm of the educated classes on the subject, that, in the reign of Queen Mary, Dr. Tresham thought there was no surer method of enticing the

* Paper on Bells, with Illustrations. By the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, in Report of Bristol Architectural Society. 1850.

students at Oxford to mass than by promising to make the University peal the finest in England. The revived interest in all ecclesiastical studies has extended itself to bells ; and the agreeable brochure of Mr. Gatty,* and the researches of Mr. Ellacombe, are worthy fruits of this newly-awakened spirit.

We are accustomed at all times and in every country “to hear the bell speak for itself.” From youth to age the sound is sent forth through crowded streets, or floats with sweetest melody above the quiet fields. It gives a tongue to time, which would otherwise pass over our heads as silently as the clouds, and lends a warning to its perpetual flight. From every church-tower it summons the faithful of distant valleys to the house of God ;—

How sweet to hear the soothing chime,
And by thanksgiving measure time !

It is the voice of rejoicing at festivals, at christenings, and at marriages, and of mourning at the departure of the soul ; and when life is ended we leave the remains of those we loved to rest within the bell’s deep sound. Its tone, therefore, comes to be fraught with memorial associations, and we know what a throng of mental images of the past can be aroused by the music of a peal of bells :—

O, what a preacher is the time-worn tower,
Reading great sermons with its iron tongue !

The bell has had a continuous existence amongst civilised people from a very early time. For nearly fourteen centuries it has been employed by the Church, and it was known to ancient nations for perhaps as many centuries before our era. Consecrated to Christian purposes, its sound has travelled with the light that has lighted the Gentiles ; and, now that the Gospel has penetrated to the most distant regions of the globe, there is not perhaps a minute of time in which the melody of bells is not somewhere rising towards Heaven, as—

Earth with her thousand voices praises God.

* The Bell : its Origin, History, and Uses. By the Rev. Alfred Gatty. London, 1848.

For ages before the bell from its airy height in the old church-tower announced its cognizance of human events, diminutive bells were in common use. An eastern patriarch in the twelfth century quotes a writer who gravely avers that Tubal Cain, the artificer in brass and iron, formed the sounding metal into a rude kind of bell, and that Noah employed it to summon his ship-carpenters to their work. Less theoretical historians may be well contented to begin with the golden bells mentioned in the Book of Exodus as attached to the vestment of the high priest in the Sanctuary, in the same way that they were appended to the royal costume amongst the ancient Persians; or with those small bronze bells, apparently intended for horse and chariot furniture, of which a great number were found by Mr. Layard in a chamber of the palace of Nimroud. On being analysed, the curious fact was discovered that they contain one part of tin to ten parts of copper; and if, as Mr. Layard remarks, the tin was obtained, as probably was the case, from Phœnicia, it may actually have been exported nearly three thousand years ago from the British isles.

Amongst the Greeks hand-bells were employed in camps and garrisons, were hung on triumphal cars, sounded in the fish-market of Athens, summoned guests to feasts, preceded funeral processions, and were sometimes used in religious rites in the temples. Another purpose to which they were put was to hang them about the necks of malefactors on their way to execution, "lest," says Zonaras, "innocent persons should be defiled by touching them." It is more likely that it was to draw the gaze of the people upon the criminal, and thus aggravate his punishment. From this Greek custom was derived (we are told) the Roman one of fixing a bell and a scourge to the emperor's chariot, that in the height of his power he might be admonished against pride, and be mindful of human misery.

It is needless to recapitulate all the less doubtful applications of bells among the Romans. The hour of bathing and of business at public places was announced by it, and, with the imperfect means possessed by the ancients of measuring time, it must have been a far more important signal than at present. The little household bells of Pompeii are yet musical with their old domestic tones. The wealthier Romans had them in domestic use to

assemble their families, "just," says Magius, writing about 1570, "as the households of nobles and cardinals at Rome are summoned to dinner and supper by a bell hung in the highest part of the building, so that it may not only be heard by the inmates, but by those who are without." Something larger than the hand-bell would appear to have been common about the same period in English mansions, to judge from the expression of Macbeth—

Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She *strike* upon the bell.

But in the reign of Elizabeth the horn still hung outside the gate, and did much of the duty which afterwards devolved upon bells. In the court at Penshurst there is a bell of considerable size, suspended from a wooden frame, with the inscription, "Robert, Earl of Leicester, at Penshurst, 1649." The horn had by this time been quite superseded. This disuse of the hand-bell was one of the many visible signs of the downfall of the old aristocratic system—an indication that the troop of servants had ceased to be "in waiting." Few persons are aware how modern is the present practice of domestic bell-hanging; for no trace of it has been discovered in the old mansions of our nobility, even so late as the reign of Queen Anne. A correspondent of the "Builder" states that when he was taken over Belton Hall by Lord Brownlow, about forty years ago, his lordship pointed out two large bells, one suspended over the landing on the stairs at the north end of the hall, and the other at the south end, remarking that they were the only means his predecessors had of commanding the services of the domestics; "but, as it is getting into fashion," he added, "to have bells hung from the rooms in houses, I must have them also." The late duke was the first Northumberland who allowed the walls of Alnwick to be pierced. Each room had its lackey instead of its bell. The palatial mansion of Holkham, which was commenced in 1734 and completed in 1760, had no such conveniences till the present earl provided them a few years ago—so many centuries did it take to conduct mankind to the simple invention of ringing a bell in a horizontal direction by means of a crank and a piece of wire. This simple contrivance has at length found its way to Jerusalem, and in the

Gardens of Solomon, which have been let to an Englishman, whose house is situated where the daughters of Jerusalem gathered the lilies of the field, you may see a bright brass knob, let into a square of porcelain in the wall, and over it this direction in the English language—"Ring the bell"—rather an anomaly in such a place.

But we have not yet emerged from ancient Rome, where, amongst other fancies, bells were appended to horses, a custom which lingers in many parts of the continent, and which was almost universal, until recent days, with our English teams. On dark nights in narrow lanes they answered the important end of warning horsemen or waggoners of each other's approach, and enabling them to avoid a collision in a spot where there was not room enough to pass. The improvement in roads has put an end to the practice. The Romans "belled" their flocks as well as their horses, in order, according to Strabo, that wild beasts might be scared away by the sound. "If any one," it is enacted in the rural laws of Justinian, "take away the bell from an ox or sheep, let him, being convicted, be scourged as a thief, and, if the animal be lost thereby, let him pay the loss." Magius relates that the shepherds of his day continued the custom, "but not so much to keep off beasts of prey as to enable the owners to trace their cattle when they strayed," which is its chief modern use, and every flock in Scotland has one such indicator to enable the herdsman to find the whereabouts of his animals when lost in the snow. "Besides," adds Magius, "the shepherds think that the flocks are pleased with the sound of the bell, as they are by the flute, and that they grow fat in consequence." The notion that animals have some sort of conscious pride in these appendages is countenanced by Southey, who, speaking of the Alpine cattle in his youth, says, that "they stalk forth proud and pleased when wearing their bells. If the leading cow, who hitherto bore the largest bell, be deprived of it, she manifests a sense of disgrace by lowing incessantly, abstaining from food, and growing lean; and the happy rival on which the bell has been conferred is singled out for her vengeance."

The Romans appear also to have used a kind of tambourine, to which many small *tintinnabula* were attached; and cymbals,

round which many little bells were suspended, were represented on marbles which Magius saw at Rome. He likewise saw sculptures in which elephants were represented wearing bells. They were also used on triumphal cars; and the business of public places was announced by a bell—the original, perhaps, of the town-bell sounded for convening guilds and corporations in later times.

The material of the bells so long known to heathen antiquity was generally bronze, sometimes silver, and not uncommonly gold. Their first construction in the expanded form with which we are familiar now was due to Christians. When the true God was worshipped in lonely caverns, amid the haunts of the wolf, or under the ban of heathens more cruel than the beasts, no sounds proclaimed their whereabouts to their foes; but from the time when praise and incense rose in stately temples, enriched with all the accessories that devotion could contrive, the bell assumed its part in the solemnities of religion. Some authors have ascribed its introduction (A.D. 400) to Paulinus Bishop of Nola, in Campania, the contemporary of St. Jerome; but the silence of the bishop with regard to either tower or bells, in an epistle in which he minutely describes the church, may certainly be taken as a strong argument against the claim, especially as there is no allusion to the subject in any contemporary or immediately subsequent writer. It was not till after A.D. 500, according to Hospinianus, that bells, which he calls *campanæ*, came into ecclesiastical use. They are supposed to have received their designation from the place where they were originally made. "Because," says Magius, "the founders practised this most useful work in Campania, the large bells were called *campanæ*;"* and hence the term *campanile* was given to the towers in which they were hung. A species of diminutive bells were in like manner called *nolæ*, from Nola, the city, and these were sometimes attached to a frame and rung during service.

* A Roman gentleman of the present day, well known as an Etrurian collector, claims the title of Marchese Campana in right of an ancestor set up against Bishop Paulinus as inventor of bells, and the title has, we believe, been sanctioned either by Pius IX., or the King of Naples, or both.

The wandering ecclesiastics would naturally bring over specimens of the *nolæ* from abroad shortly after their primitive application in Italy to sacred purposes, and the portable altar-bells seem accordingly to have been the first which were known in England. But the ponderous, far-sounding bell was introduced by the Anglo-Saxons at an early period. It was among the enrichments for his church which Benedict, Abbat of Wermouth and Jarrow, brought from Italy in the reign of King Egfrid; and about the same period (A.D. 680) the nuns of St. Hilda's sisterhood, as Bede relates, were summoned by it to prayers. It has been conjectured by several antiquaries that the tower of the church was suggested by the bell, that being lifted up aloft it might throw its solemn tones to a greater distance.

For many centuries the bell-foundries appear to have been set up in the religious houses of Europe, and the abbats, priors, and frequently the bishops were the master-manufacturers. As long as the casting took place in the monasteries a religious character was given to the process. The brethren stood ranged round the furnaces; the 150th Psalm was chanted, and the Almighty was invoked to overshadow the molten metal with his power and bless the work for the honour of the saint to whom it was to be dedicated.*

One of the earliest notices of monastic bell-founding occurs in a Life of Charlemagne, quoted by Magius, in which it is stated that in the abbey of St. Gall, a monk, who greatly excelled in the art, produced a specimen of his craft, the tone of which was much admired by the emperor. "My lord emperor," said the monk upon this, "command a great quantity of copper to be brought to me, which I will purify by fire, and let me have silver instead of tin, about a hundred pounds, and I will cast for you such a bell that the other in comparison with it shall be mute." Magius lamented that princes were more avaricious than formerly, and would no longer bestow the necessary coin to impart a silvery sound to the bells. But it is stated by an author

* The grand Ode of Schiller on the "Casting of the Bell" is now so familiar to all the world, that we need do no more than recommend those who are ignorant of German to read it in the translation of Sir E. B. Lytton.

who appears to have derived his information from some cunning artificers of the present day, that the wide-spread notion of the advantage of this ingredient is a complete mistake. "Persons," says he, "talk as familiarly of sweetening the tone of bell-metal by the introduction of a little silver, as they would speak of sweetening a cup of tea, or a glass of negus, with a lump of sugar. This is a dream. Silver, if introduced in any large quantity, would injure the sound, being in its nature more like lead as compared with copper, and therefore incapable of producing the hard, brittle, dense, and vibratory amalgam called bell-metal. There are, no question, various little ingredients which the skilful founder employs to improve his composition; but these are the secrets of the craft and peculiar to every separate foundry." Nor is there any valid reason for supposing that our ancestors employed it any more than ourselves, except that it was a custom to cast a few tributary coins into the furnace. The composition of the amalgam in England six hundred years ago is known to us from the materials delivered in the thirty-sixth year of Henry III. for the purpose of making three bells for the chapel in Dover Castle, when all that was furnished was an old bell, 1,050 pounds of copper, and 500 pounds of tin. The mixture was therefore made up of rather more than two parts of copper to one of tin; the modern receipt only differs from the ancient in allowing three parts of copper. The vaunted superiority of a few of the older bells over those of recent times has been ascribed by some to the influence of the atmosphere in the course of centuries; others have suggested it was due to melting the metal by a fire of wood, which is known to improve the quality of iron, instead of by the rapid process of a blast furnace. But there is another cause which has had its share in the effect. "If the quantity of metal," says Mr. Gatty, "be not in due proportion to the calibre of the bell, the power of its tone will be lost; and only a *panny*, harsh, iron-like sound can be produced from it. For instance, if you try to get the note E out of a quantity of metal which is only adapted to sustain F well, the F in that case would be preferable to the E intended." Now the old bell-founders allowed a larger mass of metal to a given note than we do, for modern skill, save when regulated by a Denison, is directed as much to economy as excellence

of manufacture. The tenor bell of Rochester cathedral weighs 28 cwt., but its note F would be reached at present with half the metal, at an equivalent sacrifice of dignity of tone. In science and dexterity the living artificers surpass those of bygone times. By the early part of the fourteenth century a distinct class of workmen followed the trade, and the bell of Crokesden Abbey, in Staffordshire, having been fractured in 1313, Master Henry Michel of Lichfield was engaged with his assistants in recasting it from the Octave of the Trinity to the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. Notwithstanding the time bestowed upon the process, it turned out a failure, and being recommenced anew it took two months more to bring the work to a happy conclusion. A modern bell-founder would have much to teach Master Henry Michel in the technicalities of the trade.

However admirable may be the material employed, the excellence of the bell still depends upon its shape, and the proportion observed in its different parts. Slight defects in the tone are remedied after the casting. "If the note is too sharp," we are told, "the bell is turned thinner: if too flat, its diameter is lessened in proportion to its substance by the edge being cut. When an entire set turn out to be in harmony, they are called a 'maiden peal.' This, however, is a most rare occurrence; many sets of bells have the credit of being 'maiden' without deserving it, and a great many, for the honour of being considered such, are left decidedly out of tune." Whether the old bell-founders practised these after-processes for the rectification of the tone, or whether they were obliged to abide by the original casting, we are not informed.

In 1463 the manufacture of the smaller sort of bells had attained to such importance in England, that, on the complaint of the artificers to the king in parliament that they were impoverished by the importation from abroad, it was ordained that no merchant or other person should bring any sacring bells into the country. The great weight, and consequently expensive carriage, of the larger kinds, rendered the native artists comparatively safe from foreign competition as to them. An account has been preserved of the cost a few years before (A.D. 1457) of one of these bigger productions. The material is charged 100s. 8d.; the

making it, 20s. 1d.; for the conveyance of an old broken bell to Bristol, 5s.; and the bringing the new one thence to Yeovil, 6s. 8d. Two days and a half were spent in raising the bell, and the wages of three carpenters for this period came to 2s. One of the churchwardens had 6d. for his expenses in superintendence, the other 2d.; and the modest sum of 2s. 2½d. went in refreshments.

The Bristol founders appear to have been celebrated in the fifteenth century. Before the year 1684 Abraham Rudall, of Gloucester, had brought the art to great perfection. His descendants in succession continued the business, and down to Lady Day, 1774, the family had cast the enormous number of 3594 bells. Several of the most famous peals in the West of England were of the Rudall make, besides many others in different parts of the country, such as those of All Saints, Fulham, and those of St. Dunstan's, St. Bride's, and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The bells of the University Church, Cambridge (*circa* 1730), so much admired by Handel, were from the St. Neot's foundry. The Messrs. Mears, who succeeded to Rudall at Gloucester, and who have also an immense establishment in London, are stated by Mr. Gatty to manufacture annually several hundred bells, and to have not uncommonly thirty tons of molten metal in their furnace. The vast number of new churches which have been built of late years, and the admirable spirit which prevails for restoring old ones to their pristine completeness, must have raised the trade to a pitch of prosperity never known before. Many, however, of the modern towers are of too flimsy a construction to bear the jarring of a full peal. A catastrophe which occurred at Liverpool in 1810, when the spire of St. Nicholas' church fell upon the roof as the people were assembling for the service, and killed twenty-three of the congregation, was partly caused by the vibration of the bells.

The bell having been cast, the next step in old times was to name it, and in this the ecclesiastics followed all the ceremonies employed in the christening of children. It was carried to the font, it had godfathers and godmothers, was sprinkled with water, was anointed with oil, and was finally covered with the white garment, or chrisom, which in the Roman Catholic ritual was put upon infants at the conclusion of the rite, as an emblem of inno-

cency. Nothing could exceed the pomp and solemnity of the service. "Costly feasts were given, and even in poor villages a hundred gold crowns were sometimes spent on the ceremony." The usage is so ancient that it is mentioned by Alcuin, who says that "it ought not to seem a new thing that bells are blessed and anointed, and a name given to them." It would be easy to enumerate a variety of instances, for the custom continued in England down to the Reformation; but we forbear to subjoin a list which would find few readers, unless perchance among the members of the Society of Antiquaries. And we give only a single memorial of the practice, which we take from the accounts of the churchwardens of St. Laurence, Reading, in 1499:

Payed for halowing of the bell named Harry, vj s. viij d. And over that, Sir William Symes, Richard Clech, and Mystress Smyth being god-faders and godmoder at the consecracyon of the same bell, and beryng all other costs to the suffragan.

"By the term baptism," says Magius, "it is not meant that bells are baptised with that baptism by which the remission of sins is conferred; the term is used because the principal ceremonies observed in the baptism of children are observed in blessing bells." This is superfluous as an explanation and inadequate as a defence. "Bells," says Southey, "are not baptized for the remission of sins, because the original sin of a bell would be a flaw in the metal, or a defect in the tone, neither of which the priest undertakes to remove." The profanity of the proceeding was in applying the forms of a Christian sacrament to a purpose in which there was no correspondence between the outward sign and the inward effect. When the Roman Catholic rite was renounced, Protestants went into the opposite extreme, and superstition was exchanged for indecorous conviviality. White of Selborne, in noticing the high festival which was observed in his village at the inauguration of a new peal in 1735, states that the treble was fixed bottom upwards and filled with punch. This is still the favourite plan, and we cannot help thinking that it is a bad beginning to teach the parishioners to associate their "church-going bells" with rum and beer.

Comparatively few of the immense number of baptized bells

that were existing at the time of the Reformation still hang in their ancient towers, and on these it is often no easy matter to trace in the antique and half-corroded characters the once venerated name that was invoked by their sound. A more careful search in remote districts might make known several, of which no account has been given, though we might hear of none so old as that which was taken down from a church in Cornwall in the time of the late Mr. Davies Gilbert, the President of the Royal Society, and which bore, as he used to relate, with all possible pride, the inscription "Alfredus Rex!" It was supposed to have been the gift of King Alfred, and to have done duty for a thousand years. Multitudes of bells, famous for their tone and magnitude, frequently the offerings of wealthy laymen, and in the production of which no pains or expense had been spared, were taken away at the dissolution of the monasteries. Nor, though Holinshed remarks that "bells remain as in times past," were those of the cathedrals and parish churches always spared. King Henry VIII., according to Stowe, staked a bell-tower with a lofty spire of timber, which stood in St. Paul's Churchyard and contained four bells, the largest in London, against a hundred pounds, with Sir Miles Partridge, a courtier. Sir Miles won, and had the bells broken up and the tower and spire pulled down. Bulkeley bishop of Bangor sold the bells of his cathedral in 1541; and Sir Henry Spelman relates that at the period of his boyhood (*circa* 1572), the people used to tell how many had been removed in every part of his county (Norfolk). The destruction began when ecclesiastical property was seized by the Crown and granted to laymen. The hundred of Framland, in Leicestershire, affords an example of the rarity of genuine antique specimens. Out of 38 churches, with an aggregate of 127 bells, 88 have been cast since 1600; of 16 the date is uncertain, and only 23 are clearly of the pre-reformation period. The puritans, though the enemies of church music and of almost everything which had once been put to ecclesiastical uses, did not wage direct war against bells. Yet in the general depredation then committed upon churches, the tower was frequently rifled of its contents. The good people of Yarmouth petitioned the Parliament in 1650 "to be pleased to grant them a part of the lead and other useful materials of that

vast and altogether useless cathedral in Norwich, towards the building of a workhouse to employ their almost starved poor, and *repairing their piers.*" When the inhabitants of a neighbouring town could propose to strip off the covering from the roof of a noble cathedral, and lay it open to the ravages of frost and rain, because such edifices were useless, it was not to be expected that bells would be valued except for the metal of which they were made. In the tasteless apathy which succeeded after the Revolution, the belfry was often robbed to repair the church. Very numerous were the instances in which four bells out of five have been sold by the parish to defray the churchwardens' "little account." Of those that escaped such accumulated dangers, several in the lapse of time have been injured and re-cast; and altogether the ancient stock has been sadly reduced.

At Broughton Church, in Northamptonshire, there was an ancient bell, upon which (according to a note in Thoroton's *Nottinghamshire*, ii. 88, Throsby's edition) was the head of King Henry III., and round the crown of the bell the following inscription:—

Sancte Confessor Christi Benedicte ora pro nobis Deum.

When Cromwell (whose name be execrated!) demolished the church, the bell was removed to the church of Moulton, near Northampton, and from thence, in 1795, was brought to Arnold's bell-foundry at Leicester to be re-cast. It weighed twenty-seven hundred weight. Mr. Smith, "a gentleman of considerable fortune, a curioso in ancient bells," came to Leicester to see it, and said that he knew of only one more of the age in England. Down to 1762 the great bell of Ripon Minster was a bell which had been brought from Fountains Abbey, to which it had been given by an Archbishop of York in the reign of Richard II. The second bell was dedicated to St. Wilfrid, the patron of Ripon.

With Scotland it fared considerably worse than with us. Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, told Spelman in 1632 that when he was shown the church at Dunbar by a "crumpt unseemly person, the minister thereof," he inquired how many bells they possessed, to which the minister answered, "None." His Grace asked how it "chanced," and the minister replied, with

some astonishment at so simple a question, that "it was one of the Reformed churches." In Edinburgh, Abbot found only a single relic. All its companions throughout the city had been shipped to the Low Countries. In France the Revolution was fatal to many of the bells, and so much the more that the metal was available for cannon. The celebrated "George of Amboise," which hung in the cathedral of Rouen, was devoted to that purpose during the sacrilegious delirium when the religion of the people might be said to consist in war.

Some of our old writers delighted to trace the judgments which they imagined had descended on the depredators. Spelman observes significantly that Sir Miles Partridge, who gambled for the bells with Henry VIII., was hanged a few years afterwards on Tower Hill, and the trafficking Bishop of Bangor was affirmed to have been suddenly stricken with blindness when he went to see his peal safely shipped. Bad luck attended many of the bells themselves, the vessels in which they were embarked having been wrecked—it is to be wished that the miracle (if it was such) had preserved instead of destroyed the bells.

The great bell of Exeter is the largest bell rung in a peal in England. The whole peal send out over hill and dale a most grand and glorious sound. Still many great bells remain which are noticeable for antiquity as well as magnitude and beauty of tone. The peal of Exeter Cathedral, the heaviest in England, is a noble example of the occasional superiority of ancient over modern bells in regard to tone. The Exeter peal consists of ten bells; the peal of St. Saviour's, Southwark, which is the next heaviest, numbers twelve, of which nine are upwards of four hundred years old. Another peal of twelve, that of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, was much admired by Queen Elizabeth; and when they rang out in honour of her approach from Hatfield to London, she seldom failed to stop at a short distance from the church and commend their melody. There are peals of ten bells at St. Margaret's Church, Leicester, at St. Mary's, Nottingham, and in the tower of Fulham, which are considered among the finest in the country. The musical bells of Dewsbury are famous even beyond Yorkshire, as "England's sweetest melody." One of the number, which is popularly known as

“Black Tom of Sothill,” is said to have been an expiatory gift for a murder. It is tolled on Christmas-Eve as at a funeral, and this ringing is called “the devil’s knell,” the moral of it being that the devil died when Christ was born.

It has been computed that in England there are 50 peals of ten bells, 360 peals of eight bells, 500 peals of six bells, and 250 peals of five bells. The calculations, however, rest upon superficial data, and are probably wide of the truth. Eight bells, which form the octave or diatonic scale, make the most perfect peal. It is a matter of pride to be able to ring a vast variety of *changes*, and these increase enormously with the number of the bells. “This term is used”—we quote from Mr. Gatty—“because every time the peal is rung round, a change can be made in the order of some one bell, thereby causing a change in the succession of notes. The following numbers are placed to show how three bells can ring six changes:—

1	2	3
1	3	2
2	1	3
2	3	1
3	1	2
3	2	1

Four bells will ring four times as many changes as three, viz. 24; five bells five times as many as four, viz. 120; and so on.” The progression advances at such a fearful rate that twelve bells will give 479,001,600 changes. These, it was calculated by Southey, who was fond of the curiosities of the art, would take ninety-one years to ring, at the rate of two strokes to a second, or ten rounds to a minute. The changes, he continues, upon fourteen bells could not be rung through at the same rate in less than 16,575 years; and upon four-and-twenty they would require more than 117,000 billions of years. In practice, bells are rung more than twice as quickly as Southey supposes. He has recorded a feat of eight Birmingham youths, who managed to get through 14,224 changes in eight hours and forty-five minutes. Their ambition was to have reached a complete peal of “15,120 bob major,” but they were too exhausted to proceed. “Great, then,” exclaims the

Laureate, in "The Doctor," from which we borrow these particulars, "are the mysteries of bell-ringing," and mysterious, we may add, are its fascinations. Yet one unparalleled enthusiast, whose book was printed in 1618, devoted 475 pages to prove that the principal employment of the blessed in heaven will be the continual ringing of bells. Southey pronounces that the art is at least entitled to the praise of being the most harmless of all the devices for obtaining distinction by making a noise in the world. The justice of the remark, however, is more than doubtful. Bell-ringers as a class have always had the credit, or discredit rather, of being a disorderly set. The fellowship commenced in the belfrey conducts to the public-house, all gratuities are spent in tippling, and it is a common observation that the ringers, after summoning the congregation to church, are prone to slip away themselves.*

To go from peals to single bells, we transcribe a list of the largest which exist, or till lately existed, in the world:—

	Tons.	cwts.	qrs.	lbs.
The Great Bell of Moscow (height 21 ft. 4½ in., diameter 22 ft. 5 in., circumference 67 ft. 4 in., greatest thickness 23 in.) weighs	198	2	1	0
Another cast in 1819 weighs	80	0	0	0
The bell in the tower of St. Ivan's Church at Moscow (height 21 ft., diameter 18 ft., weight of clapper 4,200 lbs) weighs	57	1	1	16
Another in the same church weighs	17	16	0	0
The Great Bell at Pekin (height 14½ ft., diameter 13 ft.) weighs	53	11	1	20
One at Nankin	22	6	1	20
One at Olmutz	17	18	0	0
The Great Bell of the Cathedral of Rouen, destroyed 1793 (height 13 ft., diameter 11 ft.) weighed	17	17	0	16
One at Vienna, cast in 1711 by order of the Emperor Joseph, from the cannon left by the Turks when they raised the siege of that city (height 10 ft., circumference 31 ft., weight of the clapper 1,100 lbs.), weighs	17	14	0	0
One in Notre Dame, in Paris, placed in the Cathedral, 1680, (circumference 25 ft.,) weighs	17	0	0	0

* See some excellent remarks on this subject, and on the abuse of Church Bells, in the *Ecclesiologist* for December, 1856.

	Tons.	cwts.	qrs.	lbs.
One at Erfurt,* in Germany, and considered to be of the finest bell metal extant (height $10\frac{1}{4}$ ft., diameter $8\frac{1}{4}$ ft.), weighs	13	15	0	0
One in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Montreal (cast 1847), weighs	13	10	0	0
“Great Peter,” which was placed in York Minster in 1845, weighs	10	15	0	0
“Great Tom” at Oxford (diameter 7 ft. 1 in., height 6 ft. 9 in.), weighs	7	11	3	4
“Great Tom” at Lincoln† (re-cast in 1835 with an additional ton of metal), weighs	5	8	0	0
Great Bell of St. Paul’s (diameter 9 ft., weight of the clapper 180 lbs.), weighs	5	2	1	22
Do. Do. before re-cast, weighed	3	13	3	1
“Dunstan” at Canterbury	3	10	0	0

It will be seen that “Great Peter” of York, which has been cast since the fine peal in the Minster was destroyed by the fire of 1840, is the reigning monarch of all the bells of the United Kingdom. It is stated generally that the ordinary price of a bell is about six guineas per cwt., but it is probable that the rate increases with the size, for “Great Peter” cost no less than two thousand pounds, which was contributed by the citizens of York. It is many inches higher than the tallest grenadier in her Majesty’s service, and requires fifteen men to ring it. A bell which once added a glory to the cathedral of Canterbury is said to have required twenty-four men to raise it, and another no fewer than thirty-two.

The “Toms” of Oxford and Lincoln are supposed by some

* The great bell of the Domkirche at Erfurt was cast in 1497. It is said to be thirty feet in circumference, and Dr. Forbes, in his *Sight-Seeing in Germany*, published by Murray, 1856, p. 22, sets down its weight at 286 cwt., including the clapper, and deducting eleven hundred weight for that, his figures agree with the statement above. Its proper, christened name is Maria Gloriosa, but it is commonly styled the Great Susanna, after an older bell bearing this name, which was melted in a great fire in the year 1251. This old bell bore the characteristic inscription—

Die grosse Susanna treibt den teufel von danna.
(The great Susanna drives the devil hence.)

† The exact weight of the present bell at Lincoln is 12,096 pounds.

to have owed their appellation to the circumstance of their giving out a sound which resembled the name, but it has been suggested that they were originally christened in the name of Thomas, in honour of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The original Oxford bell, which hung, like the present, in the Gate Tower of Christchurch, was brought from the abbey of Oseney, and was christened Mary at the commencement of the reign of Queen Mary, by Tresham the vice-chancellor. "O delicate and sweet harmony!" he exclaimed, when first it summoned him to mass,— "O beautiful Mary! how musically she sounds! how strangely she pleaseth my ear!" But musically-tongued Mary was re-cast in 1680, and has now a voice as masculine as its name, for it is neither accurate in its note nor harmonious in sound.* Every evening at nine it tolls 101 times, in commemoration of the number of scholarships with which the college is endowed.

The great bell of St. Paul's, which is one of the most popular curiosities in the cathedral, hangs in the south or clock tower, above the two bells which sound the quarters. It bears the inscription—"Richard Phelps made me 1716." It is struck hourly by the hammer of the clock, but the clapper hangs idle, except when its ponderous stroke announces the death or funeral of a member of the royal family, a bishop of London, a dean of St. Paul's, or the Lord Mayor of the year. There is an erroneous notion that most of its metal was derived from the re-melting of "Great Tom of Westminster," which, from a clock-tower that then stood near the door of the Hall, had sounded the hours for four hundred years to the Judges of England. This bell, so replete with venerable associations, was given or sold by William III. to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and re-cast by one Wightman. It was speedily broken in consequence of the cathedral authorities permitting visitors to strike it, on payment of a fee, with an iron hammer, and Phelps was employed by Sir Christopher Wren to make its fine-toned successor. It was agreed, however, that he should not remove the old bell till he delivered the new, and thus there is not one single ounce of "Great Tom" in the mass.

* Mr. Denison, M.P., from whose designs the Great Bell for Westminster has been cast, corroborates this opinion. He says it is the worst of all the large bells in the world.

The latter is destined, after the lapse of a century and a half, to have a mighty substitute, for close to its ancient historic site the external clock of the New Palace of Westminster is to strike the hours on a bell of fifteen tons, and deprive "Great Peter" of York of its short-lived pre-eminence.

But the monster bells of England are mere playthings in comparison with the leviathans of Russia. The Czar Kolokol, or Monarch, as it is called, is the largest in the world. The value of the raw material alone was estimated by Dr. Clarke at 66,565*l.* 16*s.*, and by Erman at 350,000*l.* "Great Peter" of York took fourteen days to cool. The molten metal of the Montreal bell was twelve minutes in filling the mould. What must have been the process when, instead of some eleven or thirteen tons, 198 were employed! It was cast, by the order of the Empress Anne, in 1734, from the metal of a gigantic predecessor, which had been greatly damaged. The people assert that it was once hung aloft, but that the beam from which it was suspended being burnt in 1737, it was buried in the earth by the fall, and a piece broken out. Dr. Clarke maintained, without sufficient reason, that the fall was a fable, that the bell remained in the pit in which it was cast, and that the fracture was caused by the water, which was employed to extinguish a fire in the building above, having flowed upon the metal when it was heated by the flames. The Emperor Nicholas had it raised in 1837, and placed on a low circular wall. Steps lead into the pit over which it hangs; and this excavation of the earth, with the Monarch bell for a dome, is consecrated as a chapel. The Czar Kolokol is dumb, but the lesser sovereign in the tower of St. Ivan sends out its mighty voice three times a year, which produces a tremulous effect through the city, and a noise like the rolling of distant thunder. The bells in Russia are fixed immoveably to their beams, and it is merely the clapper which swings to and fro. This alone in the bell of St. Ivan takes three men to sway it from side to side. Barbaric ambition is always pleased with what is big, but the tone of the Russian bells is likewise fine, though, as the art of harmonious ringing is unknown among them, the practical result is a confused clashing of sounds, extremely painful to English ears.

With all the Russian fondness for bells, the permission to employ them is a concession which the Czar has never obtained for Greek churches within the Ottoman border. Only the rocky peninsula of Athos has enjoyed a special privilege, which the inhabitants showed not, nor show, any backwardness to exercise. Some recent travellers were earnestly entreated by the old sacristan of a monastery, where a tower was just completed, to send out an English bell. The period at which ringing commenced or ceased in the East has not been ascertained. Cardinal Baroni-
nius says that the Maronites began to use bells in 865, having received them from the Venetians; and Matthew Paris states that Richard I. was welcomed at Acre with a peal when he landed in 1190 for his crusade. It is not unlikely, among other prospective changes, that the church-bell may be allowed to sound its summons in conjunction with the muezzin's call to prayer.

Enormous as are some of the bells of China, they are inferior to the Russian both in size and tone, and the dulness of their sound is increased from their being struck with a wooden instead of an iron clapper. The Burmese indulge in the almost universal taste; and a large specimen, which was taken in the late war from the Shewi Dagong pagoda at Rangoon, was valued at 17,000*l*. But enough of the big bells of the world, which are rather matters of idle wonder than use.

It is a great descent from the Czar Kolokol to those small ancient hand-bells, which are connected with the personal history of the first apostles of Christianity in Ireland and Britain. They are made of a dark bronze, are of a quadrangular form, which was probably copied from Roman specimens, and are usually from nine to twelve inches in height, and about six in width. Sometimes they are cast in one piece, but in many instances they consist of two or three plates riveted together and subsequently fused into one mass by a process of founding which is not practised in the present day. The more perfect specimens are remarkable for sweetness of tone, and the distressing note given out by others is owing to their being cracked or repaired. In the middle ages they were held in such veneration, that they were carried about when contributions were raised for the monasteries in which they were kept,—they were taken to solemn

assemblies, oath was made upon them in judicial trials, and the people were more afraid to swear falsely by them than the Gospel, expecting that the immediate vengeance of the saint would fall upon the offender who dared despise his bell. Nay, some are used in Ireland to this day for the same purposes as of old—for enforcing oaths, honouring funerals, exercising a species of ordeal, and for gracing the festivals of the patron-saint of the district.

Amongst the shadows of bygone times, few are more unsubstantial than those of the “gray fathers” of the Irish and British Church—St. Patrick, St. Kieran, St. Columba, St. Gildas, St. David, St. Senanus. Yet, in remote and secluded districts, bells, which are repeatedly mentioned in historical manuscripts, have come down upon a stream of testimony as having been the identical instruments used by them at their altars and in their ambulatory ministrations. Three are alleged to have had the honour of belonging to St. Patrick himself. One of these is said to have been in his hands when, on the hill of conflict, the modern “Croagh Patrick,” he had his last encounter with the demons of Ireland. His violent ringing proved insufficient to scare away his adversaries, and he at last flung the bell itself into the midst of them, when they fled precipitately, and left the island free from their aggressions for seven years, seven months, and seven days. The missile, broken by the fall, was afterwards bestowed on the patron-saint of Kildare, and called “the Broken Bell of Brigid.” It was another bell, we suppose, which is mentioned in the “Acta Sanctorum” as having been mended for St. Patrick by an angel, and the seam was shown in attestation of the miracle. This is like the evidence of the Whig witness in “The Rambler,” who, to prove that the son of James II. was a supposititious child, testified that he had seen the *warming-pan* in which the infant had been smuggled to the queen’s bed.

A second St. Patrick bell became an heirloom of the abbey of Armagh, and was employed in 946 by the abbot to measure the tribute paid him by a northern tribe, the bell-full of silver being given him for his “Peace,” as successor of the apostle of Ireland. The third and most prized of the relics is that known as “the Bell of Patrick’s Will.” The breach of an oath taken upon it in 1044 was affirmed to have been revenged by an incursion in which a

large number of prisoners and 1,200 cows were carried away. At the commencement of the twelfth century it was encased in a costly shrine, embellished with serpents, curiously and elegantly interlaced. The custody of it had become hereditary, and formed a source of considerable emolument: it appears that a Henry Mulholland, who died late in the last century, closed the long line down which this relic of ancient art had been conveyed in one family through a period of 700 years. The bell itself is much corroded, but appears to have been of rude construction. The work of the later shrine, however, which was undoubtedly executed in the island seventy years before Henry the Second's army landed on the Irish shores, proves that the natives then could hardly have been behind their invading neighbours in the arts of peace. The bell and its shrine were in the Cork Exhibition in 1852, and its sound is described as amply sufficient to scare away evil spirits, as well as any reptiles except the deaf adder.

To pass over other less celebrated relics, there is the altar-bell of Senanus (a reputed worthy of the early part of the sixth century), called the "Cloghorn" or the Golden Bell, anciently regarded as a Palladium of the county of Clare, and of which O'Halloran says in his *History of Ireland* that the peasantry believe to this day that to swear on it falsely would be immediately punished by convulsions and death. Being supposed to be endowed with the further virtue of recovering stolen property, it was carried round the country side when anything was lost, in order that persons accused might free themselves by taking an oath upon it, or stand detected by refusing. These ancient Irish hand-bells—reliques contemporary with the Round Towers—carry back our thoughts to those harmonious times when England and Ireland were bound together by endearing ties; when England placed her children under the teaching of the saints of Ireland, and Ireland sent forth her missionaries to Christianise the British Isles.

Hand-bells possessing similar virtues, and some of which are preserved, were common in Wales. They were held sacred in all the Welsh churches previous to the Reformation, and were taken round to the house of deceased persons on the day of the funeral—a very ancient custom, which is stated by Mr. Westwood

in his interesting papers published a few years back in the "*Archæologia Cambrensis*," to have stood its ground until lately at Caerleon. Some specimens which existed in Scotland partially retained their hold on popular veneration down to nearly our own day, in defiance, as Dr. Wilson remarks, of reforming zeal and the discipline of Presbyterian kirk-sessions. Curious superstitions were connected with them here, as elsewhere. The bell of St. Fillan, which belonged to a famous old chapel at Killin, in Perthshire, was affirmed to cure lunacy, a belief which would now be deemed of itself an indication of the disease. After the patient had dipped in the well or pool of St. Fillan, and passed a night in the chapel, the bell (if he survived) was set on his head in the morning with great solemnity, and his wits returned. Still more extraordinary, it was believed that if this invaluable specific was stolen it would extricate itself from the hands of the thief, and return from whence it was taken, ringing all the way. The same power was attributed to a bell in Leinster. A chieftain of Wicklow got possession of it, and he was obliged to tie it with a cord to prevent its escaping to its home, at St. Fillan's church in Meath. Clothaire II. (it is Baronius who tells the tale) carried off a bell from Soissons, in Burgundy, which resented its removal in a more effectual way. It became dumb on the road, and when it arrived at Paris its voice was gone. The king sent it back to its old quarters, and it no sooner approached the town than it recovered its tone and rang so loudly that it was heard while yet seven miles distant. At the death of Simone Memmi, the great artist, whose life presents many marvellous adventures, all the bells of the churches of Pisa tolled spontaneously. The event occurred 17th June, 1361. A manuscript of the Lives of the Saints of Pisa, shown to A. F. Rio in the library of the Convent of St. Katharine, records this legend, and that at his funeral a choir of angels chanted the Gloria in Excelsis over the altar. An occurrence of recent date would in those days have figured among the miracles of the age. On the death of the Duke of Wellington, the bells of Trim, which he had represented in Parliament, and where he had spent many of his early years, were ordered by the Dean to be tolled. The tenor, one of the finest and sweetest in Ireland, was no sooner set going than it

suddenly broke. On examining the bell it was found to have been cast in 1769—the very year the Duke was born. So we read in 1854.

An old Sancte-bell still hangs in a few of our churches in the bell-cote above the chancel arch. It received its name from being always rung at the words *Sancte, sancte, sancte Deus Sabaoth*, as the priest elevated the Host, and all who heard it knelt and offered a prayer to the Virgin. Most persons have witnessed this scene in the streets of Roman Catholic cities, where a hand-bell is rung before the priest who carries the sacred elements. Some years since in Spain the sound penetrated to the interior of a theatre, and not only did all the spectators rise up and kneel, but the dancers on the stage stopped in their performance to drop upon their knees.

Of the inscriptions upon bells not very many of early date remain. Some Anglo-Saxon bells, which are only known to us from history, were dedicated to English saints and confessors, as the bell called “Guthlac” at Croyland, and the bells named “Turketul,” “Betelem,” and “Bega,” given to the same holy site by Turketul’s successor. The oldest of those which still exist in England generally bear the name, if not of the Saviour or of the Virgin Mary, at least that of an apostle, a martyr, or some other saint of special eminence, with the usual addition “ora pro nobis.” But in later times it became common to couple some longer invocation with the name. Thus we find, in uncouth Latin, sentiments like the following, which we translate for the benefit of our fair readers:—

JESUS, regard this work, and by thy strength prosper it!
 Jesus, who abidest above the stars! heal our wounds.
 May my sound please Thee, O Christ, Heavenly King!
 Christ! give us the joys of eternal life.
 I am the Way and Giver of Life:—give thyself to me.
 Our motion speeds the Redeemer’s praise.

An old bell at Thirsk bears the inscription—

In the name of Jesus I call, sounding Mary in the world.

The bells dedicated to the Virgin have such labels as these—

I am called Mary : I disperse the storms, scatter enemies, and drive away demons.

I sound in the world the name of Mary.

I am called Mary, and sound the Rose of the World.

O crowned Virgin ! I will proclaim thee blessed.

O Mary ! by thy prayers protect those whom I call together.

On bells in honour of St. Michael we find,

I laud in holy tones him who broke the sceptre of the dragon.

May the Creator associate us with the angels !

On a bell in honour of All Saints,

Govern us, O God ! and unite us to Thy saints.

On a bell in honour of St. Kátharine,

In this assembly I sound sweetly the name of Katharine.

There are many bells dedicated in the names of St. Peter and St. Paul ; and on one of them is the epigraph

The bell of Peter sounds for the name of Christ.

The bell of the great Minster of Schaffhausen, and another in a church near Lucerne, proclaim that they “mourn at funerals, disperse storms, honour festivals, excite the tardy, and pacify the turbulent.” The monkish jingle to the same effect was a common inscription in the middle ages:—

Funera plango, Fulgura frango, Sabbata pango,
Excito lentos, Dissipo ventos, Paco cruentos.

In a few instances the words were deemed, for what reason we cannot perceive, a charm against fire, as was the case with the inscription on the great bell of the priory of Kenilworth, preserved by Dugdale:—

May a healthy and willing mind, freedom for our country, and the peace of Michael and the Angels, be given by Heaven to this house for the honour of God.

An actual fire-bell (cast 1652) in the church of Sherborne has upon it the distich—

Lord ! quench this furious flame ;
Arise, run, help, put out the same.

A local poet seems to have resided about this period in the town, for in the same tower a bell, re-cast in 1670 from one which was said to have been brought by Cardinal Wolsey from Tournay, has a second couplet, which bears a strong resemblance to the first in style:—

By Wolsey's gift I measure time for all;
To mirth, to grief, to church, I serve to call.

The original Great Tom of Lincoln (1610) announced that it was dedicated “to sound sweetly unto salvation, of the Holy Spirit proceeding from the Father and the Son.” A bell in Carlisle Cathedral, dated 1667, has this exhortation:—

I warn ye how your time passes away. Serve God, therefore, while life doth last, and say *Gloria in Excelsis Deo!*

The great bell of Glasgow Cathedral (1790) bears a wordy inscription characteristic of Scotch divines, but though somewhat lengthy, it has a redeeming conclusion:—

In the year of grace 1594, Marcus Knox, a merchant in Glasgow, zealous for the interests of the reformed religion, caused me to be fabricated in Holland for the use of his fellow-citizens of Glasgow, and placed me with solemnity in the tower of their cathedral. My function was announced by the impress on my bosom—“Ye who hear me, come to learn of holy doctrine;” and I was taught to proclaim the hours of unheeded time. One hundred and ninety-five years had I sounded these awful warnings, when I was broken by the hands of inconsiderate and unskilful men. In the year 1790 I was cast into the furnace, refounded at London, and returned to my sacred vocation. Reader! thou also shalt know a resurrection—may it be unto eternal life!

If there was no peculiar felicity in the old inscriptions, they were usually reverent. Here and there we meet with an exception, as in the case of “Great Tom” of Oxford, which, before it was re-cast in 1680, had an epigraph to the effect that in the praise of St. Thomas it rang out “Bim Bom.” The great bell at Rouen bore a miserable stanza, which has been translated by Weever into verse that is not a great deal worse than the original:—

Je suis George d'Ambois,
 Qui ai trente-cinque mille pois ;
 Mais lui qui me pesera
 Trente-six mille me trouvera.

I am George of Ambois,
 Thirty-five thousand in pois ;
 But he that shall weigh me
 Thirty-six thousand shall find me.

In those days the ecclesiastics devised the inscriptions; but later, when the churchwarden who ordered the bell also settled the label, we must expect to find the most ridiculous specimens of parochial poetry. Thus at St. Mary's, Bentley, in Hampshire, where there are six bells, No. 1 (1703) is inscribed—

John Eyer gave twenty pound
 To meck mee a losty sound.

On No. 5 we have,

Unto the church I do you call,
 Death to the grave will summons all.

On another,

Thomas Eyer and John Winslade did contrive
 To cast from four bells this peale of five.

On a bell at Binstead, one of a peal of five,—

Doctor Nicholas gave five pound
 To help cast this peal tuneabel and sound.

On another,

Samuel Knight made this ring
 In Binstead steeple for to ding. 1695.

On a bell at Bradfield church in Berkshire,

At proper times my voice I'll raise,
 And sound to my subscribers' praise.

Nothing is too low or ludicrous for rustic tastes, and the same sort of genius which loves to embellish the leads and benches of the church with facsimiles of the soles of heavy shoes, bearing in the centre the name and age of the wearer, with the date of his

carving, is equally visible in the inscriptions on bells and the epitaphs upon gravestones.

It may be presumed that the earliest use of bells in churches was to summon the congregation ; but superstition soon enlisted them into her service. It then became customary at their consecration to pray that they might be endowed with power to drive away devils, and dissipate thunderstorms, hail, and tempests.* In the opinion of those who originated the practice, the evil spirits were the cause of foul weather, and, being terrified at the saintly sound of the bells, they precipitately fled. “For this reason,” to give the strange delusion in the words of the eminent ritualist Durandus, “the church, when a tempest is seen to arise, rings the bells, that the fiends, hearing the trumpets of the eternal King, may flee away, and cease from raising the storm.” When he wrote this, in 1286, the belief had already existed for centuries, and Magius centuries afterwards gravely discussed and resolved in the affirmative the questions, whether it is the fiends that brew the tempests, and whether church-bells will put to rout the fiends. “With a consciousness of power (to use the language of a distinguished Roman Catholic writer) the church commits to the iron-tongued herald the office of dispelling by its voice the snares of the enemy, the stroke of the lightning, the shock of the tempest, and prays that the spirits of evil may tremble and fly at its sound.” It was under the idea of shielding from evil her holy places and her worshippers that the church consecrated her bells. There was a rich poetry in the rite ; the bell was hallowed with words full of the faith and fervour of ancient liturgical offices, and with ceremonies full of symbolical meaning. And when upon the festivals of the Church the voice of the bell is heard, it is a joyful reflection to the churchman that as surely as the impulse of the tide-wave is felt to the remotest seas, so surely do the vibrations of the bell stir with a

* On some of the old bells the expression “I drive away pestilence” occurs. In this case, perhaps, the influence was ascribed (by some at least) to natural and not to spiritual causes, for we read among the rules of Dr. Herring, against “pestilentiall contagion” in 1625,—“Let the bells in cities and townes be rung often, and the great ordnance discharged ; thereby the air is purified.”

common impulse, and throughout the world the hearts of the faithful who hear its sound. There are numerous allusions to the practice in ancient manuscripts; and in parish accounts in the fifteenth century, bread, cheese, and beer are charged for the refreshment of the ringers during "thunderings." It was one of the "fooleries" which Latimer denounced at the Reformation in the style of argument which has never been surpassed for its adaptation to the tastes and comprehension of illiterate hearers. "Ye know," he said, "when there was a storm or fearful weather, then we rung the holy bells: they were they that must make all things well; they must drive away the devil! But I tell you, if the holy bells would serve against the devil, or that he might be put away through their sound, no doubt we would soon banish him out of all England; for I think, if all the bells in England should be rung together at a certain hour, there would be almost no place but some bells might be heard there, and so the devil should have no abiding-place in England." No disease of the body is more hereditary and inveterate than these disorders of the mind. The Bishop of Chalons christened a peal not many years since, and in a sermon which he pronounced on the occasion enforced the "fooleries" which Latimer had laughed away. "The bells," said he, "placed like sentinels on the towers, watch over us, and turn away from us the temptations of the enemy of our salvation, as well as storms and tempests. They speak and pray for us in our troubles; they inform Heaven of the necessity of earth." If this be true, there is more virtue in the clapper of a bell than in the tongue of a prelate. So late as 1852, the Bishop of Malta ordered all the church-bells to be rung for an hour to allay a gale. The custom continues to flourish to this day in many parts of the Continent, and may not impossibly endure while a tower, a bell, and a similar superstition can be found collected on the same spot.

In many places the practice was kept up from mere habit when the superstition had ceased, there having grown up in lieu thereof a notion that the ringing of bells dispersed storms or kept them at a distance by vibration of the air. An event which occurred in Britany in 1718 convinced philosophers that the means employed to drive away the lightning was singularly efficacious in drawing

it down. A great storm arose on the coasts. The bells were rung in twenty-four churches, every one of which was struck, whereas all the towers which held their tongues were spared. M. Arago has boldly questioned the conclusiveness of the evidence. He remarks that storms sometimes travel in long and narrow zones, that the specified churches may have occupied just such a strip, that the injuries done to the ringers would make a deep impression, while the slight cracks and displaced bits of plaster in neighbouring edifices, which were equally scathed, would pass unobserved. The story indeed proves too much. If the lightning picked out the towers where the bells were rung in this complete and unerring manner, a usage which had prevailed for centuries must have destroyed half the churches and ringers in the world. A single circumstance explains the tale. The storm happened on Good Friday, when not a bell is permitted to sound. Some accident occurred, and the people at once exclaimed that it was a judgment for infringing the precepts of the Church: the rest was the exaggeration of ignorance and superstition, ever ready to make a marvel. In 1769 the tower of Passy was struck during the ringing of the protecting peal, and again much was said of the mischief of the system; but this example was in direct contradiction to the legend of Britany, for two other neighbouring towers within the limits of the storm, in which the bells were set going, remained untouched. The general result was, that educated people denounced the plan, and Roman Catholic ecclesiastics and the lower orders persevered in patronising it. The secular authorities interposed in some parts of Europe to put it down. The King of Prussia directed an ordinance, prohibiting the practice, to be read in 1783 in all the churches of his dominions, and the same was done in the Palatinate and several dioceses in France. The Prefect of Dordogne found it necessary in 1844 to repeat the order; and, to prove that pretended science can be as blind to evidence as superstition itself, he assured the people that to ring the bells was “an *infallible* method of causing the lightning to strike.” Whether these agitations of the air have any effect at all upon tempests, is considered by M. Arago to be still undecided. It was till lately the usage in particular districts of France to fire

small cannon or mortars to ward off such storms of hail and rain as would be destructive to the crops. The method was thought to be efficacious by those who tried it, and to indemnify them abundantly for the powder they expended. The few observations, however, of military men rather tend to the conclusion that the roar of artillery is without influence upon the weather, and, if cannon are ineffective, it would go far to show that no result has been produced by the comparatively feeble though more continuous sound of bells. On one point at least M. Arago is decided—that it has never been demonstrated that they increase the danger. In no single instance is there any valid reason to suppose that ringing has brought down lightning upon buildings which would otherwise have escaped. But it has been pointed out that the ringers, nevertheless, are in a perilous position. As the highest objects are commonly struck, church-towers offer a prominent mark; the rope, moistened by the humid atmosphere, is a powerful conductor, and the charge is lodged in the man at the end of it. If no one is present, and the rope is left hanging, as is usually the case, at a certain distance from the ground, it is possible for the lightning to make the circuit of the loop at the extremity, and return by the way it came, without leaving within the tower any trace of its visit. A German *savant* said he had found that in the space of thirty-three years 386 towers had been damaged and 121 ringers killed. The same flash being constantly fatal to more than one of the company, the total of deaths is not the measure of the number of churches which were struck during a peal. In 1755 three ringers were killed in a belfry, together with four children who were standing underneath. In 1768 a flash was fatal to two men in a church-tower in Dauphiné, and wounded nine more. It is therefore evident that, if bells have any power whatever over storms, it is not sufficiently rapid or marked to counterbalance the risk of the ringers.

After the discovery had been made of the potency of bells in terrifying spirits, they were naturally employed in all the matters in which fiends were reputed to interfere. It was the weapon with which St. Anthony fought the legion of demons who tormented him during his long eremitical life, and in the figures which were drawn of him during the middle ages he is repre-

sented as carrying a bell in his hand, or suspended from his staff. The passing-bell, which was formerly tolled for those who were dying, or passing out of the world, as well as the peal which was rung after their death, grew out of the belief that devils troubled the expiring patient, and lay in wait to afflict the soul at the moment when it escaped from the body; yea, occasionally even to do battle for it with good or guardian angels—a scene, by the way, given in apparently the oldest remains of Etrurian, if not of Egyptian art. The tolling of the passing-bell was retained at the Reformation, and the people were instructed that its use was to admonish the living and excite them to pray for the dying. To discourage the fancy that demons could assault the liberated soul, or that the jingling of bells would deter them from their purpose, only a single short peal was to be rung after death. In the articles of inquiry in different dioceses at various periods, inquisition is made both as to keeping up the practice of tolling the passing-bell, and the discontinuance of the former superstitious ringing. The injunction began to be neglected towards the close of the seventeenth century, and by the beginning of the eighteenth the passing-bell, in the proper sense of the term, had almost ceased to be heard. The tolling, indeed, continued in the old fashion, but it took place after the death instead of before. The short peal that was once the peculiar signal to announce that some mortal had put on immortality is still rung in many places as the prelude or the conclusion to the tolling, though it has no longer any meaning. It is less surprising that the usage should have been given up than that it should have lasted so long. It must often have been a bitter pang to relations to order the doom of those to be sounded whose lives were dearer to them than their own, and an aggravation of their misery to have their ears, as they sat by the dying bed, filled with the sorrowful knell. It must frequently have dismayed the patients themselves, and hastened, if it did not sometimes cause, the event it foretold. Nelson said of the dying Christian, in his “Fasts and Festivals” (1732), that, “should his senses hold out so long, he can hear even his passing-bell without disturbance.” Such was the case with Lady Catherine Grey, who died in the Tower in 1567. The question of the Governor to one of the attendants—“Were it not best to send to

the church that the bell may be rung?"—caught her ear, and she herself answered, "Good Sir Owen, let it be so." A Mrs. Margaret Duck, who departed this life in 1646, on finding her end draw near, summoned her family to take leave of her, and then gave orders herself for the bell to give out its warning note. But these were the minority, and many felt more like the swearer mentioned in the "Anatomy of Abuses," who, "hearing the bell toll for him, rushed up in his bed very vehemently." Now and then, in spite of the bell, the patient recovered, and of this old Fuller gives a curious instance. His father called upon Dr. Fenton, a divine, who, after some conversation, apologised for leaving him. "Mr. Fuller," said he, "hear how the passing-bell tolls for my dear friend Dr. Felton, now a-dying; I must to my study, it being mutually agreed upon betwixt us in our healths that the survivor of us should preach that other's funeral-sermon." But "my dear friend Dr. Felton, now a-dying," recovered, and lived ten years after he had preached, in fulfilment of the compact, the funeral-sermon of Dr. Fenton!

Whatever was the origin of the curfew, or *couvre-feu*, which was rung at eight o'clock as a signal for the inhabitants to put out their fires and go to bed, its object, as far as it can be traced, was exclusively social or political, and not religious. The introduction of the practice into England is usually ascribed to William the Conqueror, and the most plausible conjecture as to its purpose is, that it was to diminish the risk of extensive conflagrations at a period when houses were principally of wood. Milton has described it in a couplet sonorous and musical as the bell itself:—

On a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow, with solemn roar.

It is an instance of the tenacity with which we cling to a practice once established, that, though for centuries its only use has been "to toll the knell of parting day," it continues to be rung wherever there are funds to pay the ringer, and few who have been accustomed to its sound would not feel, if it was hushed, that a soothing sentiment had been taken out of their lives.

The manifold other purposes to which bells are applied are too familiar for description. They are the appointed voice of public rejoicing, and sound for every festive event. They ring in the new year, the new sovereign, the new mayor, the new squire, and the new rector; for hope is stronger than memory, expectation than gratitude, and the multitude feel that their life is in the future and not in the past. Often the peal breaks forth on unworthy, and in the last generation was sometimes employed on shameful, occasions. Mr. Brand had known it called into requisition to celebrate the winning of a "long main" at cock-fighting. But the commonest application of its merry music is to proclaim that two lovers have just been made happy. "Well is it," says Mr. Gatty, "when all continues to go

Merry as a marriage bell.

Alas! we have known sequels to such a beginning, with which the knell had been more in unison!" So thought one Thomas Nash,* who in 1813 bequeathed fifty pounds a-year to the ringers of the Abbey Church, Bath, "on condition of their ringing on the whole peal of bells, with clappers muffled, various *solemn and doleful changes* on the 14th of May in every year, being the anniversary of my wedding-day; and also the anniversary of my decease to ring a grand bob-major, and *merry mirthful peals* unmuffled, in joyful commemoration of my happy release from domestic tyranny and wretchedness."

Passing from the realities of tangible bells, we may advert for

* In the days of his namesake all the visitors to the city were welcomed by a peal from the Abbey, a compliment which cost them half-a-guinea. The company, thus apprised of every fresh arrival, used to send and inquire for whom the bells rang. Anstey describes the practice in his "New Bath Guide :"—

" No city, dear mother, this city excels
In charming sweet sounds both of fiddles and bells.
I thought, like a fool, that they only would ring
For a wedding, a judge, or the birth of a king;
But I found 'twas for me that the good-natured people
Rung so hard that I thought they would pull down the steeple;
So I took out my purse, as I hate to be shabby,
And paid all the men when they came from the Abbey."

a moment to the stories which belong to the regions of illusion or romance. Uhland refers to one of these traditions in his poem of "The Lost Church," which Lord Lindsay, whose translation we quote, supposes to have been founded on an ancient tradition of the Sinaitic peninsula:—

Oft in the forest far one hears
A passing sound of distant bells ;
Nor legends old nor human wit
Can tell us whence the music swells.
From the Lost Church 'tis thought that soft
Faint ringing cometh on the wind :
Once, many pilgrims trod the path,
But no one now the way can find.

Similar legends of churches swallowed up, and of their bells sending out their wonted music on certain occasions from the depths of the earth, are attached to several localities. At a place called Fisherty-Brow, near Kirkby Lonsdale, there is a sort of natural basin, where, according to the *superstitio loci*, a church, the clergyman, and the congregation were engulfed, and here the bells may be heard ringing on a Sunday morning by any one who puts his ear to the ground. A like fate was said to have befallen the entire village of Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire; and it was formerly the custom for the inhabitants on Christmas morning to go out to the valley and listen to the mysterious chimes of their lost parish church. According to a tradition at Tunstall, in Norfolk, the churchwardens and parson disputed for the possession of some bells which had become useless because the tower was burnt. While the quarrel was in progress the arch-fiend stepped in and carried off the bells. The parson pursued him with hot haste and much Latin, but the evil one dived into the earth with his ponderous burden, and the place where he disappeared is marked by a boggy pool, popularly known by the name of Hell-hole. Notwithstanding the aversion of the powers of darkness to such sounds, even these bells are sometimes permitted to favour their native place with a ghostly peal. Many more such traditions, slightly varied, exist both here and abroad.

But with none of these subterranean bells does tradition connect such a legend as that of the Silver Bell of Velmich on the Rhine.

This bell is said to have been given by a Bishop of Mayence, in A.D. 740, to the church of that sequestered spot, and to have been sacrilegiously taken away from the sacred building by a lord of the adjacent fortress, who is represented as a monster of wickedness. A priest came to demand its restoration, but he tied it round the neck of the holy man, and threw him into the *oubliette* below the tower, over which he placed a quantity of stones. The baron a few days afterwards lay upon his death-bed, and as his end approached, the tones of the bell were heard with terror sounding from the depths. Ever since his death they have continued to be heard on the anniversary of his decease.

None of these histories of phantom bells, whose voice has come "upon the wind," can be more remarkable than the circumstance related by the ever-agreeable author of "Eöthen." He was travelling, seated on his camel, in the desert, and, having closed his eyes against the fierce glare, he gradually fell asleep.

"After a while," he says, "I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills! I roused myself and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then, at least, I was well enough wakened; but still those old Marlen bells rang on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, yet merrily ringing 'for church!' After a while the sound died away slowly; it happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around us; it seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England, it has been told me that like sounds have been heard at sea; and that the sailor becalmed under the vertical sun in the midst of the wide ocean has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells. Referring to my journal, I found that the day was Sunday, and, roughly allowing for the difference of longitude, I concluded that, at the moment of my hearing that strange peal, the church-going bells of Marlen must have been actually calling the prim congregation of the parish to morning prayer! I could not allow myself a hope that that what I had experienced was anything other than an illusion. It would have been sweeter to believe that my kneeling mother, by some

pious enchantment, had asked and found this spell to rouse me from my forgetfulness of God's holy day."

It was impossible in Mr. Kinglake's case that the ringing in his ears could be caused by actual bells; but at sea, where there is a wide unbroken expanse, with nothing to check the sound until it is reflected to the ears of the crew from the sails, a peal, in a favourable state of atmosphere and wind, is sometimes heard at an enormous distance. A ship's company could distinctly distinguish the bells of Rio Janeiro when they were seventy miles from the coast.

When ships go down in a tempest a warning bell is said to be heard amid the storm: and on land it is no uncommon notion that its prophetic tongue will sometimes announce to persons who are about to die their impending doom.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An ærial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

Rogers, in his lines on an "Old Oak," alludes to the same superstition:—

There, once, the steel-clad knight reclined,
His sable plumage tempest-toss'd;
And as the death-bell smote the wind
From towers long fled by human kind,
His brow the hero cross'd.

Until its cause was discovered no sound could have seemed more supernatural than the note of the Campanero, or Bell-bird of Demerara, which is of snowy whiteness, and about the size of a jay. A tube, nearly three inches long, rises from its forehead, and this feathery spire the bird can fill with air at pleasure. Every four or five minutes in the depths of the forest its call may be heard from a distance of three miles, making a tolling noise like that of a convent-bell. What a tale of wonder might have been founded on such sounds in such a wilderness!

The pleasant story of the Bells of Bow bringing back the poor runaway apprentice by their cheering burthen—

Turn again Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London,—

seems to belong to the fabulous part of our subject; but it has perhaps, after all, a substratum of truth, and indicates a disposition, of which there are other traces, to interpret the language of the belfry by the wishes of the heart. There is an anecdote told in many old books of a rich and well-born dame who had fallen in love with her valet, consulting a priest upon the expediency of taking the dear man for her husband. The priest bid her listen to the bells and follow their direction. With unmistakeable distinctness they pealed forth in her ears, "*Marry your valet, marry your valet, marry your valet.*" A few weeks afterwards she re-appeared before her father confessor, told him of the misery of the match, and complained that the bells had misled her. "It is you," replied he, "that must have misinterpreted the bells: go and listen again." She went accordingly, and this time they said, with vehement perspicuity, "*Don't marry your valet, don't marry your valet, don't marry your valet.*"

From the nature of the associations connected with them, as well as from their inherent charm, it is no wonder that bells should have exerted an influence on the mind in every age and clime.

What music is there that compared may be
With well-tuned bells' enchanting melody?
Breaking with their sweet sounds the willing air,
They in the listening ear the soul ensnare.

These lines, which are inscribed in the belfry of St. Peter's Church at Shaftesbury, first made Bowles in love with poetry. "The enchanting melody" had an Orpheus-like power over the rude pedantry of Dr. Parr. He once conceived the design of treating at large upon Campanology, and many and pressing were the calls upon the pockets of his friends for the peal at Hatton. On going to reside he made several changes, and he specifies as one of them, that "Bells chime three times as long." Even the soul of the conqueror who had devastated Europe was stirred in its inmost depths by the simple sound. "When we were at Malmaison," says Bourrienne of Napoleon, "how often has the booming of the village bell broken off the most interesting conversations! He stopped, lest the moving of our feet might cause the loss of a single beat of the tones which charmed him. The

influence, indeed, was so powerful that his voice trembled with emotion while he said, ‘That recalls to me the first years I passed at Brienne.’” None have more reason to be affected by the associations which bring back the days of comparative innocence and peace than the troubled spirits who are entangled in the labyrinths of a guilty ambition. But of all the instances of the power of bells “to touch a sympathetic chord of the heart,” the most moving is the tradition told in connection with the peal of Limerick Cathedral. It is said to have been brought from a convent in Italy, for which it had been manufactured by an enthusiastic native, with great labour and skill. The Italian, having afterwards acquired a competency, fixed his home near the convent cliff, and for many years enjoyed the daily chime of his beloved bells. But in some political convulsion which ensued the monks were driven from their monastery, the Italian from his home, and the bells were carried away to another land. After a long interval the course of his wanderings brought him to Limerick. On a calm and beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated along the broad stream of the Shannon, he suddenly heard the bells peal forth from the cathedral tower. They were the long-lost treasures of his memory. Home, happiness, friends—all early recollections were in their sound. Crossing his arms on his breast, he lay back in the boat. When the rowers looked round they saw his face still turned to the cathedral—but his eyes had closed for ever on the world.

And though the tones may not be familiar, and may not waken any slumbering memory “of youth and home,”

The bells and chimes of Motherland,
Of England green and old,
That out from gray and ivied tower
A thousand years have toll'd,
Bring with their sound a thousand tales,
Sweet tales of olden time,
And wake our holiest memories
With their sweet soothing chime.

THE STONE OF DESTINY.

[Colburn's "New Monthly Magazine," February, 1857.]

THE time-honoured coronation-stone inclosed within Saint Edward's chair, in Westminster Abbey, is one of the most remarkable of our historical monuments, and the belief connected with it is one of the curiosities of British history. The known pedigree of the stone carries it back for nearly a thousand years, and tradition surrounds it with a haze of mystery and legend, and refers its origin to a most remote antiquity.

The stone upon which the patriarch Jacob rested his head at Bethel, and which he afterwards set up for a monument, as described in the twenty-eighth chapter of the book of Genesis, has been regarded as the prototype of the stone monuments which were erected by the most ancient nations in the world, either for purposes of memorial or for national solemnities. Many passages of holy scripture show that a stone monument was dedicated to the anointing of kings; and from the East the custom was adopted by Celtic and Scandinavian nations. The ancient coronation-stone of Anglo-Saxon kings, which is preserved at Kingston-upon-Thames; the *Meini Gwyr*, upon which proclamations are made in the market-place of St. Austell; and some similar monuments that might be mentioned, are examples of the descent of that custom to our own country. But the mediæval legends and popular belief connected with the coronation-stone in Westminster Abbey, assert that national relic to be Jacob's Pillar itself; and the patriotic romances of some old Scottish chroniclers represent this stone to have come to Europe through the Phœnician colonisation of Spain, and to have been thence derived by

Ireland with the first of her Ibero-Celtic monarchs, and from them to have come to Caledonia.

To seek an historical foundation for a legend of this nature would be to embark upon an ocean of uncertainty in the mists of tradition; but it may be interesting to see how far the existence of this national relic, and of the curious belief connected with it, is carried back by authentic history. And here it may be observed, that the fact of the south-western coasts of Ireland and those of Spain having been colonised at a remote period by a cognate race of Eastern origin; the fact of Phœnicians, if not Jews, having anciently settled in those parts of Europe; and the fact of the stone in question corresponding mineralogically to a sienite found in Egypt, are facts which, as far as they go, afford some countenance to the legend connected with it.

But if we turn to existing traditions in the East, we find that legend to be in conflict with them; for Jacob's Pillar—which is said to have been removed from Bethel by the tribe of Joseph—is believed by the Mahometans (according to Calmet) to be preserved in that ancient building which is known as the Mosque of Omar. The sacred rock covered by the dome is a celebrated object of Moslem tradition and devotion. Dr. Robinson says that the Christians of the middle ages regarded it as the stone on which Jacob slept when he saw the vision of angels, and as the stone of prophecy; and it is at this day known as *Al Sakra*, or the stone of unction. There is a strange belief connected with the well or hollow beneath this long-venerated rock, for there the souls of the departed are believed to rest between death and resurrection, and there it was thought the living might hold converse with the dead. But although in Eastern tradition, both Christian and Mussulman, supernatural attributes are connected with this object, it is difficult to identify it with the pillar set up by the patriarch; and in truth the European tradition of the Stone of Destiny ascends to an elder source, and avers that it—the real stone of prophecy—had left Judæa long before the destruction of Jerusalem. At all events, authentic Jewish history does not, so far as we know, connect with the sacred rock in honour of which the dome was built a prophecy or belief resembling that which is connected with the coronation-stone.

But an Irish tradition derived by us through Scotland, and which first makes its appearance in the old traditions of Ireland, avers that the rock or pillar of Jacob, to the possession of which by a certain tribe destiny annexed the sceptre of the kingdom in which it should rest, was brought from Judæa to Spain by a chieftain or patriarch who founded a kingdom there, and was taken from that country to Ireland by the king or chief of the Scoti—a very ancient people, who were undoubtedly in possession of the island at the time of the introduction of Christianity, and to whom some historians attribute a Phœnician origin. According to the legend, this conqueror—a very mythical personage, by-the-by—was contemporary with Romulus and Remus, and came to Ireland with the Stone of Destiny to found his kingdom, about the time of the foundation of Rome, or seven hundred and fifty years before Christ. It was a thousand years before, according to Biblical chronology, when the King of Kings promised to Jacob the land on which he set up the stone of Bethel, and dominion to his posterity through all the world.

Now a fatal stone, regarded as a kind of national palladium, is mentioned in Irish manuscripts of the sixth century of our era, by the name of the LIA FAIL, or Stone of Destiny; and that a stone which stood upon the Hill of Tara, and was used at the inauguration of the Irish kings, and was known as the Labheireg, or Stone of Destiny, existed in A.D. 560, appears from the fact that the stone and the hill itself fell in that year under the anathema of the Christian clergy; the stone (according to Sir John Ware, in his “Antiquities of Ireland”) having been honoured as a kind of national palladium before the conversion of the natives, and having become a focus of heathen superstitions. A very ancient prophetic verse referring to this stone is said to exist in the old Irish language, in a manuscript of the sixth century, and is to the effect that the LIA FAIL shall accompany the sceptre of the kingdom. This prophetic verse is referred by Borlase, in his “Antiquities of Cornwall,” to a Druidical origin. Be that as it may, the legends of the early Irish historians relating to this stone are of the most romantic kind, and connect it with shadowy kings of the ancient royal race of Ireland.

The old Irish prophecy connected with that stone, and the

prophecy connected in Scottish belief with the FATALE MARMOR of Scone and Westminster, to which Scottish mediæval writers transfer the regal attributes of the LIA FAIL, have not the same form in the two countries; but it cannot be doubted that the Scottish tradition was derived from Ireland, and the prophecy itself looks of Oriental origin. The Persians had their *Artizoe*, or “Fatal Stone,” which, from the notice of it given by Pliny, seems to have been a kind of ordeal stone, for it was used to point out the most deserving candidate for the throne. Then, too, there is the sacred Black Stone, which is considered by the Seids to be their palladium;* and (it is curious ethnologically, as well as observable in illustration of this point, that) a tribe of Indians of South America revered a sacred and Fatal Stone—described as a large mass of very rich grey silver ore—which they guarded and removed as they were driven from place to place by the Spaniards, and which was the first thing that the subjugated natives stipulated to retain.† And, moreover, amongst the many stones which have long been considered sacred, there is the Caaba, the sacred character of which is held by the Mussulmans to have been proved by a miracle. It is believed to have been at one time the object of worship, and Mahomet, finding the prejudice of his countrymen too strong to overcome, transferred this remarkable object to the wall of the Temple of Mecca, and there fixed it as a sacred stone.

It does not appear at what time the race of Scoti who migrated from Ireland to the hills of Argyll first possessed the Fatal Stone that was preserved at Scone until king Edward I. removed it to Westminster. The patriotic romances of some mediæval Scottish writers—ingeniously avoiding altogether the Irish tradition of the Stone of Destiny—pretend that king Fergus, three hundred and thirty years before Christ, brought with him into Scotland

* It is mentioned in 1851, by the distinguished officer who was then Lieut.-Colonel Williams, the British Commissioner for the settlement of the Turkish boundary question, in a letter from Hamadan, Persia, for which see *Literary Gazette*, 12th of April, 1851. The stone has a long story attached to it.

† These facts are stated by Mr. Empson, in his account of some South American figures in gold, obtained from the sacred lake of Guataveta, in Columbia.—*Archæol. Æliana*, vol. ii. p. 253.

the stone seat of royalty on which the kings had been inaugurated in Ireland, and on which his successors were wont to be crowned; and they add, more credibly, that the same stone was afterwards placed by king Kenneth in the abbey of Scone about the year of our Lord 850. Scone was, from very early times in Scottish history, the place of convention—the Scottish Hill of Tara—and upon its Folk-mote eminence the kings were accustomed to be crowned until the time of Kenneth; after which epoch the kings of Scotland, down to the time of Robert Bruce, received the crown sitting upon that stone, in the old monastery of Scone, which was a foundation of unknown antiquity by followers of the rule of St. Columba, who were called Culdees, and derived their institution from Iona.*

There can be no doubt that this ancient marble seat was thus used for the inauguration of the Scottish kings: under the idea that it was the *LIA FAIL*, or Stone of Destiny, of their Irish progenitors, which had been brought originally from the East. But the existence of the *LIA FAIL* upon the Hill of Tara may be traced, as we have said, from, at all events, the sixth century downward; and there this stone—which is described by Mr. Petrie as an upright pillar nine feet high—at present stands near its original locality—the talisman of the kingdom in the old traditions of the country. The *Fatale Marmor* of Scone is found to have been only a substitute. When the Irish colonists of Scotland, to give stability to their new kingdom, begged the *Lia Fail* as a loan from the mother country, she, with more than Hibernian prudence, retained the original, and sent over a substitute, or at most a portion—a loan which the colonists accepted in faith, and, with Scottish care, prized too highly ever to return; and they seem to have transferred to it the prophecy that a prince of Scotia's race should govern wheresoever it should be found. Buchanan, the Scottish historian, identifies it with the stone which had travelled to Scotland, through Ireland, from Spain, and speaks of it as “the rude marble stone to which popular belief attributed the fate of the kingdom.”

* Scone was founded or re-formed anew by Alexander I., who about A.D. 1115 brought thither canons regular of St. Augustine from the house of St. Oswald of Nostel, near Pontefract.

And here our readers may like to see the lithological description which has been given of this mysterious object. It is a sandy granular stone, a sort of *débris* of sienite, chiefly quartz, with felspar, light and reddish-coloured, and also light and dark mica, with some dark green mineral, probably hornblende, intermixed; some fragments of a reddish-grey clay-slate are likewise visible in this strange conglomerate, and there is also a dark brownish-red coloured flinty pebble of great hardness. The stone is of an oblong form, but irregular, measuring twenty-six inches in length, nearly seventeen in breadth, and ten inches and a half in thickness. It is curious that the substances composing it accord (as remarked by Mr. Brayley) with the sienite of Pliny, which forms the so-called Pompey's Pillar at Alexandria.

The Latin rhyme in which the old prophecy was perpetuated—

Ni fallat fatum SCOTI quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem—

is said to have been engraved by order of Kenneth, but there is no trace of an inscription upon the stone. If the distich really was engraved at that early time in the history of the coronation-stone, it was probably on a metal plate (of which there is some trace upon the stone), or on the wooden chair in which that king is recorded to have had the stone inclosed.

The story of its removal to Westminster, in A.D. 1296, by King Edward I., is too well known to need repetition. “The people of Scotland,” says Rapin, “had all along placed in that stone a kind of fatality. They fancied that only whilst it remained in their country the state would be unshaken; and for this reason Edward carried it away to create in the Scots a belief that the time of the dissolution of their monarchy was come, and to lessen their hopes of recovering their liberty.” As an evidence of his absolute conquest, Edward therefore removed the regalia of the Scottish kings, and gave orders that the famous stone which was regarded as the national palladium should be conveyed to Westminster Abbey, where, accordingly, it was solemnly offered by the kneeling conqueror to the holiest of his name; and there, inclosed in the chair of King Edward and used at all coronations, it has ever since remained, notwithstanding that in the year 1328

it was an article of the treaty of peace authorised by the great council at Northampton that it should be restored to the Scots. By writ of privy seal in that year, Edward III. directed the abbat and monks of Westminster to deliver it to the sheriffs of London for the purpose of being restored to Scotland, but the Scots were unable to obtain the performance of this stipulation. They made another attempt to bring back their talisman, by stipulating, in the year 1363, that the English should deliver it up to them, and that the King of England should come to be crowned upon it at Scone; but in this stipulation, also, the Scots were disappointed.

Whatever may have become of the original chair in which Kenneth is said to have had the stone inclosed, and which does not appear to have been brought into England at all, it is certain, say the historians of Westminster Abbey, that the present coronation-chair was made for the reception of this highly-prized relic of ancient customs and sovereign power. In A.D. 1300, as appears by an entry in the Wardrobe Accounts, Master Walter the Painter was employed in certain work "on the new chair in which is the stone from Scotland," and he bought gold and divers colours for the painting of the same. The chair was once entirely covered with gilding and ornamental work, and the design is of Edward's time. Down to the period when Camden wrote his history, there were to be seen on a tablet that hung by this royal stone in the chapel of the Confessor at Westminster some lines which set forth that the stone is that on which Jacob placed his head. No earlier document is known in which the coronation-stone is connected with the patriarch, and whether his pillar is at this moment in the dome of the rock at Jerusalem, upon the hill at Tara, or in Westminster Abbey, we do not undertake to decide; but if for nearly seven centuries the posterity of King Malcolm Canmore and St. Margaret, the great-niece of Edward the Confessor and representative of the Saxon line, continued to reign over Scotland, the Scots have long recognised in the sovereign of Great Britain a representative of their ancient line of kings, and under the gentle sway of Queen Victoria may be well content with their share in the government of the United Kingdom, and with our possession of the Fatal Stone.

THE BLACK ROOD OF SCOTLAND.

[“Notes and Queries,” vol. ii. p. 409.]

A CORRESPONDENT of Notes and Queries asks what became of the Holy Cross, or “Black Rood,” at the dissolution of the Priory of Durham, and he inquires for some particulars of its tradition.

I fear the fact that it was formed of silver and gold gives little reason to hope that this historical relique escaped destruction, if it came into the hands of King Henry’s church robbers. Its sanctity may, indeed, have induced the monks to send it, as they did some of their other reliques, to a place of refuge on the continent, until the tyranny should be overpast; but no tradition is preserved at Durham to throw light upon the question what became of the Black Rood.

I subjoin, however, some particulars illustrative of its earlier history.

I am not aware of any record in which mention of this relique occurs before the time of St. Margaret. It seems very probable that the venerated crucifix which was so termed was one of the treasures which descended with the crown of the Anglo-Saxon kings. When the princess Margaret, with her brother Edgar, the lawful heir to the throne of St. Edward the Confessor, fled into Scotland, after the victory of William, she carried this cross with her amongst her other treasures. Aelred of Rievaulx (ap. Twysd. 350) gives a reason why it was so highly valued, and some description of the Rood itself:

Est autem crux illa longitudinem habens palmæ de auro purissimo mirabili opere fabricata, quæ in modum techæ clauditur et aperitur. Cernitur in ea quædam Dominicæ crucis portio (sicut sæpe multorum miraculorum argumento probatum est). Salvatoris nostri ymaginem habens de ebore densissime sculptam et aureis distinctionibus mirabiliter decoratam.

St. Margaret appears to have destined it for the abbey which she and her royal husband, Malcolm III., founded at Dunfermline in honour of the Holy Trinity: and this cross seems to have engaged her last thoughts; for her confessor relates that, when dying, she caused it to be brought to her, and that she embraced, and gazed stedfastly upon it, until her soul passed from time to eternity. Upon her death (16th Nov. 1093), the Black Rood was deposited upon the altar of Dunfermline Abbey, where St. Margaret was interred.

The next mention of it that I have found, occurs in 1292, in the Catalogue of Scottish Muniments which were received within the Castle of Edinburgh, in the presence of the Abbats of Dunfermline and Holy Rood, and the Commissioners of Edward I., on the 23rd August in that year, and were conveyed to Berwick-upon-Tweed. Under the head

Omnia ista inventa fuerunt in quadam cista in Dormitorio S. Crucis, et ibidem reposita per prædictos Abbates et alios, sub eorum sigillis,

we find

Unum scrinium argenteum deauratum, in quo reponitur crux quo vocatur *la blake rode*.—Robertson's *Index*, Introd. xiii.

In the inventory made at Burgh-upon-Sands, 17th July, 35 Edward I. (1307), are the following items:—

In Coffro signato sup'ius signo Crucis.

Videlt. crux Neyh' ornata auro et lapid' precios' una cum pede ejusd' crucis de auro et gēmis in quad' casula de corr' eu^a coffr' d'co pedi aptata.

It. la Blakerode de Scot' fabricata in auro cu' cathena aur' in teca int'i' lignea et ext'i' de arg' deaur'.

It. crux S'ce Elene de Scot', &c. (Pro Rec. Comm.)

It does not appear that any such fatality was ascribed to this relique as that which the Scots attributed to the possession of the famous stone on which their kings were crowned. If it had been, we might conjecture that when Edward I. brought the "fatal seat" from Scone to Westminster, he brought the Black Rood of Scotland too.

We next find it in the possession of King David Bruce, who lost this treasured relique, with his own liberty, at the Battle of Durham (18th Oct. 1346), and from that time the monks of

Durham became its possessors. In the "Description of the Ancient Monuments, Rites, and Customs of the Abbey Church of Durham," as they existed at the Dissolution, which was written in 1593, and was published by Davies in 1672, and subsequently by the Surtees Society, we find it described as

A most faire roode or picture of our Saviour, in silver, called the Black Roode of Scotland, brought out of Holy Rood House, by King David Bruce . . . with the picture of Our Lady on the one side of our Saviour, and St. John's on the other side, very richly wrought in silver, all three having crownes of pure beaten gold of goldsmith's work, with a device or rest to take them off or on.

The writer then describes the "fine wainscote work" to which this costly "rood and pictures" were fastened on a pillar at the east end of the southern aisle of the choir. And in a subsequent chapter (p. 21 of Surtees' Soc. volume) we have an account of the cross miraculously received by David I., and in honour of which he founded Holy Rood Abbey in 1128; from which account it clearly appears that this cross was distinct from the Black Rood of Scotland. For the writer, after stating that this miraculous cross had been brought from Holy Rood House by the king, as a "most fortunate relique," says:

He lost the *said crosse*, which was taiken upon him, and many other most wourthie and excellent jewels . . . which all were offered up at the shryne of Saint Cuthbert, *together with the Blacke Rude of Scotland* (so termed) with Mary and John, maid of silver, being, as yt were, smoked all over, which was placed and sett up most exactlie in the pillar next St. Cuthbert's shrine," &c.

In the description written in 1593, as printed, the size of the Black Rood is not mentioned; but in Sanderson's "Antiquities of Durham," in which he follows that description, but with many variations and omissions, he says (p. 22.), in mentioning the Black Rood of Scotland, with the images, as above described,—

Which rood and picture were all three very richly wrought in silver, and were all smoked black over, being large pictures of a yard or five quarters long, and on every one of their heads a crown of pure beaten gold, &c.

I have one more (too brief) notice of this famous rood. It occurs in the list of reliques preserved in the Feretory of

St. Cuthbert, under the care of the shrine-keeper, which was drawn up in 1383 by Richard de Sedgbrok, and is as follows:

A black crosse, called *the Black Rode of Scotland*.—*MS. Dunelm.* B. ii. 35.

The cross brought from Holy Rood House, and in honour of which it was founded, has been mistaken for the Black Rood of Scotland, owing, probably, to the statement in the passage above extracted from the “Ancient Monuments,” that this cross was brought out of Holy Rood House.

That the Black Rood of Scotland, and the Cross of Holy Rood House, were distinct, there can, I think, be no doubt. The cross mentioned by Aelred is not mentioned as the “Black Rood:” probably it acquired this designation after his time. But Fordoun, in the “Scoti-Chronicon,” Lord Hailes in his “Annals,” and other historians, have taken Aelred’s account as referring to the Black Rood of Scotland. Whether it had been brought from Dunfermline to Edinburgh before Edward’s campaign, and remained thenceforth deposited in Holy Rood Abbey, does not appear: but it is probable that a relique to which the sovereigns of Scotland attached so much veneration was kept at the latter place.

THE NUMBER SEVEN.

[“Household Words,” May 24, 1856.]

THE Number Seven has had a significant connection with things divine and human, with the superstitions of folk-lore and the mysteries of faith, from the earliest times, and in almost every country of the world. In the Holy Scriptures and in Jewish ordinances it has a mysterious significance; it is found in Mussulman and Hindoo writings, and it is connected with the superstitions of Asia. It has found its way into ecclesiastical ordinance, and is traced in church-architecture as well as in edifices of classic antiquity; and from remote ages certain mystic relations have been attributed to it as well in Europe as in the East, and in authentic history no less than in Oriental fable.

We will glance briefly at the most remarkable instances of its occurrence. And first, as regards the connection of the number seven with Jewish ordinances and Holy Scripture, it would seem that we might trace to the Creator's rest on the seventh day of creation, the ideas which in a manner consecrated that number from the times of the Jewish lawgivers. By the Hebrew nation the seventh day was held sacred as by a divine ordinance; seven days were appointed for the consecration of the high priest; seven victims were to be offered in certain sacrifices. Seven times the blood of the sin-offering was sprinkled; seven times the altar was anointed at the consecration of Aaron. And not only was the seventh day a sabbath; seven other days in every year were to be kept holy. Every seventh year was a year of rest, and after seven times seven a jubilee was celebrated. There were seven days for eating unleavened bread. Most of the great feasts occurred in the seventh month. Seven days the Lord waited before sending

the flood; and it was after an interval of seven days that the patriarch Noah sent forth the dove. Jacob served seven years for Rachel. Seven times Jacob bowed before his brother Esau. There were seven years of plenty and seven years of scarcity in Egypt. And it was the number of purification as well as sufficiency: thus, Naaman washed seven times in Jordan. Samson was bound with seven bands; and it was on the seventh day when seven priests blew seven trumpets and went seven times about the walls of Jericho that the city was taken. It is curious to read in Scottish story that the success of the persevering spider on the seventh attempt was an omen of encouragement to Robert Bruce. Seven often occurs as the number of completeness: thus Solomon speaks of the seven pillars of the house which Wisdom hath built. Twice seven generations are reckoned before King David. And it is because seven is the number of perfection (say old commentators), that we are told to forgive our enemies seventy times seven times.

Then, in the New Testament, the number seven has an equal prominence. Thus, we have the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Spirit; the seven sentences of Our Lord, the seven clauses of His prayer, and seven weeks between the Passover and Pentecost. In the Revelation of St. John, he represents in his Apocalypse the Wonderful Being who dwells in celestial grandeur, as walking in the midst of seven golden lamps, which are churches. The address of St. John the Divine "to the seven churches which are in Asia," is made (as a reverend author* has observed), "first to the seven metropolitan churches, and in them to all other churches in the Lydian Asia the patriarchate of St. John, and from thence to all churches then in the world, and thence to those of all time—the Catholic Church where Christ is walking in the midst unto the end according to His promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'" "Through the seven churches," says Bede, "St. John writes to every church." For by the number seven is denoted universality. So, too, Berengardus writes, "The one Catholic Church is meant by the number seven." St. Chrysostom says, "The seven churches are *all* churches by

* Williams on the Apocalypse, p. 6.

reason of the seven spirits." St. Augustine, too, says that by seven is signified the perfection of the church universal, and that by writing to the seven churches St. John shows forth the fulness of one. It is not that the Church of Christ was then *only* in these places, but in the sevenfold number consists all fulness. The Apostle Paul writes to seven churches, but not to the same as John. This mystical number seven (continues the commentator) is the number of forgiveness of sins; of the sevenfold power of the Spirit; of the rest of Christ hallowing the works of man; this perishable world of the six days, and all dwelling in this life, admitted to the never-ending sabbath of God and combined with the life to come. So, there are seven heavens and seven angels pre-eminent over the rest, as the great Irenæus Bishop of Lyons has written; and in the work of creation itself God was believed to have employed seven angels. Again, seven spirits are before the throne—harmonious in their influence on man as the seven notes in music; there were seven lamps to the golden candlestick; the beast sought a power with seven heads; and there are the seven seals. Then, in precepts and ordinances of the Church, we find the ordinance of the seven sacraments attributed to the traditional merit of this holy number; the articles of faith in relation to the Trinity were (in a synod held at York in A.D. 1466) arranged into seven, as were those relating to the nature of Our Lord. We are warned against the seven deadly sins, and exhorted to the seven principal virtues and the seven works of mercy. The Church Catholic recites the seven penitential psalms, and observes the seven "hours" or offices of daily prayer. Moreover, there is the noviciate of seven years for the priesthood. It is, therefore, not surprising that the schoolmen of the middle ages were fond of speculating on the mystical influence of the number seven, and of tracing its connection with most of the events of sacred history. Seven, as we have seen, was deemed "the number of perfection" in the days of the prophets and kings of Israel; and writers of the Christian Church have regarded it (to use the language of Leon Baptista Alberti) as "the number in which the Almighty, the maker of all things, takes particular delight."

But to pass from things sublime to things sublunary. Among

the disciples of Pythagoras each number had its peculiar significance, but seven was the sacred number, as it had been considered from the earliest times. They called it a number of perfection, because composed of three and four—the triangle and the square, by which they said all things are capable of being measured; to them, therefore, it was the number of fitness, quantity, diversity, and perfection. It was also the number of life, because, according to their philosophy, it contained body and soul—body being of four elements and soul of three powers. But the number seven was, to some extent, a mystical and consecrated number before the time of Pythagoras. It was dwelt upon by Homer and Hesiod. The Egyptians, moreover, according to the belief that there were seven planets, made a sevenfold division of the heavens and of sacred things.

It is remarkable that in the oldest of books we read of “the sweet influence of the Pleiades,” and that in Europe, during the middle ages, when astronomy was in its infancy and astrology in its prime, the seven planets were recognised as governing all things terrestrial by their aspects and influences, and the number seven was supposed to denote the starry potentates.

Then we have the cycles of seven thousand years seen by the mysterious Persian bird, or griffin, Simurgh, who, according to Eastern romance, had lived to see the earth seven times filled with animated beings and seven times a perfect void, and who predicted that the race of Adam would endure for seven thousand years, and then give place to beings of more perfect nature, with whom the earth would end. There are the seven incarnations of Vishnu and his seven heads. The Hindoos reverence the mysterious names of the seven worlds. In the Hindû mythology the Creator shines with seven rays; He is light or the effulgent power, who is held to be manifest in the solar orb, and to pervade or illumine the seven worlds or abodes—the seven mansions of all created beings. The earth is held, in Hindû belief, the first or lowest of these; then there is the world of renewed existence, in which beings passed from earth exist again, but without sensation, until the end of the present order of things; Heaven, or the upper world, the abode of the good; the middle world—an intermediate region; the world of birth, where the inhabitants of the

existing globe who shall be destroyed at its conflagration will be born again; the mansion of the blessed; and finally, the seventh world—the sublime abode, the residence of Brahme himself. The number seven enters also into one of the Hindû modes of trial by ordeal, seven leaves of each of three kinds of herbs being fastened on the hands of the accused with seven threads.

The Mussulmans to this day hold the number seven to be sacred. They reckon seven climates, seven seas, seven heavens, and as many infernal regions. According to Rabbinical and Mussulman authors, the body of Adam was made of seven handfuls of mould taken from the seven stages of the earth; and, indeed, the seven zones or ranges of mountains are arranged by the Hindoos like so many steps rising gradually one above another. They account the tower or pyramid of Babel to have been of a square form, with seven stages or steps like the holy mount Meru.

The seven sacred evolutions of the Moslems round the Black Stone of Mecca is another example of the connection of this mysterious number with Eastern superstitions; and it recalls to mind the superstitious custom of going seven times round a haystack on Hallow-e'en.

But, to turn from the fabulous theories of Asiatic speculation to the substantial monuments of classical and mediæval times, the ancient connection of the number seven with architecture might alone form the topic of a small essay. Allusion has been already made to that verse of the Proverbs, in which Solomon writes, “Wisdom hath built her house: she hath hewn out her seven pillars.” And Gentiles, as well as Jews, seem to have had a community of ideas with respect to this number. It is found in the two most remarkable temples of Grecian antiquity, viz. the cella of the Parthenon, which is supported by seven pillars on either side, and the colossal temple of Jupiter Olympus at Agrigentum, which is adorned with seven columns on the east and west, and fourteen on the sides. Our illustrious Wykeham, in the plans of his chapels at Winchester and Oxford, divided them longitudinally by seven. In other English architecture, First-Pointed as well as Decorated, the number seven constantly recurs: as, for example, in the cathedral churches of York,

Durham, Lichfield, Exeter, and Bristol; the abbey church of Westminster; the churches of Romsey, Waltham, Buildwas, and St. Alban's (in the Norman part); at Castle Acre, and at St. George's, Windsor; and it prevailed, moreover, in France, as we may find in the cathedral churches of Paris, Amiens, Chartres, Evreux, &c. And do not the Seven Lamps of Architecture shine luminously in the pages of our eloquent friend Mr. Ruskin? He shows that (1) the spirit of sacrifice; (2) the reverence of truth; (3) the expression of power; (4) the imitation of beauty; (5) the attainment of vitality; (6) the building for memory; and (7) the obedience to universal laws, are the lamps which must guide our architectural creations.

Again, seven seems to have been a magic number in ancient cities from very early times. Rome was built on seven hills; and of the second Roman capital, the city of Constantine, it was observed that Constantinople was also built on seven hills, had seven names and seven towers, and was taken from the seventh of the Palæologi by the seventh Sultan of the Othmans. So too, in a later day, Avignon was remarkable as a city of seven gates, seven parishes, seven palaces, seven collegiate chapels, seven hospitals, seven monasteries, and seven nunneries; (and Cardinal H. Gonsalvi takes occasion to remark that it was the first to condole with Pope Pius VII. on his forced sojourn in France!) The number seven was likewise conspicuous in Brussels. Seven principal churches, of which the most striking was that of St. Gudule, with its twin towers, its charming façade, and its magnificently painted windows, adorned the upper part of the city. Seven noble families, springing from seven ancient castles, supplied the stock from which the senators were selected who composed the upper council of the city. There were seven great squares, seven city gates; and on the occasion of the abdication of the Emperor Charles V. it was observed by the lovers of remarkable coincidences that seven crowned heads would be congregated under a single roof in the liberty-loving city of Brussels.*

The wonders of Galway, too, are measured by sevens in some

* Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic, p. 9.

Latin verses of the year 1651, appended to a map of the city, which have been thus translated:—

Rome boasts seven hills, the Nile its sevenfold stream,
 Around the pole seven radiant planets gleam ;
 Galway, co-nation Rome, twice equals these—
 She boasts twice seven illustrious families ;
 Twice seven high towers defend her lofty walls,
 Her polished-marble decked and splendid halls ;
 Twice seven her massive gates, o'er which arise
 Twice seven strong castles towering to the skies ;
 Twice seven her bridges, through whose arches flow
 The silvery tides, majestic, deep, and slow ;
 Her ample church with twice seven altars flames
 (A heavenly patron every altar claims) ;
 While twice seven convents pious anthems raise
 (Seven for each sex) to sound Jehovah's praise.

In the great Isle of Arran may still be seen the grave of the “seven Romans,” which bears an inscription of remote antiquity; and in the town of Cell Beloigh there were the seven streets containing the habitations of strangers. Another of the marvels of Ireland was the changing of sundry Irish natives into wolves every seven years, according to Giraldus. Then, too, there was that phantom island of the Atlantic which excited the curiosity of the early Portuguese navigators—the “Island of Seven Cities,” so called from the ancient legend that seven bishops who fled, with their flocks, from Spain on the conquests of the Moors, founded seven fine cities on this island, but all the efforts to find it were unavailing. The realities of life have not obliterated our remembrance of legendary lore; and we recollect those tales of wonder, about a service to a giant or a fairy for seven years, and about a spell that was to endure for seven years, of which we have so many examples in fairy tale. It was for seven years that Thomas of Ercildoune was to serve in fairy-land, and the Chief of Colonsay was kept by the mermaid seven long lonely months in the ocean cave. Moreover, every seven years the fairies' tribute was to be rendered by mortals; and we must not forget St. Patrick's memorable banishment of the reptiles and demons for seven years, seven months, and seven days.

Both ancient and modern fable enriched their annals with stories of Seven Sleepers; and chivalry and romance furnished Christendom with Seven Champions, and the esquire's service of seven years of which we read in *Don Quixote*. Near St. Renan, in Britany, is a curious cemetery at a small hamlet bearing the modern name of Lannionaré, where (according to tradition) repose the remains of seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven martyrs, who were promoted to the dignity of saintship in consequence of having perished in an attempt to convert a pagan temple into a Christian church—an attempt which drew down on them the vengeance of a legion of heathens.* Then, too, there is the connection of the number seven with the stories about buried treasure which can only be raised by seven milk-white oxen. And it has found its way into the legend concerning a submerged organ, the scene of which is the village of Eusserthal, about an hour's journey from Albersweiler, in Germany, and which is strikingly similar to the stories relating to buried bells that exist in the United Kingdom. This is a golden organ that once stood in the convent church, and was sunk in a marsh to protect it from the enemies of the convent, in a place the precise locality of which cannot be found. Nevertheless, every seven years it rises out of the depths at midnight, and its solemn tones are heard in the far distance, swelling through the stillness of the night.†

It would extend this article beyond its intended limits to show the prevalence of the number seven in the "Folk Lore" of North Germany and Scandinavia, still more to trace its occurrence in tales of enchantment generally.

The ancients boasted, as we all know, the seven wonders of the world; in history we read of the seven wise men of Greece; and modern ages have had the seven wonders of Dauphiné, and the seven wonders of Wales.

In many parts of the country may be seen plantations of seven oaks and twelve elms, the latter usually planted in circles. They are not limited to England. Canon Stanley mentions the exist-

* Weld's *Tour in Brittany*, 1856, p. 185.

† *Athenæum*, 6th Sept. 1856, in review of Ferd. Bässler's *Sagen*, in which the legend occurs.

ence (on a hill on the right bank of the Barada, in Palestine), of the seven "Sindians," or Syrian oaks, as to which the popular legend relates that seven trees here grew up on the spot in which Cain interred the body of his brother and planted his staff to mark it.

Then, too, there were "the seven lovely Campbells," Lord Archibald's daughters, celebrated in Wordsworth's ballad, who dwelt together at Binnorie, and together plunged into the lake, where

Seven little islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep ;
The fishers say those sisters fair
By fairies are all buried there,
And there together sleep.

The number seven has come down to modern times in many of our usages and "common things," besides the names of the seven days of the week, derived from the seven anciently known planets. In this country seven years is, in many particulars, a significant period of time. We serve seven years' apprenticeship, elect Parliaments for seven years, punish by seven years' transportation, take seven years' leases of property, and presume the death of a person who has been absent and not heard of for seven years. We reckon seven liberal arts, seven mechanical arts, and seven prohibited arts. It was said there are seven colours (as we still say); seven metals (as we no longer say), viz. gold, silver, copper, lead, tin, iron, and quicksilver; seven openings in the human head, viz. two to the nose, two to the eyes, two to the ears, and one to the mouth! And in music there are familiar instances of its prevalence. There were seven notes in the Greek diatonic scale; the choruses of Æschylus and Sophocles were divided into lines of seven syllables; and for strophe and antistrophe there were seven alternate singers.

Then, as affecting human life. The body is supposed to be changed every seven years. The old physicians and philosophers held that every septennial period altered the human system, and formed an epoch in the growth of man. Thus, the period of infancy was fixed at seven years, and there was another septennium of boyhood.

The prevailing notion of the climacteric years was founded on the same tenet, and thence also we derive the Seven Ages of Man. They were arranged thus: after the first seven months the first teeth come, after the first seven years they give place to others, after the second seven years puberty comes, after the third the fulness of womanhood and manhood.

We say, therefore, to this day in England, when three times seven years are complete, at twenty-one, a person is of age. During the third seven years he has been increasing in height; during the fourth seven years he increases in breadth; during the fifth seven years the man, complete in form, is perfected in vigour; and during the sixth period of seven years retains his powers unabated. In the seventh period of seven years prudence is perfected, and thus during the period expressed by seven times seven man is in his prime. Finally, when we come to ten times seven (at which ends the multiplication by the simple numbers), man has attained the appointed number of his days.

Then, too, we have lately seen discussed the superstition connected with a seventh son, and it is gravely maintained that it takes the seventh son of a seventh son to make a surpassing physician.

Among the Romans, infants who died before the seventh month of their age had not the ordinary rites of sepulture. So now, in some parts of the East, children who die under seven years are not mourned by their parents. But here we must bring this chapter to a close. The instances we have given sufficiently illustrate the widely-prevalent and mysterious significance of the number seven.

LONDINIANA.*

[The Dublin Review, June, 1856.]

IN the works mentioned at the foot of this page, the chief *memorabilia* of the metropolis have been described in a form so concise and popular that a fresh interest has been given to the historical monuments of London, and “the golden haze of memory” has been thrown around many a familiar spot upon the crowded highways of our “murky Babel.” Those publications follow a series of works so numerous and comprehensive that the Hand Book was the only form in which anything new could be written on the history and antiquities of the metropolis; and it has been adopted with so much success by the diligent authors to whom we have referred, that the results of life-long research are made accessible to the most casual readers. In these popular notices of London localities we find the present everywhere connected with the past, and see how deeply the London of to-day is founded in a substratum of antiquity enriched by the auriferous sands of Time.

Set in the light of history, the tangible remains of antiquity that stand upon our daily paths receive an unexpected dignity and significance, and arouse our interest, as witnesses of the succession and sway of former races of men. Their monuments become endued with power to bring before our mind the early inhabitants and the various aspects of London, in the successive eras of its history since first the Augustan city rose around the Roman

* 1. Hand-Book of London, Past and Present. By Peter Cunningham, F.S.A.

2. Curiosities of London: exhibiting the most rare and remarkable objects of interest in the Metropolis. By John Timbs, F.S.A. London: Bogue.

Prætorium. They enable us to realize a portraiture of London in its successive ages:—of Roman London, growing amidst the rude defences of the British stronghold and surrounded by the spreading waters of the Thames and the primeval forest of the hills—a military colony with its temples and its forum, its bounding wall, its gates and diverging roads; of Saxon Lundenwic, with its clergy and monks, its thanes and merchants, its trading guilds and Witenagemote assembling amidst the remains of Roman power and surrounded by still uncleared forest; of Norman London, then become a royal city, adorned by many churches and by edifices of feudal strength; of London of the Plantagenets, with its mercantile opulence, its quaintly attired citizens, sumptuary laws, and timber houses; of London of the Tudors, with its peaked gables, carved ceilings and rush-strewed floors, its stately pageants, and its regal crimes; and of London of the Stuarts, with its formal furniture and gay costume, its plays performed in daylight at the Globe Theatre, and its shady suburban roads through country now overspread by Marylebone and Bloomsbury.

With the metropolis as it appeared in each of these by-gone ages, it is curious to compare the London of to-day, still, as of old, mighty in its ships, and world-embracing in its commerce; wondrous and varied in its aspects seen in the blaze of daylight, solemn and suggestive when the vast city lies slumbering in the peace of night; that metropolis, so full of strange contrasts and incongruities, of palatial splendour and obscure poverty, of state liveries and rags, of sumptuous club-houses, and “eating-shops surrounded by hungry poor,” of western opulence and eastern squalor. Not less striking are the combinations of the present and the past, which are everywhere presented in our metropolis, from Stepney to Southwark, from Tyburn to the Tower, or the monuments which serve to contrast ancient manners with the institutions of our day. Thus, in the pages which describe the Curiosities of London, we find strangely mingled the Roman camp and Ranelagh Tea-gardens; Domesday book and the Daguerreotype; Doctors’ Commons and the Electric Telegraph; Convents and Coffee-houses; mediæval Crypts and the Crystal Palace; the Black Friars’ monastery and the “Times” printing-office; abbeys and wax-work shows; museums and

monuments; ancient palaces and modern prisons; inns of court and plebeian taverns; mansions of Belgravia and cellars of St. Giles; candle-lighted streets and gas-light companies; Lambeth prelates and Houndsditch Jews!

And where could we find a field so rich in its historical associations—a city so inviting to our retrospective view? Amidst the interminable stream of traffic that crowds its public thoroughfares, where everything seems to be worked at high pressure, the Londoner knows that he may retreat to many a spot, within the city's roar indeed, but still haunted by the spirit of the olden time. Cornhill (as Sir Barnes Newcome remarks) is not exactly the place for sentiment; but here, as on many other thronged highways, there are visible or remembered monuments of the past, which carry back our thoughts as much to the times of the Plantagenets, or even of the Cæsars, as to the times of modern rulers; for all who have borne dominion here seem to have set their seal on London, as the Medici have done upon the storied hills of Rome. Unlike Paris of the present day, London has never seemed ambitious to look young; and notwithstanding the sacrifice of many ancient features to the stern exigencies of city “improvements,” and to the almost fabulous augmentation of the value of land, some very characteristic buildings of by-gone days are still mingled with modern structures. But in London, as everybody knows, we have not the striking contrast between an ancient capital and a modern city, that we find so emphatically at Rome,—between august remains of a distant antiquity and the structures of a modern time. Very few buildings, even of a mediæval date, stand visibly amongst the abodes of men; yet in London, as in Rome, some remains of every period of its history exist above the ground—grey monuments of the past, that have been “sheltered by the wings of Time.” We must excavate, however, to a depth of from eight to fifteen feet below the surface of our crowded thoroughfares, if we seek the elaborate pavements of the luxurious Roman, or the foundation of the Saxon edifices that succeeded to his occupation. The historical monuments of London form, like the English language, a rich composite derived from successive ages. Where buildings themselves have disappeared, names of places preserve some memory of them; and

many of the city churches, though rebuilt in and after the seventeenth century, recal in their dedications, as well the rude piety of Scandinavian sea kings as the sway of Norman princes. Thus, in St. Alphage and St. Alban, St. Botolph and St. Dunstan, St. Pancras and St. Edmund, we are on the footsteps of our Saxon forefathers; St. Clement, St. Magnus, and St. Olave, proclaim the dominion of Scandinavian rulers; while St. Mary and St. Helen, St. George and St. Giles, St. James and St. Leonard, witness the devotion of the Normans, as the Temple and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre recal the times of the crusades. It is true that no gothic spires now rise above the clustering houses; but crypts and other remains of many of these edifices exist, and they carry back our thoughts to the time when more than a hundred churches reared their antique towers and spires above the quaint old city. In this respect, as well as in some other characteristic features, the metropolis of those days, like many ancient English cities, must have presented a great contrast with mediæval Paris, as the division into minute parishes never obtained upon the Seine. The city churches are even now set down as eighty-nine in number, and are the survivors or representatives of the one hundred and twenty-two parish churches and thirteen monastic edifices of religion that London contained in the time of the monk Fitz-Stephen—a number which very nearly corresponds with that of the churches and remains of ecclesiastical edifices at this time standing in Cologne, where, by the way, it is said that there were once as many churches as there are days in the year. The diminution in the number of parish churches is not, however, so remarkable in London as in York, Norwich, and some other English cities, in which the number of churches was anciently much greater in proportion to the size and population of the city than in London. The religious edifices that escaped destruction in the fire of London (the most noticeable of which are the Chapel of the Tower, the Church of St. Bartholomew, the Temple Church, the graceful chapel and crypt of St. Etheldreda in Ely Place, and the once stately church of the Austin Friars), show how great was our loss in that calamity. Of the eighty-seven parish churches which, besides St. Paul's Cathedral, were destroyed in the fire, Wren re-built fifty, at the

cost of about a million and twenty-five thousand pounds (in money of those days), of which sum £736,000 were expended on the new cathedral from the beginning to the completion of the work, and on the other churches sums varying from £11,400 on St. Bride's, to the modest expenditure of £1,850 on St. Vedast's Foster Lane. But many a quiet cemetery surrounded by city warehouses alone marks the site of a lost church; for in the re-building of London two or more parishes were in some instances united for one church—an establishmentarian parsimony affording a significant contrast between the times of William of Orange and those of William of Normandy, and very different from the spirit in which the churchmen of the Middle Ages planted so thickly the houses of God. In more recent days we have witnessed a wanton destruction of ancient churches in a spirit even worse if possible than that of Puritan destroyers; and very lately it has been proposed by magnates, upon the pretext of their generally deserted state, to offer to the Minotaur several of the city churches that remain, their sites being, we suppose, eligible for Manchester warehouses. It certainly is not the architecture of the existing structures, generally, that makes their preservation desirable, most of them having been re-built after the Great Fire—a time when Ecclesiastical Architecture was not understood in England—and being hideously be-pewed and defaced with semi-heathen monuments of the worst kind; but the sacred character of all these edifices, and the interesting associations of many of them, ought to forbid the Vandalism with which they have been threatened. However, some of the city parishes hastened to give their answer to their bishop, and declared that they will neither desecrate nor destroy their churches. The very turmoil that is passing so near to them always seems to us to deepen the sense of religious calm that pervades them; while the old attendant tree which still stands by many a church secluded amongst tall warehouses in the city, and which Spring comes through the dusky labyrinths to clothe with welcome verdure, seems to be a gift of heaven dropped in what has become a very uncongenial spot of earth. And the city churches seem moreover to set forth (what a modern preacher well contends), that we may and ought to be pious and holy-

mind in the world, and that we may carry with us good and solemn feelings in the throng and thoroughfare of daily life. It is something that we are able, amidst the tumult of worldly pursuits, to fence off, as it were, a still domain for religion, where we may seek the peace which the world cannot bestow.

But to return from this digression. Venerable as many of the city churches are in the antiquity of their foundation, London was old when the oldest of them rose under the hands of their Norman builders, for they stand amidst the interred remains of Roman buildings; and the first Bishops of London reared their cathedral amidst the remains of a great Roman temple where St. Paul's now stands. The site which was destined to be occupied by the famous City of London does not seem to have been fortified by the Roman legions so early as Colchester, Verulam, or York. Londinium, the "city of ships," is not mentioned by Cæsar; and it is supposed that the Roman standards were first erected there in the reign of Claudius, and more than a century after Julius Cæsar's invasion of Britain. The first Roman colonists appear to have established their station upon the plateau of land lying between the river and the fenny ground of Moorfields, bounded longitudinally by the Wallbrook (which was then a stream, navigable for boats as far as where Coleman Street now stands), and by the Langbourne on the East. Londinium had become a place much frequented by merchants, and a great depôt of merchandize as early as the time of Tacitus, who so describes it in his Annals, and it subsequently became a colonia under the name of "Augusta." It seems to have then extended from Blackfriars to the Tower, and on the north to Bishopsgate. The city wall was the work of the later Roman period. That famous boundary extended more than two miles in its course, and seems to have been twenty feet in height. Within the area of the walled Roman city, excavations have brought to light the very streets on which the Roman colonists walked, and the floors of the villas in which they dwelt. The London of the Romans is in fact a buried city, covered not by the ashes of a volcanic eruption, but by the slowly accumulated *débris* of later dwellings. The general level of the underground city is not less than fifteen feet below the present surface; an amazing accumulation certainly, to

have arisen out of the occupancy and traffic of a crowded population and the ruin of their buildings, even during the long period of fifteen centuries. The ancient thoroughfare of Eastcheap, which was undoubtedly a Roman highway, is thought to have been the principal or Prætorian gate of the garrison of Agricola, leading into the Forum. Watling Street was probably the chief highway through Roman London. Upon the line of it, the celebrated fragment of the *Lapis Milliaris*, known as "London Stone," is preserved near the spot where it was originally set up, which was within the Forum of Agricola's station, and on the south side of the street. A place now called Sea Coal Lane, between Fleet Lane and Snow Hill, seems to be on the site of the once crowded amphitheatre of the Romans.

"The remains of Roman London," says the author of the "Curiosities," "consist chiefly of portions of the city wall; foundations of buildings; tessellated pavements, often of so much beauty as to denote magnificence in the superstructure; baths, bronzes, and various ornaments admirable as works of art." A Roman bath, nearly complete, still exists in Strand Lane; a Roman hypocaust is shewn beneath the Coal Exchange; and in the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate, is the only remaining bastion of London wall.

The lower courses of masonry of the wall are perhaps the most considerable of the underground remains of Londinium. There are some curious examples of Roman embankments. Thus, the course of the Wall-brook was embanked with wooden piles; the ground on which the Custom House stands was gained from the Thames; and upon the river from the Custom House to the Tower were wooden embankments upon which stood Roman villas, that were probably adorned by the arts cultivated on the Tiber. In removing some wooden houses on the site of Tower Royal in 1852 (a place where the kings of England had a castle as early as the time of Stephen) the remains of one of these Roman villas were found, surrounded by a strange *débris* of horns, tusks, and other remains of animals of chase, with fragments of Roman pottery. But the abodes of Roman luxury were not confined to the line of the river. Some curious remains were recently discovered under the deepest foundations of the old Excise Office in Broad Street, a locality formerly the site of Sir

Thomas Gresham's mansion and of his munificent collegiate foundation. The tessellated pavement here found *in situ* was thirteen feet below the surface. A Roman villa (the fine pavement of which was deposited in the British Museum) stood on the site recently occupied by the Hall of Commerce, and now by the Bank of London. Another pavement was found near the church of St. Helen, Bishopsgate; and in Leadenhall Street, opposite to the portico of the East India House, the most magnificent tessellated pavement yet found in London, was discovered at a depth of nine feet. Southward, in Goodman's Fields (Minories), and eastward, in Spitalfields, were the cemeteries of Roman London.

But the elaborate temples and dwellings of the Romans, entombed like their own sepulchral urns, are not the only subterranean curiosities of the metropolis. Many crypts and structures of mediæval time exist below the present level of our streets, and they form characteristic remains of the London of the Norman kings, and their immediate successors. Of this class of monuments, the crypt or range of vaults beneath the White Tower is perhaps the oldest specimen. Every ancient part of that celebrated "palace-fortress" seems impressed with its chequered memories; and with these silent and gloomy chambers—hardly penetrated by the light of day, or by the sounds of the busy life around—many touching remembrances of captivity and suffering are associated; but beyond these regal, historic walls, many fine though less ancient crypts have been preserved in a perfect state down to the present century, though the superstructures have disappeared.

The well-known crypt of Gerard's Hall was an unsurpassed monument of our early domestic architecture. It was sacrificed to a new street in 1852. This was a work of the first half of the thirteenth century, in and after which age several wealthy merchants appear to have inhabited houses built on vaulted crypts. The hall too had become identified with domestic architecture in the following century, and houses began to rise to a third story. Remarkable for its fine character, extent, and preservation, rather than for antiquity, is that celebrated undercroft, the crypt of Guildhall—the only portion of the building erected in 1411 that escaped the fire.

Of ecclesiastical crypts, the City of London possesses several

examples, for the crypts remain of many of the old City churches, the superstructures of which were destroyed in the Great Fire; but they are for the most part applied to vile and sacrilegious uses. Perhaps the oldest is the Norman crypt of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. A crypt of the destroyed church of St. Martin, regarded as in part the work of William of Wykeham, was found in clearing ground for the New Post Office. In Corbet Court, off Gracechurch Street, is one (now or lately used as a wine-cellar), having near to it what seems to have been in former times a holy dipping-well. Many subterranean chapels became wine-cellars for adjacent taverns. Several monastic crypts are found under houses in different parts of the City, and their dark ruinous state contrasts strongly with their original use; while their architecture shows that in the "Ages of Faith" more labour, taste, and money were devoted to an ecclesiastical crypt below the surface of the ground than in modern days we see bestowed on the new churches that rise under the auspices of Committees and Church-building Commissioners. Of monastic remains in the City the crypt of the refectory of St. Bartholomew's Priory, Smithfield, presents perhaps the finest specimen of early-English work.

Regal Westminster can boast some ancient remains of this character more eminent in their associations than those of municipal London. Norman vaulted work—as massive as that within the White Tower of Gundulph—existed until 1823 beneath the old House of Lords, formerly the Parliament chamber—a structure probably raised by Henry II. on the ancient foundation-work of Edward the Confessor, and which was almost the only considerable part of the old Palace of Westminster, excepting the venerable hall, that escaped destruction by the fire in the reign of Henry VIII. These crypts had been used as the kitchen of the Anglo-Norman palace.

Apropos of Westminster Hall. It has sometimes been stated that this magnificent edifice was built as a dining-hall by Richard II., but its construction is to be referred to at least two very distinct periods. It is well known to have been originally built by William II., and to be in a considerable part of its actual fabric nearly three centuries older than the time of Richard II., though

it may almost be said to have been rebuilt in A.D. 1395, for that king caused it to be extensively repaired in walls, windows, and roof, "with marvellous works," to use the language of the old chronicler, "and at great cost."* It has been suggested, and indeed is not improbable, that on the works in 1395 the taste of

* In the repairs of the building which were in progress under the direction of Sir Robert Smirke in 1835, the work of the Norman king and that of the last of the Plantagenets was clearly distinguishable, and many features of the Norman architecture of the original Hall were discovered, as, for example, an arcade of small arches connecting the range of windows in what may be called the clerestory. They had been continued on both sides for the whole length of the hall, and opened into a mural passage running along the sides of the building like that in the keep of Rochester Castle, which was reached probably by that Norman staircase in the south-east angle of the Hall, which was altered by Richard II. The materials of many of these arches are described to have been used as ashlar-work in the great alterations made by that king at the close of the fourteenth century. Two of the original Norman windows were lately visible within the Hall, on each side of the great south window; and distinct remains were found of Norman doorways on the level of the basement story of the old palace, which doorways gave access to the Hall from the outer court of St. Stephen's. Of the form of the Norman roof, and the mode in which it was supported, nothing is known; but it certainly was not similar to the present one. Mr. S. Smirke, the eminent architect, in a valuable account of the architecture of Westminster Hall and of the discoveries made during the works of 1835, printed in "*Archæologia*," vol. xxvi. pp. 406, 414, and vol. xxvii. p. 135, remarks that this famous roof, which is nearly of the same date as the roof at Eltham, has been erroneously deemed the widest roof in Europe without any intermediate support, for, notwithstanding its enormous span, which averages sixty-seven feet, there are two examples in Italy which surpass it.

The contract for mason-work of the corbels on the alterations of the roof in A.D. 1395 may be seen in Rymer's "*Fœdera*," vol. vii. p. 794; and see Rot. Pat. 17 Ric. II. part I. no. 1, and Cart. 18 Ric. II. And for a description by Mr. Willement of the heraldic decorations found on the corbels on which the great curved ribs appear to rest, see Collect. Topog. et Gen. vol. iii. p. 55.

The present pavement was laid on the level of the floor of Purbeck stone which formed the level of the Hall in Richard II.'s time. The work called the Galilee (abutting on the southern end of the great Hall), which was finished at some time after the 31st Edw. III., was adapted by Richard II., by means of a flight of steps, to an approach from the great Hall to the chapel of St. Stephen and the principal chambers of the palace.

the illustrious William of Wykeham may have been put in requisition. The legal antiquary may reflect with pride that for seven centuries and a half this eminent building has been "the very Prætorium or Hall of Justice for all England"—a dedication even more illustrious than to be a dining-hall for kings. We learn from the "Saxon Chronicle" that at Pentecost, in the year 1099, William Rufus held his Court in this his new building for the first time; and from that period what great solemnities and high festivities it has witnessed; what memorable Parliaments have assembled in it; what mighty sovereigns it has seen presiding in judgment; what a long array of grave judges and chancellors famed in history have here declared the ancient laws of England! Its memories are not more associated with great national events than (in the language of Mr. Foss) "with the high legal purposes to which it has been for centuries devoted, the venerable judges who have administered justice within its walls, and the eminent advocates to whose eloquence its roof has resounded."

The adjacent crypt or "under-chapel of St. Stephen" formed the basement of the chapel dedicated by King Stephen in honour of his patron saint, and rebuilt by Edward I., but, alas! destroyed in the reign of Victoria. The under-chapel has been recently restored. This is the chapel in which, as our readers will remember, the remains of a prelate were found buried in the wall.

An earlier and more curious fragment of ecclesiastical Westminster is to be seen on the other side of Palace Yard, the Norman crypt, namely, below the chapter-house of Westminster Abbey; and beneath another celebrated edifice which is within sight, though across the river—the chapel of Lambeth Palace—there is a crypt which is ascribed to the time of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and believed to be a portion of the palace inhabited by the Bishops of Rochester before Lambeth put on archiepiscopal dignity. But from these sunless monuments—albeit not the least curious remains of mediæval London—it is time to turn to another branch of our subject.

While time and the hand of the destroyer were removing the edifices that stood upon these crypts, and raising buildings of a very different kind above and around them, the metropolis was

extending its boundaries beyond its ancient walls, and gradually advancing to become "a province covered with houses." So lately even as the time of the last of the Stuart kings, London—although it seems to have then been the most populous capital in Europe—had extended little beyond the ancient city limits, and the houses westward of the boundary were for the most part the residences of the nobility, and stood amidst gardens bounded by open fields. At that time, of course, none of the docks and warehouses that now spread from the Tower to Blackwall existed, and only one bridge crossed the Thames. Even less than a century ago the roadway between the overhanging houses on London Bridge was so narrow that two vehicles could scarcely pass, and the case was much the same with London streets at the time of the Great Fire. They stood in blissful ignorance of improvement commissioners and paving boards. They were unlighted at night, and most of the shops were still distinguished by their painted signs. Green fields, and hills the contour of which cannot easily be traced amidst the buildings that now thickly cover them, extended to the northward of the city two centuries ago; there was neither Tyburnia nor Belgravia; Chelsea was still a rural village with little more than a thousand inhabitants; and Islington, a peaceful retreat, "the delight of poets." Nor were manners and customs in the city less unlike those of the present day. The Lord Mayor never appeared in public without wearing his robes and hood, and being attended by his suite; the merchants resided in the city, and there many of them had mansions as costly as those of the nobility who had migrated westward. At the Restoration the time had not long passed when the Lord Mayor, as Howel records, maintained his park of deer near the city, "to find him sport and furnish him with venison." He was accustomed to ride with a gay cavalcade to hunt at Tyburn, on which occasions the fox was sometimes run down at St. Giles's Pound; and Ben Jonson as a boy might be seen flying his kite near the windmill in St. Giles's Fields. In those days the feudal rights of wardship and marriage of orphans were still claimed by the civic magistrates; wardmote inquests still solemnly inquired after scolds and witches, whether any persons walked by night at unseasonable hours without carrying

lights, and whether any citizen neglected to hang a lantern at his door with a candle therein burning as appointed for the season of the year; no alehouse-keeper could charge more than a penny for a quart of ale, and proclamations were put forth to restrain the carrying of merchandise through the Cathedral of St. Paul. For many years after those times the platform and the newspaper still continued to be unknown; and the coffee-house was an institution of London life!

It was not in these respects only that the metropolis still bore the impress of ancient manners. From an early period the citizens of London had fair and large gardens to their houses, which, be it remembered, were not in Norwood and the pleasant suburbs inhabited by their modern successors, but within the city walls; and even less than two centuries and a half ago many of the "citizens of credit and renown" continued to enjoy their gardens. In the reign of Henry II. Fitz-Stephen mentions the gardens in the City of London; in the reign of Edward I. we find "the king's garden at the Tower" an object of royal care, and provision is made for planting it with pear-trees; and through several succeeding reigns the gardens of the chief mansions in the city were preserved; for the plodding citizens, steadily as they accumulated the glittering products of mercantile adventure, seem to have prized the sparkling pleasures of the garden, and to have rejoiced in flowers as well as florins. When, in the reign of Henry VI., the Grocers' Company bought the Lord Fitz-Walter's mansion (which fell in the Great Fire, and was rebuilt by the Company for the Mansion House of the chief magistrate), it stood "in a fair open garden for air and diversion," though in the centre of London, bounded by the Wallbrook on one side, and Old Jewry on the other. In the time of Queen Elizabeth the country lay open nearly all the way to Hampstead and Highgate from the rear of the large house which Thomas Cromwell, the short-lived favourite of Henry VIII., erected in Throgmorton Street, and which, after his attainder, was made the Drapers' Common Hall. Other city halls, and many private mansions of civic magistrates, had their terraced gardens, which were planted usually with lime-trees, and adorned sometimes with fountains, summer-houses, and grottoes. Sir Paul Pindar, Gresham's con-

temporary, had his mansion in Bishopsgate Street, and his "garden and park" reaching to Finsbury Square, with an ornate lodge at the rear of the mansion.

In 1675, when Bethlehem Hospital was built south of Moorfields, on London Wall, that ground was a pleasure to the citizens, adorned with trees, and laid out with turf and gravel-paths and railings, and traversed by a broad and shady walk parallel to the hospital, known as the City Mall.

The Venetian Ambassador to the Court of James I. secured a house in an airy and fashionable quarter—one that, like Ashburnham or Chandos House in our own day, had frequently been let to foreign ambassadors. It was a little too much in the country, but it was near the most fashionable theatres, especially those that kept the best-trained dogs for bear and bull baiting. Its situation is now seldom traversed by the "fashionable world," though familiar to that part of it which is in the habit of frequenting the Eastern Counties Station—it is Bishopsgate Street Without. The house belonged to one of London's most eminent citizens—Sir Paul Pindar—and its site, Mr. Cunningham tells us, is still indicated by the "Sir Paul Pindar's Head."

Gresham House had spacious walks and garden. At that time the garden of the Black Friars, though the monks were gone, had not become overspread by houses, nor had the silent walks of the Carthusians wholly yielded to the now busy world of Newgate Street. Around Cornhill were many gardens; the Minories (so called from the lands having formerly belonged to the Nunnery of St. Clair), formed a comparatively open space; and an adjacent farm belonging to the nuns, where Stowe in his youth often bought a quart of new milk for a halfpenny, was afterwards let out by one Goodman for grazing horses and for garden-plots, whence it acquired the name of Goodman's Fields. During the reign of James I., and even later, some districts that are now thickly populous parts of the great metropolis were in a rural state. Spitalfields—once the Cemetery of Roman London—afterwards the lands of the Hospital and Priory of St. Mary beyond Bishopsgate, continued to be fields; from Houndsditch a street of houses standing in their gardens, extended nearly to

Shoreditch Church, which was almost the last building in that direction; in Gravel Lane stood the then new mansion in which Count Gondemar is said to have been afterwards lodged, which Stowe describes as "a house built amidst fair hedgerows of elm-trees, with bridges and easy stiles to pass over into the pleasant fields." Linen was dried and books were sold under the trees in Moorfields; cattle grazed and archers shot in Finsbury; and Goswell Street was a lonely road all the way to the village of Islington. Clerkenwell was chiefly occupied by the precincts of the once great Priory of the Hospitallers of St. John, who, not long before the suppression, granted licence to cut timber in St. John's Wood. Mr. Britton, the veteran architect and antiquary, who has lately departed from us, remembered that only seventy years ago Spa-fields afforded pasturage for cows; and the old "garden mansions" of the aristocracy remained in Clerkenwell Close. At that time Sadler's-wells, Islington-spa, Merlin's Cave, and Bagnigge Wells were nightly the resort of gay company. In the first half of the last century the "New Tunbridge Wells," at Islington, was a fashionable morning lounge. A "squalid rookery of misery and vice" is on the site of these once pleasant gardens. In the time of James II. "The Pindar of Wakefield" was still a road-side hostelry in Gray's-Inn Road, and Aubrey mentions the yellow-flowered Neapolitan bank-cresses which grew adjacent to it.

Gray's-Inn Gardens, like the gardens of the other inns of court, are happily green inclosures still, though dwellings have clustered thickly round them, and a wilderness of brick and mortar has arisen between them and the suburban country once surveyed from them. These gardens were planted with elm-trees about A.D. 1600, when the modest sum of £7 16s. 4d. "expended on planting elm-trees" was allowed by the society to "Mr. Bacon," who erected a summer-house on the small mount on the terrace. In 1754 (and perhaps after) there was standing in Gray's-Inn Gardens, on the west side, within that space where at the end of the century there was a circle of trees, an octagonal seat covered with a roof, which seat had been erected by Francis Bacon (afterwards Lord Verulam), to the memory of his friend Mr. Bettenham; around the seat outside was the following inscription:—

“Franciscus Bacon, Regis Solicitor Generalis, Executor Testamenti Jeremiæ Bettenham, nuper Lectoris hujus Hospitii, Viri innocentis abstinentis et contemplativi, hanc sedem in memoriam ejusdem Jeremiæ extruxit. Anno Dom. 1609.” Howel, in a letter from Venice, dated 5th June, 1621, speaks of Gray’s-Inn Walks as “the pleasantest place about London, with the choicest society;” and later in that century they were in high fashion as a promenade. At that time there was an almost uninterrupted view from the summer-house of the meditative chancellor to the pleasant heights of Highgate and Hampstead, which had then scarcely lost the woodland scenery of the ancient forest of Middlesex. The Temple gardens no longer enjoy the extensive view they once commanded, when the eye ranged over the green marshes of Lambeth and the gradually rising ground, to the Surrey hills, encircled by many a tract of oak and beech-woods, but they are still as refreshing in their aspect as they are interesting in their associations, and

Still lone, ’mid the tumult, these gardens extend,
The elm and the lime over flower-beds bend.

For a scene of seclusion, “what can be more admirable” (it has been asked by a popular writer) “than the Temple? The bright lawn of the gardens looking out upon the moving pageants of the river, with the meditative trees, and the cawing rooks that seem for ever dreaming of past times, and the surrounding houses substantial and grave yet cheerful—a quiet nest, the more delightful for being in the heart of London’s vitality.” Lincoln’s Inn, too, possesses what the same writer aptly calls “the grace and brightness, the ever-renewing poetry of trees.” The once famous garden of the Earl of Lincoln, if not productive of fruit and flowers as in the reign of Edward I., before his mansion passed to the lawyers, has yielded refreshment and delight to a long succession of grave practitioners since it became attached to this ancient Inn of Court. Lincoln’s Inn is truly “a beautiful retirement, rendered magnificent by the noble pile of Stone-buildings and picturesque by the rich Elizabethan architecture of the new Hall.” Old red-tiled houses, too, stand “under whispering trees by green grassplots, and are approached

by picturesque gateways ready to admit the visits of your friends, yet able to shut out the noisy world."

The lesser inns can likewise boast the green spots they have islanded, and many antique, old-world, often stately buildings stand in their secluded courts. But emerging from these juridical shades to the garish thoroughfares, let us resume our retrospect of the rural state, at no remote period, of localities no longer green, but now thickly overspread by buildings.

The fashionable morning promenade held in the days of Charles II. in Gray's Inn Gardens, had become transferred in the reign of George II. to "Lamb's Conduit Fields," where brocaded silks, gold-headed canes, and laced three-cornered hats formed a "gay bevy" in the grounds before the Foundling Hospital. Only a century ago, Bloomsbury and the vicinity of Bedford Square retained much of their rural character. The gardens of Montague House, destined to be overspread by the British Museum (and which so late even as 1790 were bounded by fields) and the gardens in Great Russell Street, were still fragrant, and looked over open country to the green Hampstead hills.

The once famous gardens of Ely House, which still "look green in song," continued to grace the district north of Holborn long after the time when Cox, Bishop of Ely, unwillingly leased to Sir Christopher Hatton, at the bidding of Queen Elizabeth, the greater portion of that fair demesne, reserving a red rose, ten loads of hay, and £10 per annum, payable at Midsummer, and the right for the bishops to walk in the gardens and gather twenty bushels of roses yearly. The meadow and the kitchen garden, the vineyard and orchard, of Ely House, in which the bishops were famous for raising choice fruit, appear to have extended from Holborn Hill northward to what is now Hatton Wall, and east and west from Saffron Hill to Leather Lane, and to have had few buildings near them. Saffron Hill, Field Lane, Lily Street, Turnmill Street, and Vine Street seem in their modern degeneracy to mock the remembrance of what formerly flourished on their respective localities. In and long after the time of James I., Chancery Lane, Fetter Lane, and Shoe Lane intersected gardens in which were straggling lines of cottages. The district between Holborn and the Thames was not built over

until long afterwards; and the locality on each side of Fleet Street retained, until after the reign of Charles I., many features of its former state under ecclesiastical and monastic dominion. On the north, in Shoe Lane, the chief ancient mansion was the town inn of the Bishops of Bangor, with its lime-trees and rookery; on the south was the inn of the Bishops of Salisbury, which afterwards became the property of the Sackvilles, Earls of Dorset. Extending from Fleet Street to the Thames, and from the western side of what is now White Friars Street to the Temple, was the abbey-land of the white-robed Carmelites, whose ancient privileges of sanctuary became abused to vile uses while the kingdom of Alsatia flourished in the seventeenth century—Alsatia, where (as Mr. Cunningham remarks) violation of law stood in such strange antagonism to the study of it in the adjacent Temple.

And here we may glance westward along the Strand at the less ignoble fate of the garden ground of another and more famous religious fraternity—the garden, namely, of the Abbey of Westminster, afterwards known as Covent Garden. This, at the accession of Henry III., occupied the chief part of the present parish of St. Paul, and less than two centuries ago a great portion of it continued to be open ground. It was granted in 1552 with seven acres of land called Long Acre, of the yearly value of £6 6s. 8d. (!) to John, Earl of Bedford, who built a town residence, the materials of which were mostly timber, upon that part of the garden which was afterwards occupied by Southampton Street. To the place where the monks cultivated fruit and vegetables, those luxuries are now brought from all parts of England for sale, to the estimated value of £3,000,000 yearly. *Apropos* of monastic gardens in the sixteenth century, it would seem that even these could not produce a salad, for that delicacy is said to have been sought in vain for the royal bride, Katherine of Aragon, upon her arrival in England.

Perhaps no district now incorporated with the metropolis, but formerly a suburban territory, has undergone a more striking change, since the reign of James I., than the wide parish of St. Giles. That village had its ancient stone cross, its cottages and garden-plots in the reign of king John, and was remarkable

for the Lepers' Hospital which queen Matilda had founded. It retained much of its rural character in the time of Stowe, and still consisted of only a few houses amidst trees, standing near the church, while to the north and west stretched open country, traversed by roads with avenues of trees, and to the east, green inclosures, from the walls of what had been the hospital, to Chancery Lane, many inns standing upon the Holborn Road. Until late in the seventeenth century the site of Long-Acre, Seven-Dials and Soho, was occupied by "Cock and Magpie fields," so called from a favourite and then suburban hostelry. Drury house, near the Strand end of Drury Lane, where the village of St. Giles began, the only considerable mansion in that direction, was shaded by a row of elms. The "physic garden," in which John Gerarde, citizen and surgeon, culled his simples late in the reign of Elizabeth, had not been built upon a century afterwards. But early in the reign of Queen Anne the whole parish, excepting Bloomsbury and the vicinity of Bedford Square, had become covered with houses; stately residences had risen in Soho; and "Cock and Magpie Fields" became only a remembrance. Even at the accession of George III. St. Giles's Pound was at the threshold of London. Sadly changed, indeed, is St. Giles's parish; and now, amongst the dense and miserable population dwelling in the obscure precincts of Seven-Dials, upon the lands formerly annexed to the Lepers' Hospital, the modern gin-palace spreads a moral leprosy which equally separates its victims.

In the reign of Elizabeth the cities of London and Westminster seem to have been joined only by the few houses of the nobility which occupied the line of the Strand. St. Martin's Lane was a green lane, bordered by a few houses between the villages of Charing and St. Giles. On the site of Exeter Change was the parsonage house of St. Martin, with its garden and paddock for the parson's horse, whereon Lord Burghley built his fine mansion with four square turrets at the angles, which derived the name of Exeter House from his son Thomas Cecill, Earl of Exeter. The space between Charing Cross and St. James's Palace seems to have been then occupied by fields; and in the following century Spring Garden was still a garden. There the nightingale might be heard less than a hundred years ago. In the Haymarket were

hedge-rows and a few houses, and upon the site of Her Majesty's Theatre washing women dried linen upon the grass. In Pall Mall, less than two centuries ago, 140 elm-trees bordered the walk. About 1670, Schomberg House and the adjoining mansions, then newly built, had their gardens and embanked terraces overlooking the green walks of St. James's Palace; and, *a propos* of this abode of royalty, we are told that when Henry VIII. built a mansion here it stood far away in the fields. It occupies the site (as a mass of very dissimilar tenements in St. Giles's occupy the site) of a lepers' hospital—the hospital of St. James, founded in the days of the Norman kings, and rebuilt by an abbat of Westminster in the reign of Henry III. in the rural seclusion of meadows, which three centuries later Henry VIII. converted into a royal park. In the reign of Elizabeth the line of Piccadilly was known only as “the waye to Redinge;” and even in the time of George I. the road was for the most part unpaved, and coaches were often overturned in the hollow. In the reign of Charles II. the site of Bond-street was covered by bushes. The Earl of Burlington, less than a century and a half ago, converted “Ten Acres Field,” in the rear of his formal gardens, into “a little town,” and beyond them there was at that time open country. There was no street then beyond Bolton Street on the west of London. In the reign of Charles II., too, a proclamation was issued against the increase of buildings in Windmill Fields and the fields adjoining Soho. Leicester House, which gave its name to the fields adjacent, had then its spacious gardens—the site of the present Lisle Street.

Only a century ago Pimlico was celebrated for its public gardens. There was the Mulberry Garden, now part of the site of Buckingham Palace; the Dwarf Tavern and gardens stood between Ebury Street and Belgrave Terrace; the Orange Tavern and gardens flourished where the Church of St. Barnabas now stands; the Gun Tavern in Queen's Row was famous for its arbours and costume figures; and besides these places of public resort, and others of smaller note, there was the famous Ranelagh. Less than a century since, Buckingham House enjoyed an uninterrupted prospect to the south-west. In the adjacent lower parts of Westminster there were still some gardens, although the

Palace itself could no longer boast the once famous royal garden, in which the Plantagenet princes had gathered their roses and lilies and well-cherished fruit. So lately, however, as the close of the seventeenth century, Whitehall Palace and the mansions of nobles and prelates that lined the Strand retained their sloping gardens and their water-gates. The sumptuous mansions of Belgravia, and the ranges of buildings that overspread the vast space between Eaton Square and the Thames, have risen, as everybody knows, within the last thirty years.

And here we may glance at Tyburnia—that other world which has still more marvellously grown within the present century, remembering, as we pass, that Marylebone, the largest of the one hundred and seventy-six metropolitan parishes, which now numbers four hundred thousand inhabitants, and is, perhaps, “for its size, the richest district in the world,” was a small village, a mile from the nearest part of the metropolis, at the commencement of only the last century. The “White Hart” at the corner of Welbeck Street, was long a solitary public-house, where travellers stopped for refreshment, and to examine their fire-arms before crossing the fields to Lisson Green, at Paddington. In the year 1600, the ambassadors from Russia rode with their suite from the city to hunt in what is now the Regent’s Park; and so small was the population of Paddington at the close of even the last century, that the one coach which ran from thence to the city was an unprofitable speculation. The rapid growth, and now enormous rental of the Paddington estate, form one of the greatest of metropolitan marvels. A town, composed in great part of rows of palatial dwellings, has risen within fifty years round the site of a forest village; and whereas “the Manor and Rectory” were let for £41 6s. 8d. a-year when Edward VI. gave them, being late the property of the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, to Ridley Bishop of London and his successors, Paddington had attained a rated value of £400,000 a-year at the date of the last Census, a population of 46,000 persons, and 6,519 houses! It has been truly said that the story of its growth sounds like a fable.

As far as regards the increase of population, the case is not very different with St. Pancras, which is now the most populous

of all the metropolitan parishes, and is in circumference the most extensive parish in the county. In the middle of the thirteenth century, a village of forty houses surrounded the Norman church (we are of course speaking of old St. Pancras in the fields), and was lonely and suburban within even the last century.

It is not one of the least of the curiosities of London that the old Saxon love of self-government should take the form of submission to multitudinous boards of local governors; and this parish of St. Pancras has rejoiced in a remarkable development of local administrative bodies, having been blessed with no fewer than sixteen boards for paving alone, constituted with 427 commissioners, governing forty miles of road. But the whole of the huge city known as London is infinitely subdivided into local jurisdictions for paving, lighting, sewerage, and making rates; and within the metropolitan limits there have been until lately no fewer than three hundred different bodies to carry on the local administration, and an army of about fifteen thousand petty commissioners empowered by about two hundred and fifty Private Acts!

But we have not room to trace any further the modern transformation of rural districts into thickly inhabited portions of the ever-increasing metropolis. Let us pass to another group of London curiosities, viz., the eminent buildings and noble residences which, if standing, have for the most part degenerated to uses uncongenial with their former grandeur, or which have disappeared with the families of their former owners, and participated in their decay. They are to be found in various parts of London.

Crosby Hall, in Bishopsgate, is perhaps the most remarkable in this class of buildings, on account as well of its age and former dignity, as of the features of architectural grandeur which have survived its vicissitudes. It was built about the year 1466, by that Sir John Crosby who was knighted by Edward IV., and whose noble monument is in the adjacent church of St. Helen; and, after being occupied by Richard III., was purchased by Sir Thomas More, who resided in it after 1514, and here received Henry VIII., who at that time kept his court at Castle Baynard

and St. Bride's. Here "the rich Spencer," lord mayor in 1594, entertained Sully, on his special embassy from Henry IV. of France; and here the celebrated Countess of Pembroke, "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," lived many years. Its subsequent fate was sadly inconsistent with such associations. In its days of decadence it became first a Presbyterian meeting-house, then a packer's warehouse, and afterwards fell into disrepair; but when the taste for architecture revived in the present century, and "Crosby Place" was found to be the finest example in London of a domestic hall of perpendicular work and of a fine timber roof, it was restored for use at musical performances and lectures. The ancient hall, the council chamber, and the throne-room above, remain; and the place is fraught with musical as well as regal memories, for under its shadow Wilbye, and Morley, and Bird, resided.*

Of Baynard's Castle, on the river bank, which was likewise once a royal abode, the name alone remains in the city of London. Its history ascended to the reign of William the Conqueror; it was afterwards held by the FitzWalters, Chief Bannerets of London, and, having been re-built by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, was inhabited by Richard Duke of Glouces-

* On the 3rd June, 1857, the unexpired term of the lease (seventy-seven years) of this fine memorial of early London, was put up to auction. The property consisted of two shops and dwelling-houses in Bishopsgate Street; the hall, including the council chamber, 40 feet by 22, with stone mantelpiece and frames richly sculptured in the Gothic style; the throne room, a splendid apartment, 41 feet by 23, with arched and ornamented oak groined ceiling, 20 feet high, and gallery to correspond, with four Gothic windows with stone mullions, enriched with stained glass, overlooking Crosby Square, &c.; the great hall, 55 feet long, with additional gallery, making 67 feet by 27. The ceiling is particularly striking for its richness, being elaborately carved in the Gothic style, with conical pendants and arches 40 feet in height. On the eastern side are five stained glass windows, with stone mullions, and elaborate tracery enriched with armorial bearings; on the west side, six windows to correspond, of larger dimensions, and a magnificent oriel window connected by a lofty arch; a highly-worked stone ceiling; and organ loft gallery, screens, &c., strictly in accordance. The wine vaults cover a space of 2,100 square feet. These premises are let in separate portions to the amount of 453*l.* yearly. They have walls of great thickness. The property was knocked down for 5,990*l.*, but it is understood to have been bought in.

ter, and here certain scenes of King Richard III. have been accordingly laid by Shakspeare. It was repaired by Henry VII., who, with the Queen, went from this castle on the morrow of the nuptials of Prince Henry with Katherine of Aragon, and conducted to it the royal pair, who had been lodged in the palace of the Bishop of London. After being let to the Earl of Pembroke, in the reign of Elizabeth, and afterwards inhabited by the Earl of Shrewsbury, it was destroyed in the Great Fire.

The district between Ludgate Hill and the Thames, which was anciently the abbey land of the Black Friars, preserves the name at least of the great monastic house, where parliaments and other councils assembled, and where the king kept his records, and frequently held his court. Many nobles once dwelt within the precincts of the Black Friars' Monastery; and here, in 1522, Henry VIII. lodged his royal visitor, the Emperor Charles V.; here his divorce from Katherine was assumed to be decided, and here assembled the Parliament by which Wolsey was deprived.

What Londoner is not familiar with the stately old residences of great merchants that still stand in quiet courts and narrow lanes adjacent to the great highways of commerce? And if "merchant princes" had their sumptuous abodes, noblemen and courtiers had their town inns within the city walls, but the latter seem to have migrated westward before the time of the Great Fire. The town residence of the great northern family of Neville was in Leaden (originally Leydon) Hall Street; that of Sir John de Lumley, another lord of the county palatine of Durham, was in Wood Street; Shaftesbury (originally Thanet) House, on the east side of Aldersgate Street, was built by Inigo Jones for the Tuftons, Earls of Thanet, but became a tavern, and then a dispensary; London House, originally Peter House, was long the town mansion of the Bishops of London after the Great Fire; and the Earl of Berkeley's house, with its gardens, was in St. John's Lane, not far from Smithfield, the site of it was advertised to be sold for building on in the year 1685. The Fire of London, more than the change of manners, has been the great destroyer of most of the old town inns of noble families which formerly existed in the City. The notices of them which occur in wills and other documents show that persons of rank and

celebrity formerly resided in parts of the City where their successors certainly would not think of living now.

We pass on to the history of more celebrated edifices on the line of the Strand, and, first, of that stately pile of building, Somerset House, the antecedents of which may well make it one of the chief curiosities of the metropolis. To obtain space and building materials for his new palace, the "Protector" Somerset demolished Strand (or Chester's) Inn, where that old poet Occleve formerly dwelt, and the town inns of four bishops, besides the church and tower of St. John of Jerusalem, the great north cloister of old St. Paul's Cathedral, and the church of St. Mary, the site of which became part of the garden of "Somerset Palace." It was the first building erected in England in the Italian style of architecture. The ambitious Protector began his palace in 1547, but (as everybody knows) he never inhabited it; and, on his attainder and execution, in 1552, it came to the Crown, and was given by Edward VI. to his sister Elizabeth, who resided in it during some part of her reign. It passed on her death to Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I., having been settled as a jointure-house of the Queen-Consort, and thence acquired the name of Denmark House. Queen Henrietta Maria established here a Capuchin fraternity. Pepys mentions the grandeur of the Queen-Mother's court at Somerset Palace after the Restoration, and "the great stone stairs in the garden with the brave echo." The palace retained long after the departure of the Stuarts the characteristic features which had marked it in the seventeenth century; and, when describing it in 1720, Strype mentions its "front with stone pillars, its spacious square court, great hall and guard-room, large staircase, and room of state, its courts, and most pleasant garden, with water-gate, fountain, and statues." But at that time its proudest days had passed. "The venerable court-way from the Strand, and the dark and winding steps which led down to the garden, beneath the shade of ancient and lofty trees (says the author of the "Curiosities of London"), were the last lingering features of Somerset Place, and seemed characteristic of the gloomy lives and fortunes of its noble and royal inmates." Parliament having, in 1775, settled on Queen Charlotte Buckingham House, in lieu

of old Somerset House, the latter gave place to the sumptuous range of government offices which now surround the square.

Not far westward from Somerset House, but decayed to an almost ruinous state for many years before the rise of that ambitious structure of Tudor sacrilege, stood the more ancient Palace of the Savoy, so named from Peter of Savoy, uncle of Eleanor (La Belle) of Provence, who was created Earl of Richmond by Henry III., and received the grant of this part of the river-banks, by the service of yielding annually at the Exchequer three barbed arrows. As rebuilt by Henry, first Duke of Lancaster, it was a strong and stately castle. Here John, King of France, the royal captive of Poitiers, returned to die in 1364; and here Chaucer was the guest of "time-honoured Lancaster," and wrote some of his poems. But in 1381 the torch and rude hoof of rebellion demolished the old royal abode, and it remained in ruin, not only during the Wars of the Roses, but until 1505, when Henry VII. "royally endowed" a hospital, under invocation of St. John the Baptist, to receive and lodge a hundred poor sick people and wayfarers. But his work of charity did not revive the ancient splendour of the Savoy, or long escape the spoiler; and, from the time of the surrender, the extensive buildings, which had so long been the object of royal care, experienced strange vicissitudes. They became the meeting-place of the Independents in 1658, and the refuge of Calvinists; under the House of Hanover all sorts of Protestant Dissenters nestled in their precincts, and there the latitudinarian found liberty in creeds, and the debtor sanctuary in debt. Contemporaneously with the Fleet marriages, the chaplain of the Savoy carried on a like traffic within its privileged recesses. Hollar's scarce etching, in 1650, represents a still imposing river-front, a fortress-like building with embattled parapets, and square towers at the angles, but partaking of the ruins in which monarchy itself was then lying; and a view in 1792 shows the building hastening to decay. After being used for barracks, and as a military prison, the Savoy was demolished on the erection of Waterloo Bridge, in 1816, and so its memories only are among the curiosities of London. The chapel of the hospital, however, dates from the time of Henry VII., and contains monuments little known.

Glancing from these sites of regal tradition to the eastern side of Somerset House, we may remind the reader of that other collection of antique buildings, which there stood amidst spacious gardens—the once famous Arundel House. Taken from the see of Bath, in the time of “Protector” Somerset, it became the abode of nobles who have left their names in English history; and to its gardens Thomas Earl of Arundel, the magnificent collector, transplanted the noble collection of marbles which he brought from Italy.* The illustrious names of Howard, Arundel, Surrey, and Norfolk, given to the somewhat dingy streets that traverse its site, are all that remain to preserve upon this spot the memory of one of the most characteristic of the mansions of nobles in former days. The many other ancient inns and residences of prelates and noble families that formerly stood on the line of the Strand, have all shared the fate of Arundel House. Clifford’s Inn, on the north of Fleet Street, still, however, recalls the memory of the Cliffords, Earls of Cumberland.

To the north of St. Mary-le-Strand, and at the end of Drury Lane (originally the *via de Aldwych*) was the mansion of the Drurys, which flourished in the reign of James I., and was re-built by William Lord Craven, from whom the new building took its name. In its last decay, the spacious mansion became a public house, bearing the sign of the Queen of Bohemia, in memory of its former occupation by the daughter of James I. On the site of the house Philip Astley built his Olympic Pavilion.

There are many stately houses in Soho, which was a sort of Court quarter of London little more than a century ago. The south side of the square was occupied by the house which Wren built for the Duke of Monmouth. In Carlisle Street was the sumptuous mansion of the Dowager Lady Carlisle, who here enjoyed her “cherry orchard and flower garden.” Long before Soho Square was built, there were inns of bishops and mansions of judges between Chancery Lane and Ely Place. The house at the north-east corner of Leicester Fields, which gave its name to that locality, was built for Robert Sydney, Earl of Leicester, who died in 1677. Here Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia died, and

* In the succeeding article are some notices of their dispersion.

here George III. was residing at the time of his accession to the throne. Adjacent to it, on the west, was the residence of the Earl of Aylesbury, where the Marquis of Carmarthen, in 1698, entertained Peter the Great. It was named Saville House, from being the property of the Saville family. It has since become (to use the words of Mr. Timbs) a very Noah's ark of exhibitions of greater variety than delicacy. Even in St. Giles's some names of great families linger, and recall a time when the streets that bear them had not fallen into their present decadence.

But no district of the metropolis was formerly more remarkable for residences of nobles and great ecclesiastics than Southwark—that *terra incognita* to most of the dwellers on the Middlesex side of the river. As all coin collectors know, Southwark had its mint under the Saxon as well as the Norman kings. In Southwark bishop Walter Gifford founded, in the reign of William Rufus, the palace afterwards so long known as Winchester House. Park Street preserves in name, but seems to mock, the memory of the spacious park by which it was surrounded even down to the sixteenth century, and in 1814 the venerable remains of its great hall were exposed by a fire. At that time the decaying palace had been let for a warehouse and wharfs. All who know St. Saviour's are familiar with the noble remains of ecclesiastical architecture that belong to the palmy days of Winchester palace. Then, there was Rochester House, anciently the palace of the Bishops of Rochester, which, in its last decline, became parcelled out into sixty-two tenements. Southwark, too, could boast some famous hostelries. Standing with open country beyond it was the Tabard (now the Talbot), in the High Street, the inn where Chaucer and the pilgrims assembled, and where also the Abbat of Hyde had his lodging. The buildings of Chaucer's time were standing in 1602, but the oldest buildings now remaining are of Elizabethan date. The town inn of the Priors of Lewes was nearly opposite to St. Olave's church, and its crypt existed until the new London Bridge approaches were made. In Lambeth there were many ancient houses, which were formerly inhabited by persons of historic note. One of the chief of these was the house in Church Street, which was the mansion of the Earl of Norfolk, in the fourteenth century, and where the celebrated

Earl of Surrey resided; another remarkable house was that which Henry VIII. granted to the Bishop of Carlisle.

Passing from noble residences that have fallen into decay, we may glance at another interesting class of London curiosities—the houses, still standing, which are associated with the memory of literary men. We will mention those only which cluster in the locality of Fleet Street, yet it seems almost trite to refer to the Mitre tavern, the favourite rendezvous of Johnson's evening parties; to Gough Square, where (at No. 17) he compiled the greater portion of his "Dictionary;" to Bolt Court, where he lived from 1766 to the time of his death; to Wine Office Court, where Goldsmith began the "Vicar of Wakefield;" to Salisbury Square, where Richardson wrote his Pamela; to the room in Crane Court, in which Newton sat in the presidential chair of the Royal Society; to the bay-window house (No. 184 and 185), in Fleet Street, where Drayton lived; to the house near the corner of Chancery Lane, where Cowley was born; or to the house two doors to the west of Chancery Lane, where Isaac Walton lived after 1632.

Some localities and buildings are remarkable for having seen the beginning of things that are now common and familiar. Thus, by London Stone dwelt Henry Fitz-Alwyn, draper, first Mayor of London; in the ticket-house of the Tower, the visitor stands upon the site of the Lion Tower, where Henry III. had the first elephant that was kept in England; in the Almonry, at Westminster, Caxton set up the first printing press that was used in England, in a house which was standing until November, 1845, when it fell down, as if in anticipation of its doom from the architects of Victoria Street; in the ceiling of the chapel royal of St. James's, we see one of the earliest specimens of the decorative art which Holbein introduced; in Fleet Street the first stationery marts of the printers for the sale of books were established; in the Savoy chapel the liturgy of the Church of England was first publicly read; in the former hall of the Merchant-tailors' Company, the national anthem "God save the King" was first performed, on an occasion when James I. was present; at the western door of old St. Paul's; in 1569, the first recorded lottery was drawn; on the site of Buckingham Palace, in Arlington House, it has been

conjectured that a cup of tea was first drunk in England, the introduction of that luxury being attributed to Bennet, Earl of Arlington (it would seem, however, that tea was known east of Temple-bar as early as 1657); in St. Michael's alley, Cornhill, was Bowman's, the first coffee-house that was established, which dates from a time many years before the names of coffee and tea had become naturalized words in London; from the old galleried inn-yard, at the back of the Three Kings' stables gateway, Piccadilly, the first coach to Bath started; in St. Giles's there existed until very lately the district known as the Rookery, where the Irish first colonized London; in Portugal Street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, is the site of the theatre (the Duke's), where, on the 1st March, 1662, "Romeo and Juliet" was acted for the first time; and in Clerkenwell, on a site now occupied by a distillery, stood the Red Bull theatre, where women first acted on the English stage.

Less familiar to the public eye, but not less properly included amongst the curiosities of London, are the National Records and public collections of manuscripts; a class of historical monuments possessing inestimable value. The Reports of the Commissioners on the Public Records made known to the nation some years since the vast mine of historical riches that lay buried in the cold and dusty chambers of the different repositories of records; and many recent publications have not only explained the origin, character and contents of the respective classes of Rolls, but have afforded examples of the light they throw on the manners and customs of our ancestors, and of the condition of our towns and the country generally, from the time of the Norman kings to comparatively recent periods. The public records, in fact, illustrate every topic of national history, civil and political, social and religious, moral and material, and may be truly said to form materials for history unequalled in the world. The earliest and most celebrated of our documentary curiosities is "Domesday Book," the Register of the lands of England which was framed by direction of William the Conqueror, and which, treasured in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, still remains in pristine freshness, fair and legible as when first written. It is the earliest English record in existence, and Spelman, in his anti-

quarian enthusiasm, pronounced it the most noble as well as ancient written monument of Britain. It is a travelled book, for, in early times, precious as it was always deemed, it occasionally accompanied the king's judges on their circuit. It was originally deposited in the Chapter House at old royal Winchester, and afterwards was usually kept, with the great seal, in the King's Exchequer at Westminster, but in the reign of Queen Anne it was deposited in the Chapter House, which was repaired for the reception of public records soon after 1705.

As to the public collections of manuscripts in the British Museum and elsewhere in London, a separate article might be devoted to the merest outline of their more remarkable features, and on the present occasion we cannot enter on this tempting ground. The oldest existing library in the metropolis is that of Lincoln's-Inn, which can boast a magnificent collection of juridical works and manuscripts little known beyond the circle of legal students and practitioners. It was founded in 1497.

The Registry of Wills in Doctors' Commons is in itself a treasure-house of documentary curiosities. Its locality, moreover, constitutes one of the most curious features of the metropolis. Even the dreaded penetralia of Chancery Lane cannot boast anything equal to the seclusion, the silence, the mystery, and the shade of Doctors' Commons—that imposing old-world region, where the hopes and fears, the frailties, the passions, the loves, the charities of many lives are discerned, in ever-shifting variety, as in a *camera obscura*. It seems to form the citadel of the Civil and Canon Law, in the midst of the busy commercial life of the nineteenth century, and its very atmosphere and aspect are redolent of antiquity. We have no room left for going into the history of Doctors' Commons; but it appears that the Civilians and Canonists lived in a collegiate manner, taking commons together, as early as the time of Elizabeth, and they have still their common-hall. According to the dictum of Her Majesty's Solicitor General on a debate last session, their learned successors in these sombre precincts do not enjoy “the clear light of day;” but in their ancient twilight they still attract to themselves a multitude of transactions that affect the dearest interests of society, and relate as well to the living as the dead. In Doctors' Com-

mons is the Court of Arches—removed thither from the Norman arcades of St. Mary-le-Bow—a court of ill-omen to married people, and possessing if not exercising the grave attributes of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. In Doctors' Commons is the Consistory Court of the Bishop of the diocese; the High Court of Admiralty of the Seas, before the judge of which tribunal a silver oar is carried as the emblem of his office; and the Court where wills have long been proved and administrations granted within the Prerogative of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and where causes testamentary are heard. In Doctors' Commons is the Faculty Office, from which dispensations formerly issued to eat flesh on prohibited days, and in which faculties to Notaries and dispensations to the Clergy are still granted. In Doctors' Commons are various episcopal registries, where you get licenses for marriage in ominous proximity to the offices in which people sue for divorce; and where, if you are fortunate enough to possess *bona notabilia* in the province, your executors will carry your will. The Prerogative Office is one of the most remarkable features of Doctors' Commons. In the year 1853-1854, no less than from thirteen thousand to fourteen thousand wills were proved here, representing property worth more than fifty millions, and five thousand administrations were granted of the effects of intestate persons. So much for Doctors' Commons—a convenient loophole of retreat from which

to see the stir
Of the great Babel and not feel the crowd.

But here we must bring our survey to a close. It has been directed to the London of the Past rather than of the Present; for, as it would not be possible to describe all the curiosities of the great Metropolis in the limits of an article, we have grouped together those only which relate in particular to its history and progress. London is a metropolis of marvels; and the well-known features which surround and are most familiar to the Londoner in his daily life, are not less worthy of attention than those connected with its history—they are themselves curiosities without an equal in the world. Where can we find anything to compare with “the wonderful immensity of London”—a province of brick and mortar that has an area of 115 square miles, a popu-

lation exceeding that which dwells in the 16,000 square miles of Denmark, and assessed property exceeding 12,000,000*l.* in value—an amount far beyond that of the whole kingdom of Scotland? Where (it has been asked) can we see such masses of population as throng the streets of London? Where such a variety of human life—of “many-languaged men”? Where can we see such brilliant gatherings of rank; such patrician splendour and refinement; such vast commercial wealth? What, indeed, is the city of the genii compared to London by night, with its millions of lamps and its thousands of chariots? Where can we traverse highways so commodious, cross such bridges, tread such pavements, or view such scenes as the mighty river presents from the crowded docks at commercial Blackwall to the historic palaces of ancient Westminster? Where can we see such mansions of the nobility; such priceless collections of art; such sumptuous club-houses; such breezy public parks? Where can we find such marvels in regard to the supply of food and water for the daily use of more than 2,400,000 inhabitants? Where such provisions for order and for the enjoyment of life and property? Where can we see institutions that mark such regard for moral as well as material advancement; such libraries, museums, and public collections? Where such noble charities and spacious hospitals for indigence and suffering? Where can we be surrounded by such enduring traces of the piety and patriotism of our forefathers? Where can we tread ground invested with so much historic dignity and once pressed by the footsteps of such memorable and illustrious men? Where can we see such suggestive buildings, such “petrifications of history,” as remain in London? Where a feudal stronghold with such memories as the Tower of London? Where such a noble structure of regal piety and monastic devotion as the Abbey at Westminster? Westminster, where we see allied the edifices of a nation’s faith, liberties, and laws; where, near the time-honoured abode of kings, converge the ruling forces of an empire on which the sun never sets; and where, in the sumptuous pile now risen on the ancient royal site, our constitutional legislature assembles beneath the monitory shadow of the venerable abbey—“that noble epic in stone,” which has the faith of ages and the majesty of England for its theme.

NOTE ON ARUNDEL HOUSE IN THE STRAND, AND THE DISPERSION OF ARUNDEL MARBLES.

[“Notes and Queries,” vol. iv. p. 361.]

THIS mansion, or, rather, collection of buildings, the site of which had been taken from the see of Bath in the time of “Protector” Somerset, appears from Hollar’s Views to have comprised a range of irregular buildings, principally of red brick, erected at various periods, and combined without much regard to elegance or uniformity; although its noble owner, the Earl of Arundel, who was so celebrated as a collector of works of art and a preserver of learning, is said to have been the first person who introduced uniformity in building, and to have been made chief commissioner for promoting this object in London. Arundel House stood between the gardens of Essex House on the east, and of Somerset (then called Denmark) House, on the west, its pleasure grounds extending to the river and commanding a fine view of the city to London Bridge, of Westminster, and of the country to the south and west. In this house, as Mr. Cunningham mentions in his excellent “Hand-Book,” Hollar drew his well-known view of London as seen from the roof.

Of this quaint old palace or town inn, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, was lord in the first half of the seventeenth century. It is hardly necessary to say that this illustrious nobleman was son of Philip Howard Earl of Arundel, the faithful and constant, who, being persecuted for his religion, was suffered by Queen Elizabeth to languish in the Tower, where he died in 1595, and great-grandson of the accomplished Henry Howard Earl of Surrey, who was beheaded in 1547 by “the Nero of the Tudor race.” Thomas Howard was restored to the Earldom of Arundel

by James I., and in the reigns of that king and of Charles I., who held him in honour, received other marks of royal favour. His chief distinction, however, was derived from his munificent patronage of learning and the arts. He is called "the only great subject of England who by his conversation and great collections set a value" on the ancient productions of transalpine lands; and he began, about 1614, to decorate with the precious and costly works of art which he had collected in Greece and in his beloved Italy, the galleries and gardens of his palace in the Strand. The earl departed this life at Padua on the 4th October (or, as another account* says, the 26th September), 1646, in the sixty-first year of his age, and was interred at Arundel. He had been two years before created Earl of Norfolk, in consideration of his lineal descent from Thomas de Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, a younger son of King Edward I. His will (which he had made at Dover six years before his death) was proved in the Prerogative Court, and is printed in the "Howard Anecdotes." His marbles, medals, statues, books, and pictures (he is said to have possessed "a larger number of Hans Holbein's works than any other person, and to have been the first nobleman of our nation who set a value on them"), formed at that period† one of the finest and most splendid collections in England. Many of the articles of *vertu* and of the books were during his lifetime in the possession of Alatheia his countess (who was third daughter and co-heir of Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury), from whom some of them were obtained by his younger son, Sir William Howard (the unfortunate Viscount Stafford, who was beheaded in 1680, on perjured testimony); and a portion of the marble statues and library devolved upon Henry Frederick, his eldest son, who, in his father's lifetime, was summoned to Parliament as Lord Mowbray, and succeeded him as Earl of Arundel, and who died in 1652, leaving Thomas, his eldest son, who became Earl of Arundel, Surrey, and Norfolk, and was, at the Restoration in

* "Hist. Anecdotes of some of the Howard Family," by Mr. Charles Howard of Greystoke. 8vo. Lond. 1769. The writer became Duke of Norfolk on the death of his cousin Edward, eighth duke, in 1777.

† See Sir Chas. Young's Preface to the (privately printed) Catalogue of MSS. given to the College of Arms by Henry Duke of Norfolk.

1660, restored to the Dukedom of Norfolk, with limitation to the heirs male of his father. This nobleman died unmarried in 1677, and his brother Henry (who had been created Earl of Norfolk, and in 1672 Earl Marshal of England, to him and the heirs male of his body, with other limitations in default,) thereupon became sixth Duke of Norfolk. By him the marbles and library were finally dispersed.

The Royal Society had held their meetings since the Fire of London at Arundel House; and we find that Evelyn author of the *Sylva*, one of the founders of the Society, observing in 1667 "these precious monuments miserably neglected, and scattered up and down about the garden and other parts of Arundel House, and how exceedingly the corrosive air of London impaired them," induced the last-named nobleman to bestow on the University of Oxford "his Arundelian marbles, those celebrated and famous inscriptions, Greek and Latine, gathered with so much cost and industrie from Greece, by his illustrious grandfather the magnificent Earl of Arundel."—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 295.

In 1676, Mr. Evelyn induced the Duke to grant to the Royal Society the Arundel library, into which many of the MSS. formerly belonging to Lord William Howard (the famous ancestor of the Earl of Carlisle), who died in 1640, had found their way from Naworth Castle in the lifetime of Thomas Earl of Arundel. In the same volume of Evelyn's *Diary*, p. 445, is a minute, under date 29th August, 1678, from which it appears that he was then called to take charge of the books and MSS., and remove, to the then home of the Royal Society in Gresham College, such of them as did not relate to the office of Earl Marshal and to heraldry, his grace intending to bestow the books relating to those subjects upon the Heralds' College. It is known, however, that many chronicles and historical MSS. of great value formed part of the donation to the College of Arms; and it would appear from a document in the handwriting of Sir William Dugdale, referred to by Sir Charles Young, that many monastic registers and cartularies which were taken to Gresham College, had nevertheless been intended by the Duke for the college over which, as Earl Marshal, he presided. This nobleman died 1684.

In 1678, Arundel House itself was demolished.* This was done pursuant to an Act of Parliament, which had been obtained for the purpose of entailing the estate on heirs male, exempt from being charged with jointures or debts, and empowering the Duke to let a part of the site of the house and gardens to builders, at reserved ground-rents, which were to form a fund for building a mansion for the family on that part of the gardens adjacent to the river. The house was planned by Wren, but the design was abandoned about the year 1690, when Henry seventh Duke of Norfolk, who was a favourite of William Prince of Orange, obtained an Act of Parliament empowering him to lease the remainder of the garden-ground for a term of forty-one years, and to appropriate to himself the fund which had accumulated. He accordingly let the ground to Mr. Stone of New Inn, an attorney, and buildings of a very different character to the palatial mansion that had been contemplated, ere long overspread the site of Arundel House. The seventh Duke died in 1701. It appears that his friend King William had made him Governor of Windsor Castle; but at his death 12,000*l.* were due to him for arrears of salary, which sum it is said was never paid.

The museum of objects illustrative of natural history, and great part of the furniture of Arundel House, were removed to Stafford House (situated without Buckingham Gate, where Stafford Row was subsequently built), in which house, in the year 1720, the Duchess of Norfolk, consort of Thomas eighth Duke, sold an immense quantity of plate, jewels, furniture, pictures, and curiosities. Besides these, however, many family *reliques* were at that time in the hands of different branches of this noble family, as, for example, the grace-cup of St. Thomas of Canterbury (which had belonged to Thomas Earl of Arundel, and is now in the possession of Philip Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby Castle), and the wand of office of High Constable of England, formerly used by the Earl, and which in 1757 was in the possession of the Earl of Stafford.

Of the fate of the marbles which remained at the time of the destruction of Arundel House, some interesting particulars are given by Mr. James Theobald in a letter written from Surrey Street,

* Cunningham's Hand Book, quoting Walpole's Anecdotes, ii. 153.

10th May, 1757, and addressed to Lord Willoughby de Parham, President of the Society of Antiquaries.

“As there were many fine statues, basso-relievos, and marbles, they were received,” says Mr. Theobald, “into the lower part of the gardens, and many of them were placed under a colonnade there; and the upper part of the grounds, next the Strand, was let to builders, who continued the street next the Strand, from Temple Bar towards Westminster, and built thereon the several streets called Arundel, Norfolk, and Surrey Streets, leading from the Strand as far as the cross street called Howard Street, which ran parallel therewith. A cross wall was built to separate the ground let for building from that reserved for the family mansion; and many of the workmen, to save the expense of carrying away the rubbish, threw it over this cross wall, where it fell upon the colonnade, and at last by its weight broke it down, and, falling upon the statues and marbles placed there, broke several of them. A great part of these statues, in that sad condition, were purchased by Sir William Fermor, from whom the present Earl of Pomfret is descended, and he removed them to his seat at Easton Neston in Northamptonshire, where he employed some statuary to repair such as were not too much dilapidated. There they continued until the year 1755, when the present countess made a present of them to the University of Oxford. In this collection was the famous sleeping Cupid represented lying on a lion’s skin, to express his absolute dominion over fierceness and strength, some roses being scattered on the skin, probably as emblems of silence and secrecy, as Cupid presented that flower to Harpocrates, the god of silence, as a bribe to him to conceal the amours of his mother, to whom the rose is also supposed to be sacred. Below the foot of Cupid on the cushion is the figure of a lizard, which some have supposed to have been placed here as a known ingredient of great efficacy in love-charms; others, as a proper attendant on those who sleep, from an opinion that this reptile wakes them on approach of danger. But the real design of the sculptor is, rather to perpetuate his name by this symbol, for it was Saurus. The Romans, observing how much the Grecian sculptors excelled them in this art, whenever they employed them to execute any work of this sort forbade them to

put, as had been customary, their names to their works; and Pliny tells us that Saurus had recourse to the expedient of putting the lizard upon this figure, as well as on another which he executed jointly with Batrachus, on which they were not permitted to put their names; they therefore placed on the bases the figures of a frog and a lizard.

“Some other of these broken statues, not thought worth replacing, were begged by one Boyder Cuper, who had been a servant (I think gardener) to the family, and were removed by him to decorate a piece of garden ground which he had taken opposite Somerset water-gate, in the parish of Lambeth,* which at that time was a place of resort for the citizens and others in holiday time, still called after him by the name of Cuper’s, and thence corruptly Cupid’s Gardens, which were much of the same nature as Sadler’s Wells and Mary’Bone Gardens. Here they continued for a considerable time, till Mr. John Freeman of Fawley Court, near Henley-on-Thames, and Mr. Edward Waller of Beaconsfield, observing something masterly in the designs and drapery of several of them, desired I would treat with Mr. John Cuper for them. I agreed with him for 75*l.*, and they were divided between these two gentlemen, and sent part to Fawley Court, and part to Beaconsfield, where they remain.

“What statues and broken fragments yet remained undisposed of in Arundel Gardens, the Duke obtained leave from the Crown to remove across the water, just on the opposite shore, to a piece of waste ground in the manor of Kennington, belonging to the Principality of Wales; and one Mr. Arundel, a relation of the Duke’s, I think, at the latter end of the reign of King Charles II. or King James II., did obtain a grant of the said piece of ground at a small rent for a term of years, which was renewed on paying a fine.” (These are again referred to.)

“What were thought not worth removing were buried in the foundations of the buildings in the lower parts of Norfolk Street, and the other buildings on the gardens. Mr. Aislabie, who inhabited one of these houses, found a broken statue in his cellar, which he carried to his seat in Yorkshire; and he tells me there is a sarcophagus in the cellar of Mr. James Adamson, who lives

* The Waterloo Bridge Road now runs over these gardens.

in the corner house on the left hand going into the lower part of Norfolk Street.

“As to those carried over the water and laid on the Prince of Wales’ ground, Mr. Arundel, soon after he obtained the grant of the ground, let it for a timber-yard, and the person who took it built up a wharf; and when the foundation of St. Paul’s was laid,* great quantities of the rubbish were brought over thither to raise the ground, which used to be overflowed every spring tide, so that, by degrees, these statues and other marbles were buried under the rubbish, and lay there for many years forgotten. About 1712 this piece of ground was rented by my father, who, on digging foundations, frequently met with some of these broken fragments, which were taken up and laid on the surface of the ground. The late Earl of Burlington having heard of the things which had been dug up, and that they had formed part of the Arundel collection, chose what he pleased and carried them down to Chiswick House, where he placed one piece of basso-relievo on the pedestal of an obelisk he erected there. Some years after this, the Right Hon. Lord Petre told me he had heard that on some parts of my ground there were still many valuable fragments buried, and obtained my leave to employ men to bore the ground. After six days’ searching of every part, just as they were going to give over, they fell upon something which gave them hopes, and upon opening the ground they discovered six statues without heads or arms, lying close to each other, some of a colossal size, the drapery of which was thought to be exceedingly fine. These were soon afterwards sent down to Worksop, the seat of the Duke of Norfolk, where they remain.

“There were some few blocks of a greyish veined marble, out of which I endeavoured to cut some chimney-pieces and slabs to lay in my house, the Belvidere, in Lambeth parish, over against York Buildings. The fragment of a column, eighteen inches diameter, I carried into Berkshire to my house, Waltham Place, and converted it into a roller for my bowling-green.”

Sic transit gloria mundi!

* The 1st May, 1674, is given as the time when the ground began to be cleared for the new Metropolitan Cathedral.

THE RENAISSANCE AT ALNWICK CASTLE.

[“New Monthly Magazine,” March, 1857.]

THE present age is hardly less marked by its great utilitarian works of applied science and mechanical skill, than by a revived taste for architecture, and an outward homage, if not an advancing love, for art; and while Legislators and Royal Commissioners of Fine Arts are still devising such adornments for their pile of profuse workmanship—the new palace at old regal Westminster—as may recal the splendour of the Plantagenets, the Duke of Northumberland is transforming the northern stronghold of his ancestors in the spirit in which Augustus transformed Rome, and is bringing to the adornment of Alnwick Castle such decorative arts of Italy as the martial Percys never knew.

Umbrian art is said to have been brought to England by the Romans, and to have once flourished in the territory that afterwards became the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Northumbria; the arts again came from Italy to this remote region not long after its conversion to Christianity (or nearly twelve centuries ago), in the service of the Anglo-Saxon Church; and now Italy gives her Renaissance decoration to the chief edifice of Northumberland—a country where, perhaps, for twelve hundred years Italian artists have not been seen engaged on native works. As Leonardo da Vinci and subsequent great masters of Italy enriched the *châteaux* of French kings with productions to which the development of native talent became attributable, so Italian artists of this day, at the instance of a great English nobleman, are adorning his castle with works which seem to revive the age of the tenth Leo before our eyes, and which, in combination with the architectural works and restorations in progress there under the direction of Mr. Salvin (employing more than two hundred and fifty persons), have raised and can hardly fail to keep alive a native school of art.

To those costly works an especial interest is given by their great prospective importance, their dignified character, and the historical celebrity of Alnwick Castle ; and for these reasons, and because little is known about them at a distance, we will endeavour to describe briefly what is now in progress on the remote yet not unsung eminences of the Aln. A recent discussion at the Institute of British Architects on the very debatable question of combining Italian decoration with an English castle of mediæval associations and aspect, has also directed much attention to the princely undertaking of the Duke of Northumberland.

Alnwick Castle—as doubtless our readers know—is situated in perhaps the finest part of the county, formerly commanding the great North-road, and within thirty miles of the Scottish Border. It stands upon a plateau which slopes by steep declivities on the north side to the river Aln. Stretching from its walls for miles is a magnificent park, through which the Aln gently flows by wooded hills and green meadows—once the lands of Carmelites and of Austin canons—before its waters mirror the castellated pride of Alnwick. The aspect and associations of these towers recall the days

When English lords and Scottish chiefs were foes ;

and the name of Alnwick Castle is famous in Border story from the time of the Norman conquest. Often have its walls “delayed the baffled strength” of Scottish kings and all their hosts ; often have its halls received the royal and the noble, the brave and the fair of English history. The visitor may at this day stand beneath an archway under which crusaders and the mightiest of our sovereigns passed, and which saw the gallant Hotspur, whom Shakspeare celebrates, ride forth for his country and his king.

But even in Saxon days a stronghold of some kind existed here ; and portions, besides the archway just referred to, remain of the Norman castle which was built by Ivo de Vesci, that bold companion of the Conqueror, who received with the Saxon heiress in marriage the lordly inheritance of Alnwick. At a later period—probably about five hundred years ago—when the castle and barony had come to the great family of Percy, the

Norman fortress underwent considerable changes. The square Norman keep of the Lords de Vesci yielded to a picturesque group of semicircular and angular towers, forming—as at Conway and Carnarvon—a central keep inclosing a large court-yard, and surrounded by an area defended by curtain-walls fortified at various distances, like those of the Tower of London, by square and circular towers, and entered only from a barbican or gateway on the west, which was defended by a drawbridge and all the stern appliances of that iron age. Each tower of the central keep seems to have had a distinct appropriation, and the whole of this Edwardian castle formed a fortress in which the lord might have held his own even if the outer towers should have fallen into the power of besiegers. The gate tower and its barbican (by which entrance is given from the town) retain enough of their original character to form a very bold and striking feature. An outer gateway opens into a narrow passage between two lofty walls, which was further defended by a portcullis and double gates. Within the ward or bailey to which the tower at the end of this passage gives access, some buildings stood which were removed in the latter half of the last century, so that a clear area extends round the central keep to the curtain-walls. This line of circumvallation resembles an isosceles triangle, the curtain-wall, in the centre of which the gate-tower rises, forming a base 416 feet in length, the walls on either side sweeping for the length of 680 feet to “the Record Tower,” which forms what may be called the apex of the triangle at the eastern end. The area within the walls is divided into two wards by “the Middle-gate Tower,” which connects the keep with the curtain-wall on the south side of the castle. The north side of the keep, from which there is a declivity towards the river, does not appear to have ever been encircled by the curtain-wall; and at the present day there is a modern embattled platform or terrace on that side, which commands an enchanting view over the park.

The seven round towers and original square Norman tower which were grouped together in the Edwardian keep, formed a polygon around an inner court, which is entered, as the inner court was in the days of Edward III., under the square Norman tower, and the inner face of this archway is enriched with noble

Norman mouldings. A moat surrounded the keep; over it was of course a drawbridge, and on either side of the square tower half-octagon towers were added by the second lord of the Percy line, when he executed the rest of the works of the Edwardian period. Below the porter's lodge in this tower is a deep dungeon-prison, with dome-shaped roof, into whose dreaded gloom prisoners were lowered through the floor, and this grim feature suggestively contrasts

— the antique age of bow and spear
And feudal rapine clothed in iron mail,

with our peaceful days, when none but friends can approach the noble lord of Alnwick Castle. Within the inner court is a draw-well in the thickness of the wall, the face of which, with its three pointed arches, has been judiciously preserved, and forms a picturesque feature. Several of the corner towers at the angles and on the curtain-walls form noble and commanding objects, and, with the ramparts and parapets that connect them, retain much of the mediæval character of which the keep itself has been deprived by the alterations made in the latter half of last century; and much of the curtain-wall is, moreover, of Norman work, consisting of parallel courses of small square stones. In some of these towers, warders, armourers, and other retainers of the castle anciently dwelt; others were used for stables and by domestics; while particular towers of the central keep were distinctly appropriated to the family, their guests, and chief officers. The well-known "Northumberland Household Book," which in the reign of Henry VII. was ordained by Henry Algernon Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, for his Yorkshire castles, helps one to form an idea of the regulated splendour of the establishment which the Lords of Alnwick here maintained when the castle was in its pride, which, however, it had ceased to be before the time of Henry VII.

Such was Alnwick Castle as completed shortly before the glorious age of William of Wykeham, by the second Henry de Percy of Alnwick, Earl of Northumberland, who is supposed to have added the stone figures which stood upon the battlements, and looked as if some former garrison had been suddenly turned

to stone, and fixed in their attitude of defence. Nearly all the figures that now stand on the merlons were imitated from these sculptures—many of them uncouthly enough. These strange additions seem to have been placed on the battlements to break the horizontal lines of the castle, and give some variety of outline; or, possibly, it was remembered that the multitude of stone figures before the temple of Delphi frightened the Gauls from attacking it, as they took the statues for gods; yet the Scots and Border robbers had little fear of gods of any kind, and must have soon found these stone warders very harmless. But to return to the Lords de Percy: it was the second lord, already mentioned, who defeated David of Scotland at the battle of Neville's Cross. The great-grandson of the first Henry de Percy, of Alnwick, was created earl at the coronation of Richard II. His son was the gallant Hotspur of Shakspeare, who was slain at Shrewsbury, 21st of July, 1403; and his son succeeded to the grandfather's inheritance, and repaired the castle. He also fortified the town of Alnwick. Then came the Civil Wars, in which this nobleman fell, as did his son, who was slain at Towton Field; and after these disastrous events came the losses and forfeitures which their successors underwent for their noble devotion to their faith. The castle became dilapidated; but at length Thomas de Percy—who in 1557 was created Earl of Northumberland—executed considerable works of building and repair. It was this nobleman who suffered the death of a martyr at York, on the 22nd of August, 1572, under Queen Elizabeth. After the Civil Wars and the Great Rebellion, the castle fell into considerable decay. But in the time of Hugh, thirteenth Earl and first Duke of Northumberland, Adam, the prolific architect, executed very extensive works, which, while they saved Alnwick Castle from ruin, deplorably changed its aspect. During these works the moat round the keep was filled up, and the earth was piled high against the central towers and curtain-walls. The old chapel in the middle ward was removed, many domestic offices were erected, and within the keep itself such important changes were made, that its towers were almost entirely reconstructed. The isolated groups of chambers which they had hitherto contained were demolished, leaving little more than the shell of the walls on the

outer side; the inner walls were carried into the court, and a range of lofty, modernised reception-rooms, ornamented with plaster-work, of the "Strawberry-hill Gothic" school, were formed on the first floor, to which a new staircase and entrance-hall gave access, but the drawing-room could be reached only through the saloon or the dining-room, and one room was traversed in order to gain access to another, or approached by a circuitous route; while the kitchens were divided from the keep by the open archway under which company arrived, and there was no such facility of access to the bedchambers as to connect them with the other rooms of the castle. Then, externally, all the earlier character of the building was destroyed. The narrow apertures of former days were widened, and incongruous quatrefoils were inserted in an upper range. The style of these works of 1780 evinces a desire to achieve the decorative forms of mediæval art, but is of the true Georgian type, and so thoroughly bad in its character, architecturally, that it has been found impossible to perpetuate such work. The transformations of that age, in short, deprived the castle of some its most characteristic features; its feudal dignity was impaired, if not gone; its exterior had lost the imposing features and variety of outline characteristic of mediæval architecture, and had become tame and level; while, internally, it was sadly deficient in comfort, and none of its ancient grandeur remained.

The present duke, therefore, formed a very noble design. He determined to remodel the keep or central group of towers, so as to combine suitable apartments with the retention of its castellated features, and to build a new tower, for the purpose of accomplishing that object, and also of giving grandeur and due subordination of parts to the exterior aspect. We wish that we had seen the last of the pretentious adaptations of mediæval architecture to modern mansions, and that the attempts in the present century to restore existing mediæval castles in the style of their period had not been, for the most part, such miserable failures, from Windsor downwards; but the days have come when the restoration of a genuine mediæval castle is regarded as the preservation of an historical monument full of the noble thoughts and the skill of the artists of other days. At Alnwick Castle it

is happily no longer necessary to defend the borders or repel besiegers, and the princely hospitalities of the house of Percy need not be dispensed within a fortress; but the restoration of the castle, as far as practicable, to its original character, is with great good taste aimed at in the present works. Mr. Salvin's alterations have not caused the destruction of any ancient fabric, while the new tower he has built—appropriately called “The Prudhoe Tower”—is itself a feature which gives dignity and a culminating point to the grouping of the exterior, and restores to Alnwick Castle much of its original grandeur. Two towers were taken down: one to make room for the Prudhoe Tower, in which are the great staircase, vestibule, and library, and another to make room for the new chapel, and a staircase to the bedrooms; and by a corridor projected on arches and corbels, a separate access is given to the reception-rooms, while a covered drive below affords a suitable entrance. The new chapel is a very elegant Gothic structure, with vaulted roof, and the sculptured and mosaic decorations it is to receive will give it an interior of great richness and beauty. It would not be possible to render a description of the structural arrangements intelligible without going into details which would be more fitted for an architectural society than for general readers, and we therefore pass at once to the decorative treatment of the new library, and the saloon, dining-room, and drawing-room, which are retained in their former position, but enlarged and improved in form.

The Duke of Northumberland determined to maintain in the interior decoration of his castle the distinctive dignity inseparable from historic associations, and to adopt a lofty style of art, equally removed from the decorative caprices of the day, and the rigid if not unrefined arrangements which anciently surrounded the lords of Alnwick in their castle. The question was, whether a mediæval style of decoration, in keeping with the external character of the building, was to be adapted to the requirements of modern splendour, or whether that classical style of art, which is associated in Italy with the architecture of Bramante and the frescoes of Raffaele, was to be adopted in the decoration of these princely halls. On the one hand, very eminent authorities hold that the art of the reign of Edward III. is capable of being modi-

fied and suited to modern requirements, the great principles of decoration being invariable ; and a tempting opportunity for adopting an English style and creating a school of mediæval decoration was undoubtedly afforded by such great works. It was said (and very truly) that it does not follow from windows and ceilings being in mediæval style, that the walls are to be hung with tapestry and the floors strewn with rushes. On the other hand, there was the absence of satisfactory specimens of revived mediæval decoration; there was the risk of failure; the adoption of the Renaissance style affected only the interior, and would not convert a mediæval fortress into an Italian palace; and there was to be seen in Italy a system of decorative art prepared to the hand, full of dignity and beauty, and recommended by the sanction of three hundred years. Accordingly, the noble duke and his accomplished consort visited the most famous palaces in Italy, built or decorated in the Renaissance style of art adopted by the great artists of the sixteenth century, and determined that the elaborate carvings in some of the churches of Rome, and the costly enrichments of some of its patrician residences, should be the model for the interior decoration of Alnwick Castle. At Rome his grace obtained the assistance of the Commendatore Canina—an artist and archæologist distinguished for his enlightened investigation of ancient art, and his valuable publications, whose recent death is deplored no less in England than in Italy; and he availed himself of the graphic skill of Signor Montiroli and other artists, from whose drawings and specifications the ceilings, and portions of the walls, are being ornamented with carvings in wood of exquisite design and workmanship, refulgent in gilding and colour, and finished in the richest style of Italian art. The ceiling of the saloon (which is of rectangular and polygonal form, and occupies one of the circular towers) has been recently completed; and the fine relief and delicate design of the gilded carvings, and the richness and harmony of colours in the panels on which they are disposed, form an *ensemble* of unrivalled beauty. A painted frieze of classic design surrounds the room under the cornice; the walls are to be covered in yellow satin of Genoa tissue; the doors are in the same style as the ceiling, and are enriched with carvings on the panels and mouldings.

Decorations in similar style are designed for the drawing-room and the ceiling of the library; but the carved ceiling of the dining-room is left of the natural tint of the wood, and the family portraits, intended to be collected here and hung on the carmine-red damask of the walls, will fitly surround the guests with historical memories of the house of Percy.

This slight sketch of the decorative works in progress at Alnwick Castle, imperfect as it must necessarily be, will, at all events, show the character of that exotic which is now being transplanted from the Tiber to be cherished on the Aln; and will indicate that they are works as far removed from the presumptuous abortions of ignorant wealth, as from that tradesmanly spirit of upholstery in decoration which has filled so many mansions with unartistic manufactures, that challenge admiration for what they seem to be and not by what they are.

But more than this: the noble duke patriotically determined that these great decorative works should be executed upon the spot, and that native talent should be educated for the purpose. Artisans were accordingly collected; a school of art was formed; and it is gratifying to see that a feeling for art has been evoked, and that most of the carvers employed are not mere mechanical copyists. It is impossible to estimate too highly the important influences which such a school so fostered may exert in England. In conclusion, then, we respectfully congratulate the Duke of Northumberland on what he is doing with so much taste and munificence; and we hail the near approaching time when Alnwick Castle—"the Windsor of the North"—will occupy its proper position among the noblest historical edifices of our country.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES RELATING TO THE CHURCH, CASTLE, AND BARONY OF BOTHAL, IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

[Read at a Meeting of the Tyneside Naturalists' Club, held at the Rectory, Bothal, on the invitation of the Rev. Henry Hopwood, Rector.]

THE earliest document in which I have found the name of Bothal—a name which I believe may be safely attributed to the Anglo-Saxon designation for a dwelling-place, as distinguished from the natural wildness still around—is the foundation charter granted to the ancient abbey of Benedictine monks at Tynemouth, by Robert de Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, early in the reign of William Rufus; and from that time to the 12th of Henry the Second, when Bothal is mentioned as the barony of Richard Bertram, its name is not found in any historical records with which I am acquainted.—The family of Richard Bertram was anciently one of the greatest families of Northumberland. The Bertrams of one branch were lords of Mitford, those of another were lords of Bothal; and they flourished from the time of Henry I. to the reign of Edward III.: many manors, lands, and villages, from the green banks of the Wansbeck to those of the Coquet, owned their sway; their ancestor William Bertram, who was lord of Mitford in the reign of Henry I., founded the Priory of Brinkburn; and succeeding Bertrams enriched monasteries and built churches that survived the duration of their race. The history of their first connection with these territories is nevertheless involved in much obscurity. It is said that a Richard Bertram—that is to say, a Richard the Fair—was one of the followers of the Conqueror, and that by his marriage with Sybil,

the daughter and heiress of John de Mitford (who is apochryphally described as lord of Mitford, Meldon, Ponteland, and Felton, in the time of Edward the Confessor), those possessions were first acquired by the Bertram family.

It is no part of my present purpose to show the want of historical foundation for this story: suffice it to say here, that the gift of "tithes of Bothal" to the monastery at Tynemouth by Earl Robert de Mowbray,* about twenty years after the Norman Conquest, may be taken to show that he was lord of Bothal; and there is reason to believe that when his great possessions were seized by William Rufus as forfeit to the Crown, Bothal was conferred by the king on Guy de Balliol, (ancestor of the Bertram family,) together with Barnard Castle, and other large possessions northward of the Tees. Another account, however, states that the Bertrams acquired Bothal by marriage; and this statement appears to rest on what is called an "old pedigree" of the barons of Bothal,† from which it appears that the lord of Bothal at the Conquest was Reynold Gisulph, whose possessions were inherited by the only daughter and heiress of his son Simon Gisulph, and that by her marriage with Robert Bertram, brother of Roger the lord of Mitford, Bothal came to the Bertram family.

I shall not attempt to elucidate the connection between the Bertrams of Mitford and the Bertrams of Bothal, nor endeavour to ascertain the precise time at which a Bertram first became its lord. The name of Bertram seems to have been first borne as a family surname by William the Fair, who was son of Guy de Balliol; and it was he who founded Brinkburn Priory, in the reign of Henry I., and who may be regarded as the head of his distinguished race.

The historian of Northumberland has said that tradition dimly irradiates the barony of Bothal for the first century after the Conquest; and it is not seen in the steady light of history until the time of Henry II., in the twelfth year of whose reign Richard Bertram, as already stated, occurs as lord of Bothal, which he held *in capite* by the service of three knights' fees.

* Hist. of Tynem. vol. i. p. 40, and charter of Henry I.

† Printed in Hodgson's History of Northumberland, "Bothal."

This Richard Bertram confirmed to the monks of Tynemouth the sheaves of corn from his demesne lands of Bothal, which, as his charter states, the monastery took by the gift of his ancestors, and it seems to show that the great tithes of the parish had become by some means restored to the church of Bothal, if, indeed, they had ever been effectually appropriated to Tynemouth.

I will now briefly advert to what we know of the history of the church of this extensive parish; but if the genealogy of the early lords of Bothal is dimly traced in the darkness of ages, still more obscure is the origin and first foundation of its church.

In tracing the history of any of our old ecclesiastical edifices, the antiquary feels an especial pleasure if he can identify the site as a shrine of more ancient worship. Hodgson, the lamented historian of Northumberland, seems, accordingly, to have beheld in the light of imagination a circle of gray Druids' stones, surrounded by the lone sequestered woods of Bothal, and the religious groves and altars of Celtic worship on the plateau afterwards occupied by the church and the castle. But not only do we fail to discover any visible trace or tradition of ancient Britons here:—history does not mention even a Christian edifice at Bothal until the twelfth century, and probably none existed until long after the time when in Northumberland the shadows of heathenism had fled from the light of Christianity.

If Bothal was a place of abode, and a parish church was founded here before the year 793, when the Danes landed on the Northumbrian coast, and marked their devastating progress by the overthrow of churches and the massacre of Christian priests, it probably shared the fate of the mother church of Lindisfarne—that venerable pile, once the abode of the Apostle of Northumbria, and the resting-place of the body of St. Cuthbert. His church was sprinkled with the blood of his servants, and with tears the monks fled from their hallowed walls to the shelter of Northumbrian mountains, while their country was abandoned to the fury of the Dane.

At a later period of the wanderings of the bishop and monks who guarded the relics of their saint, they traversed a part of the parish of Bothal. This was in the year 1069, when the monks began the third flight with the body of St. Cuthbert, and they

passed the ford of Shipwash below Bothal, on their way from Durham to Lindisfarne. One hundred and ninety-four years before that passage—

The monks fled forth from Holy Isle,

carrying the body of the saint. In their wanderings to escape the Danes, they visited many places in ancient Northumbria, which territory in later times became studded with churches and chapels dedicated in honour of St. Cuthbert on the localities where his relics had rested. After being fugitives for seven years the monks settled in A.D. 883 at Chester-le-Street, where the bishop fixed his episcopal see, and where the remains of St. Cuthbert rested for 113 years, the victories of Alfred having restored peace to the Christians in the North. But in A.D. 995, fear of the Danes again drove the bishop and his clergy from their home, and taking with them the body of St. Cuthbert, their flight this time was southward. At length,

After his many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his cathedral huge and vast
Looks down upon the Wear;

and to Durham the see was removed in 995. But in the year 1069, as already mentioned, when William the Conqueror advanced into the North to subdue the men of Northumbria and compel their allegiance to himself, the bishop and his clergy sought refuge in Lindisfarne. On the first night, the body of St. Cuthbert rested at Jarrow; on the second at Bedlington; and on the following day the fugitives crossed the Wansbeck at Shipwash, and, as it is said, rested at a spot in the chapelry of Hebburn, part of the rectory of Bothal. The present great North road runs for a few miles through the chapelry of Hebburn; and tradition indicates a spot about six miles to the north of Morpeth, near Causey Park, as the place where the monks and their unquiet burthen rested. The name of "Causey" Park is obviously derived from the ancient paved way which led along its eastern boundary on the line of the North road; and the chapel of St. Cuthbert "super le Causey," mentioned by that

designation in the 11th Henry VI., was probably a memorial of this event.

The Church of Bothal is dedicated under invocation of St. Andrew. He was the favourite saint, as it would seem, of the illustrious Wilfrid, in whose footsteps so many edifices of religion rose, and it is worthy of remark that some of the most ancient churches of Saxon foundation in Northumberland are in the dedication of St. Andrew. But of course this circumstance alone would not warrant a claim of such high Christian antiquity for the Church of Bothal. We may, however, well believe that a church had been founded here before the coming of the Normans, the tithes of the parish having been given, as already mentioned, to Tynemouth by the great Norman Earl of Northumberland soon after the Conquest. When Athelstan in the preceding century had broken the power of the northern Danes, and restored Christianity and the Saxon sway, the Pagans began to receive the knowledge of the truth, which was imposed as a condition of peace by the Saxon lawgivers. Country churches began to increase under the care of that pious sovereign and his counsellors, and the payment of tithes was enjoined by his laws. A thane's rank might be attained by a Saxon freeman who possessed 500 acres of land, and who was entitled to a place in the Council of the Wise, if he had a church with a bell-tower on his estate; and this law aided the progress of parish Churches under the Saxon kings. The ancient forests still covered a great part of the land, and the population dwelt in scattered hamlets; but there were villages in many of the most remote and woody districts, where a church had been built and a priest resided. We have a remarkable instance of this in Northamptonshire, for, thinly as it was inhabited in the Anglo-Saxon times, and considerable as is the proportion of the county then as now covered by the forest, there were existing at the Conquest more than sixty village churches. However, there is good reason to believe that in the time of Earl Robert de Mowbray the parish church which we suppose to have existed at Bothal was in a state of ruin, and was deserted by both priest and people. It is said that the church which stood at Shipwash lower down the river existed before any church was built at Bothal, and was the mother church of the latter parish;

but if this early edifice at Shipwash was dedicated, as it is said to have been, in honour of the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem, it was probably built at some time after the first crusade, and not until late in the twelfth century. Indeed, when we remember this dedication, and that the Templars had a preceptory at Chibburn, we are tempted to conjecture that this forgotten Church of Shipwash had some connection with that illustrious order of military monks.

Shipwash is not mentioned in the ancient record called the Taxation of Pope Nicholas, made in 1291, when "Rectoria de Bothal" occurs. Shipwash was, nevertheless, a separate rectory, and so continued down to 1615.*

The pious care of the Bertram family, however, raised the Church of the parish of Bothal on the site of the present edifice, in or soon after the reign of Henry I., but their old church was probably rebuilt, wholly or in part, early in the thirteenth century, to which period the existing chancel (which is of First Pointed work) belongs. The nave and aisles were replaced at a later period by those now standing.

But I was speaking of the foundation of the Church of Bothal rather than the architectural features of the existing edifice, and must revert to the descent of the barony and the succession of its lords.

The Richard Bertram who flourished in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard Cœur de Lion, was succeeded by Robert Bertram, who was a donor to New Minster, and occurs early in the reign of John as holding Bothal in capite by the service of three knights' fees, the manor having been created a barony by King Richard I. At his death in 1103, Richard, his eldest son, was in minority; but he had not long enjoyed his inheritance, when, in the 17th of King John's reign, it was taken from him by reason of his adherence, together with Roger Bertram of Mitford, to the rebellious barons. The king had shortly before taken vengeance on the town of Morpeth, and destroyed the Castle of the De Merlays, and probably the Castles of Mitford and Bothal now shared a similar fate. Roger, a younger son of Ri-

* The list of incumbents of Shipwash may be seen in Hodgson's History. The earliest named in it occurs in 1315.

chard Bertram, succeeded, and in 23rd Hen. III. paying 50*l.* for his relief and doing homage, his lands of inheritance were restored to him. In the 35th of that reign he obtained the privilege of free warren in all the lands of his lordship of Bothal. He was employed on a special service against the Scots in 42 Hen. III., and in the 46th year of the same reign he died, leaving Robert his son and heir then nineteen years of age. In the 26th Edw. I. on the death of this Robert Bertram, his grandson also named Robert, was thirteen years of age. He seems to have had a short tenure of his dominions, for he died in the 8th Edw. II. leaving Robert his son and heir, twelve years of age, who obtained livery of his lands in 2nd Edw. III., and married Margaret, one of the daughters and coheiresses of Constance who was wife of William de Felton. This Robert is connected with an important era in the history of the Castle of Bothal, inasmuch as he, in the 17th Edw. III. obtained license to make a castle of his manor-house of Bothal. He seems to have been a man of great energy and martial spirit. He was Governor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Sheriff of Northumberland in 17th Edw. III., and at the battle of Durham he captured William Douglas, and aided in defeating the Scots. In this memorable engagement, Malcolm Fleming, Earl of Wigton, was taken prisoner; and as he could not be sent to London with the rest of the prisoners by reason of infirmity, he was committed to the custody of the lord of Bothal, but was allowed by Robert Bertram to escape from Bothal Castle into Scotland* without ransom, to the great displeasure of the king. Robert Bertram was, however, restored to the royal favour in consideration of his services, and died in the enjoyment of power and honours in 1363. With him ended the male line of the Bertrams lords of Bothal, and he was succeeded in his barony and possessions by Helen his only child, by whose marriage to Robert de Ogle these two ancient houses were united, and Bothal came to the old Northumbrian family of Ogle.

Of the plan and appearance of the castle which Robert Bertram obtained the royal authority to build we have not any trace.

* Rot. Claus. 21st Edw. III. pars i. m. 27. Lanercost Chron. p. 351.

Hodgson regarded the noble gate tower of Bothal Castle, which still stands uninjured by the flight of five centuries, as the work of that martial chieftain. The shield of arms borne by King Edward III. is sculptured on the north face of this great tower above the entrance gate-way, and this heraldic monument has been referred to as a proof that the castle was built by royal authority; but we know that in point of fact it was common for lords of baronies to obtain license from the Crown in that reign to castellate their mansions. The escutcheons carved upon the tower are fourteen in number, and are arranged under the parapet on the north side and on the south (the inner) side of this massive structure. Amongst them we find the bearing of the Bertram family, and of their ancestors the Balliols; the arms of the Greystokes, lords of Morpeth, of Percy, of Conyers, of Delaval, of Carnaby, of D'Arcy, of Ogle, and of Felton, with all of which families the Bertrams were allied by marriage.

This great gate-tower is all that remains of the habitable portion of the fortress, and it presents a fine specimen of castellated architecture of the reign of Edward III. Unhappily, some tasteless additions have recently been made, which are sadly out of keeping with its venerable aspect. Only portions and fragments remain of the other walls and defences of the castle. A survey made in 1576 mentions, besides the keep, "the Ogle Tower," and "the Blanche Tower;" and Buck's View, taken in 1728, shows two towers and other buildings of Bothal Castle not now remaining.

But, to return to the descent of the barony. The Lady Helen, the heiress of Robert, lord of Bothal, survived her first husband Robert Ogle,* and lived to marry three other husbands, the last of whom was David Holgrave, with whom, in 1396, she founded a chantry in the church of Bothal, and endowed it with twelve tofts and two hundred acres of land. The two recumbent figures on a sumptuous altar-tomb sculptured in alabaster, at the east end of the south aisle, probably commemorate the heiress of Bothal and her knightly husband Sir Robert Ogle.

A remarkable but lowly sepulchral monument in the abbey

* Sir Robert Ogle was high bailiff of Tynedale, as appears by his patent 2 Edw. III. He built Ogle Castle, and was at the battle of Neville's Cross.

church of Hexham (a brass inlaid on a black marble slab midway in the south aisle of the choir) commemorates their son in the following inscription:—

Hic jacet Robertus Ogle fili' Elene Bertram filie Roberti Bertram militis, qui obiit. in vigilia Omnium Sanctorum, Ao. Dom. M. CCCC. XV°. Cujus anime propicietur Deus. Amen.

Under Sir Robert de Ogle's limitation of the castle and manor of Bothal in tail, John Ogle, who took the name of Bertram, succeeded. He occurs in 11 Hen. IV. as a demandant of the estates against Robert de Ogle, by whom he had been dispossessed.

It was after the acquisition of the barony of Bothal by the Ogle family that the little edifice known as the New Chapel of Our Lady, which stands on the north bank of the Wansbeck higher up the river, was built. It has been conjectured that a hermitage existed here under the protection of the ancient lords of Bothal, and a more secluded spot cannot be found in all the river dell; but I am not aware that there is any historical trace of the hermitage to which the chapel is supposed to have been attached. There is a reputed holy well close by the ivy-covered ruins of the building, and this may have led to the dedication of an oratory or chapel for pilgrims in this sylvan solitude. A key-stone, sculptured with the bearing of Ogle and Kirkby, was taken from the ruins to Bothal Castle for preservation, and this seems to be the only remaining evidence of the connection of the chapel with the lords of Bothal. Of its walls only two or three courses of masonry remain above the ground—for

——— a foe
Hath laid our Lady's chapel low.

Wallis, in his History of Northumberland, refers to "a sacred fountain called St. Margaret's well," situate under a bank of oaks and other trees, and this may be the well adjacent to the ruined chapel.

On the failure of issue male of John Ogle, the Bothal estates passed to another branch, the descendants, namely, of Sir Robert Ogle and Maud, daughter of Robert Grey. In the contests between the royal houses of York and Lancaster, Sir Robert Ogle, being a zealous partizan of the White Rose, was created Lord Ogle,

but this line ended in Cuthbert, seventh and last Lord Ogle. Catherine, one of the two daughters and coheireses of this Lord Ogle, married Sir Charles Cavendish of Welbeck Abbey, and was created Baroness Ogle. Their son and heir was Sir William Cavendish (better known as the loyal Duke of Newcastle); and his possessions were inherited by the Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, who married Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, the illustrious founder of the Harleian Library, who died in 1741; by the marriage of whose only daughter and heiress to William, second Duke of Portland, the estates of Bothal have descended on the ducal house that has sprung from the favourite of William of Orange.

It may here be interesting to refer to two documents—the will and the inventory of effects of Robert Lord Ogle of Bothal, the sixth of that family, who died in 1562, and whose successor was Cuthbert, last Lord Ogle. The testator made his will on the 27th July, 1562.

He desires that his body may be interred beside his parents in the church of Bothal without pomp. He bequeaths to his brother Ralph the advowson of Bothal. He bequeaths to his sister Anne 30*l.* for a marriage portion. To Sir Robert Ughtred, Kt., he gives his best velvet gown, and his cap with “agletts” and a broche upon it, and a doublet of “satten.” To his cousin Henry Ughtred he gives his black taffeta gown, a black velvet jerkin, furred with black “lame” (lama? or lamb’s wool). To William Clark, second son of Thomas Clark, he gives the advowson, at the next vacancy, of the parsonage of Shepwashe, next and after the death of “Sir” Thomas Ogle, then incumbent of the same. He appointed his wife Jane sole executrix, and Sir Robert Ughtred, his cousin, Henry Woodrington and Henry Ughtred, and Cuthbert Horsley, Esqrs., supervisors of his will; and bequeathed to each 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for his pains.

The testator was deputy-warden of the Marches under the Marquis of Dorset in 1547, and had summons to Parliament from 14 August, 1553, to 5 November, 1558. Jane, his wife, was daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Mauleverer of Allerton Mauleverer, Yorkshire. The charges of his funeral were large: they amounted to 181*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.* The inventory of the testator’s effects

remains among the wills and inventories in the registry of the Archdeaconry of Richmond. It contains many curious particulars, and affords an example of the simple domestic furniture which contented an Elizabethan nobleman.

It is entitled "The Inventory of the Goods moveable at Bothal, which belonged to Robert sixth Lord Ogle of Bothal Castle, appraised the 12th August, 1562." Part of the inventory is wanting, but from what remains we find that in "the chamber above the parlour" were five feather beds and bedding-furniture, which are valued at 12*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.*, and "the best bed-covering and five other coverings" are valued at 44*s.* 6*d.* There was "a standing bed," carved, the tester and hangings of green sarcenet, white silk, and red velvet. The furniture of an "inner chamber" of the same apartment is set down at 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* In the "great chamber" there was a "trussing-bed," (that is, a bed which could be conveniently packed for removal), and a tester of black velvet and red damask laid with lace, and hangings. There was a "red and yellow truckle-bed" and a "framed chair"—the whole are set down at 6*l.* The "chamber at the Greyshead" is mentioned, and the "chamber over the Porter's Lodge." In "the Tower Chamber" was a bedstead and furniture valued at 13*s.* 4*d.* The kitchen utensils include twelve "London platten, a frying-pan, dripping-pan, brass pots, and an old kettle," the whole valued at 4*l.* 12*s.* Amongst the linen were eight pairs of linen sheets, valued at 40*s.*, two pairs of fine sheets, and other linen, valued in all at 7*l.* 2*s.*

At that time, as for long before, a nobleman in his country castle had few books and no literary correspondence; newspapers were unknown, and there were no cards or other sedentary amusements. The duties of religion, and of hospitality to his poor neighbours, with the care and government of a household which numbered no small retinue of rude and unlettered men, divided his time with the pursuit of field sports and the pleasures of his garden. And *apropos* of these, we find mention in the survey made a few years after the death of Robert sixth Lord Ogle of Bothal, of "the fair gardens and orchards wherein grow all kinds of herbs and flowers." The refining influence of a love for the cultivation of flowers has been felt in all ages; gar-

dens seem to have rejoiced stern warlike barons of history no less than gentle dames; and on the same Rolls which record their provisions for war we find our kings taking order for stocking their gardens with flowers and fruit. Their nobles generally seem at all times to have followed the royal example in this respect. Gardeners in the reign of Elizabeth did not, indeed, aim to produce fruits of a quality and size unknown in their tropical homes, nor did botanists range the slopes of the snowy Himalaya, the Rocky Mountains of the West, or the gigantic pine forests of Australia, to bring rarities to our English gardens from the (then undiscovered) territories of the southern and western worlds. But the survey I have already mentioned seems to show that our English orchards were better furnished with fruit-trees than is usually imagined, and that the homely kinds of fruit which we now cultivate were then usually cultivated in the gardens of our northern castles, for the fruits it mentions are—

“All kinds of herbs, pine-apples, plums of all kinds, pears, damselles, nuts, wardenes, cherries of the black and red, walnuts, and also licores verie fyne.”

Of the buildings of the castle we have the following information:—

“To this manor of Bothoole belongeth a castle, in circumference 490 feet, whereto belongeth one castle, great chamber, parlour, seven bedchambers, one gallery, buttery, pantry, larder, kitchen, bakehouse, brewhouse, a stable, a court called the outhouse (yethouse), wherein there is a prison; a porter's lodge and divers fair chambering, a common stable, and a tower called Blanche Tower, a garden, a nursery, a chapel, and a tower called Ogle's Tower, and partrie, with many other pretty buildings here not specified.”

This survey (which remains in the possession of the Duke of Portland) was made 6 May, 1576, fourteen years after the death of Robert sixth Lord Ogle of Bothal, whose will and inventory have afforded us some glimpses of the border chieftain himself, and of the furniture which was brought for his use on his residence at Bothal Castle. It is sad to think how soon the days of its glory were to pass away for ever, and to contrast the now ruinous state of his castle-walls with their former magnitude and

strength. If he foresaw that his castle would be left to decay after the descent of his inheritance on strangers, we can imagine him to have wished that the memory of his family's dominion might, at least, flourish with the garlands that Time would hang upon its walls:—

Since all that is not heaven must fade,
 Light be the hand of ruin laid
 Upon the home I love:
 With lulling spell let soft decay
 Steal on, and spare the giant sway,
 The crash of tower and grove.

The parish church hardly demands any minute description. It is plain, like other Northumbrian churches, and consists of chancel, nave, two aisles, a southern porch, and a campanile with three bells. The chancel is of good First-Pointed work. The nave and aisles are Middle-Pointed. At the same period the eastern lancets gave place to the present window of decorated tracery, which seems to have been inserted about 1380, but there are three lancet lights in the south and two in the north wall. The piers are First-Pointed and octagonal, with plain moulded capitals, but in the chancel arch there are good flowered capitals. The clerestory is of elegant Middle-Pointed work.

The windows of the aisles seem of the same date as the east window. The roof is almost flat. It was added in 1496, when the living was sequestered for the repairs of the church—the Civil Wars having probably reduced the parishioners to poverty. Some fragments of stained glass remain. The church is of small dimensions, the chancel being 42 feet long by 15 feet wide, and the nave 54 feet long by 35 feet wide. The floor is considerably below the level of the churchyard.

Few parochial churches possess monuments more elaborate than the altar-tomb which is supposed to commemorate Sir Robert Ogle and his wife the Lady Helen. The other sepulchral memorials are not remarkable; but there is a thirteenth-century monumental slab incised with cross and sword, in the floor of the church, near the porch.

Bothal Church affords—like so many of the churches in Northumberland—a curious example of the influence of military archi-

ture and of the disturbed state of the Border lands upon the form and fabric of the parish church. The square-headed trefoiled arch which is so common in castellated architecture, but is so seldom used in churches elsewhere, prevails in those of Northumberland, and a campanile instead of a tower is generally found (as it is here) where the castle is adjacent, the object having apparently been to prevent its occupation by the Scots; but where there is no adjacent castle the church tower has, in many instances, much of the character of a tower of refuge and defence.

On the parochial visitation of Archdeacon Singleton to Bothal in 1826, some memoranda were made which are rather curious. The worthy dignitary says—"I found everything connected with the benefice prosperous, so that I had few orders to give; but I begged them to restore the old heraldic blazonry on the timber of the roof, and to repair the only six remaining folios of the list of Fathers in Dr. Sharpe's book."

This reference is to the books which Archdeacon Sharpe, in 1737, sets down as "belonging to the parish." It is a remarkable specimen of what was thought suitable for a parochial library, for it contains the works of St. Jerome, St. Cyprian, St. Ambrose, St. Chrysostom, and St. Augustine, Gregory, Nazianzen, Tertullian, and Cardinal Bellarmine.

But although soundness in theology was thus provided for, the campanology of the Bothal parishioners seems to have been very defective, for they had "a cracked bell," and "the little bell" wanted "a new block," and "the great bell better fixing."

The Archdeacon mentions the monument of the Bertrams, the monument of Anne Wilson, the Ogle pedigree on the wall, the painted glass in the windows, and the carved capital on the north side of the entrance to the chancel, as being all of them deserving of preservation. He directs that the "oldest register (as much of it as can be made out) be transcribed into a parchment-book, which, after having been collated with the original, must be attested by the minister and churchwardens to be a true copy."

At the time of Archdeacon Singleton's visitation the old church at Shipwash was "entirely gone down." Its font was then in the rector's farmyard. It is now outside the chancel-

door of St. Andrew's Church at Bothal. Shipwash was a distinct benefice until 1615, about which time the act of annexation of this ancient rectory to the rectory of Bothal seems to have taken place. Bothal is now the parish church for the inhabitants of both parishes. The rectors appear to have been appointed to Bothal, without mention of Shipwash, for more than two centuries.

The Archdeacon seems to have had an eye for the picturesque as well as the parochial, for he speaks of the rectory-house of Bothal as "charmingly situated at Shipwash," and says, "the walk from Shipwash to Bothal is very beautiful." If I were to relieve the dryness of antiquarian detail by attempting to describe the scenery around the gray ruins of Bothal Castle, I could not convey any adequate idea of its beauty. It would be difficult to match in any Northumbrian river-valley the lovely scenes of wood and water that are presented on these picturesque bends of the Wansbeck, and I do not know where we could find a spot on which baronial and ecclesiastical monuments and memories more happily unite to bestow interest and dignity. An amphitheatre of woods, sloping to the river, surrounds and incloses the oval plateau on which the ruins of Bothal Castle stand; and if now

No martial myriads muster in its gate,

we have instead a scene of peace and beauty that seems fitly to environ their picturesque decay, for—

Opening down some woodland deep
In their own quiet glade should sleep
The relics dear to thought;
And wild-flower wreaths from side to side
Their waving tracery hang, to hide
What ruthless Time has wrought.

A DAY IN YORK.

[The "New Monthly Magazine," October, 1857.]

IN the August of the present year I visited York, on a bright day, when the repose of that usually quiet old city was broken by a great meeting—an agricultural, horticultural, and archæological invasion. Fat beeves and mysterious clod-compelling engines gathered wondering rustics in the streets and aristocratic patrons in the show-ground; graceful forms in gay attire moved within the ancient shadows of York; and many animated groups were scattered on the soft turf of those charming gardens which were once the secluded *pleasance* of the black-robed monks, but now surround the Museum of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society; while in the Museum itself a multitude of curious objects, from Saurian fossils to Shakspearian relics, had been gathered in honour of the occasion.

The journey to the old city was made through a country marked by many historical associations, and, like York itself, by the successive footsteps of the Britons and the Romans, the Saxons and the Danes. I left the smoky town of Newcastle as the sun's level rays fell upon its massive Norman keep and well-known spire, and saw the distant wood-environed towers of Durham stand out grandly against a sky irradiated by rich hues of sunset; and next, the plain tall spire of Darlington marked the southern limit of St. Cuthbert's ancient halidom; and then the cultivated plains and woods, church towers, and distant hills of Cleveland were seen in a mellowed light, for the sunset glories had faded into exquisite gradations of pale tint from gold to sapphire, for some time before the minster towers of York were visible, rising cold and grey against the eastern sky—those minster towers, which, seen from afar over the wide cultivated vale, so fitly mark the chief cathedral city of the northern province. And then,

pacing round the vast cathedral by moonlight, how solemn and impressive it looked when the rising moon lighted up its grey shadowy mass; and the dim outline, far above, of soaring roofs and towers and lonely pinnacles rose under the starry vault of summer night, and the gigantic buttresses and forms of traceried stone stood out in the soft radiance, relieved by deepest shadow, and the buildings of the cathedral-close stood in their quaint dark forms around. At such a time, when the busy inhabitants are at length silent, and the streets, but lately thronged, are empty, images of the past come to take the place of actual life, and one is tempted to retrospect and contemplation. I thought of the days when no Christian minster hallowed this spot; and of the long space of time, from the coming of the Sixth Legion to Britain in the reign of Hadrian down to the departure of the Romans, during which York was the principal station of the whole province, and (more than London) the *altera Roma* of Britain, the residence of Roman emperors on their visits and of imperial legates in their absence, and the place where the emperors Severus and Constantius Chlorus died. I thought of the times when Eboracum—pre-eminent among Roman stations—stood here with all its temples, palaces, villas, and baths, the city inclosed by a wall with a rampart mound on the inner side and a fosse without, and four strong towers at the angles (of which a finely preserved specimen remains to this day in the Museum Gardens), and four gates, from which ran military roads that connected it with the roads which traversed Britain in every direction and crossed its lonely wastes and primeval forests, the road to the north for some distance out of the city being bordered by the tombs and memorials of the dead. And then, after a long dark interval, during which the Saxons set up Thor and Woden in the shrines consecrated by Helena, came the days when Anglo-Saxon bishops reared at York a Christian Church amidst the ruins of the Roman town; for there, twelve hundred and thirty years ago, Edwin, King of Northumbria—renouncing the superstitions of his fathers—received baptism at the hands of Paulinus; so that if Canterbury became what it did from the circumstance that Ethelbert, King of Kent, was there converted by Augustine the brother-missionary of Paulinus, York was the scene of an

event not less conspicuous in the history of the northern province. Wherever the Roman founded a colony he carried there the arts and luxuries of Rome, and he has left elaborate pavements and other remains to tell of his footsteps and abode under our northern skies. In like manner, elaborate churches and episcopal schools of learning rose where the early bishops raised the standards of Christ; and so eminent had the school of York become in the eighth century, that scholars resorted to it even from the empire of Charlemagne, and the illustrious Alcuin sent to this his native city for classical manuscripts that could not be found in France. And just as, in the days of the Romans, ships built in the Roman ports of Chichester and Colchester resorted to York, so, in Alcuin's time, it was a great mercantile emporium, visited by vessels from foreign ports, and was at all events one of the greatest, if not the chief, of Anglo-Saxon cities.

But if a walk by moonlight beneath the towers of the great minster which, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, succeeded to the cathedral of the Anglo-Saxon bishops, tempts to retrospect, the whole aspect of the old city, even by garish day, seems to reflect the times when mediæval York stood the shocks of war, and acquired its renown in the history of England. Many of its old buildings have yielded in modern days to "progress" and other enemies within the walls; but still there are few of our historic cities that retain features more characteristic of bygone times than York. Half the churches, and many of the houses with overhanging and ornamented fronts, so characteristic of the Tudor and the Stuart days, have disappeared, but York still affords some interesting specimens of early domestic architecture; and you see gateways under which Plantagenets have passed, and portals from which you almost expect them to re-appear, and a few tavern signs that look as if they might have been familiar to Froissart and Chaucer. There are even some streets (Stonegate, for instance) which are so antique in aspect, that the imagination loves to repeople them with the moving pageants they witnessed in bygone times; but the present aspect of York must be very unlike what it was in the days when the pious old city rejoiced in more than forty parish churches, as it did when

Henry V. and his queen were at York, on their "progress" after her magnificent coronation. The Augustine, Dominican, Gilbertine, Carmelite, Franciscan, and Benedictine orders had then their monasteries here, the chief and oldest of them being St. Mary's Abbey, a Norman foundation, of the church of which, as rebuilt in the thirteenth century, the beautiful and well-known ruins dignify the Museum gardens. There were also sixteen hospitals, or charitable foundations, the chief of which was the wealthy Hospital of St. Leonard (separated from St. Mary's only by the Roman vallum and tower), and this house claimed Athelstan for its founder. Of none of these establishments do more than a few walls here and there remain; but many of their churches (having been parochial) still exist, and several of them present specimens of Norman work—indeed, the tower of the old parochial church of St. Mary, Bishophill, is believed to have been built before the Norman Conquest, with Roman materials, and to have seen the days of Edward the Confessor, when the missionary monks of Evesham (on their tour of visitation to the ancient seats of religion in the Northumbrian province) came to York, which was even then the first city of northern England, leading one poor mule, which carried their books and vestments—humble pioneers of a long line of magnificent and wealthy churchmen. Mr. Davies, in an excellent communication to the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, has assisted us to form a pleasing imaginary survey of the picturesque assemblage of architectural objects of beauty and grandeur which must have been beheld in the days of the Plantagenets, when church towers and stately monastic buildings, amid their luxurious gardens, met the eye in every direction, the great minster itself towering above them all. In speaking of the use of Roman materials in existing structures, I should have mentioned that for the unique sculptured arch which was removed from the ruined Dominican Church of St. Nicholas and is now attached to the Church of St. Margaret (a poor and comparatively modern building), an age of sixteen centuries has been claimed, and a pre-eminence in beauty over all the specimens of British-Roman art that have come down to our time: it is supposed to have been originally part of the Roman Temple of the Sun. And, according to tradition, upon

the site of St. Helen's Church, Yorkshire maidens celebrated the rites of Italy, for there the Roman Temple of Diana is said to have stood.

I mention these churches of York only by way of indicating the antiquity of its features; many other ecclesiastical structures in the city are very interesting; and as to the minster itself, a description of that glorious pile alone would of course fill a volume. Of ancient military architecture many examples remain besides the Roman multangular tower already mentioned, and the famous Edwardian walls. There are Micklegate-bar and Monkgate-bar, fine specimens of architecture of the age of Edward III., and the picturesque old circular fortress which rises on the mound that was the keep of the Norman castle of York, and has acquired the name of Clifford's Tower.

Of the domestic architecture of our sturdy forefathers there are still a few specimens, especially the old houses which were formerly the town "inns" (or mansions) of noble Yorkshire families, and which are lighted up in their fading dignity by some rays of history, from their having been associated with the great name of Percy, or Howard, or Clifford, or some other family of renown. And there is, besides, the old manor-house in which parliaments, and the meetings of the sanguinary "Council of the North," under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were held, and in which King Charles the Martyr resided; and the Hospitium, or guest-house of St. Mary's Abbey, in which the Yorkshire Philosophical Society have appropriately lodged the Roman statues, altars, and other antiquities found in the vicinity. The pavement discovered between the railway station and Micklegate, on the spot where a Roman villa stood, and the pavements from Collingham and Tadcaster, have also been recently laid down here; their coloured tesserae are of bold design, but the style and workmanship are rude compared with those of the pavements extant in Italy. The fine and spacious Guild-hall, too, though it does not date from the time of the Plantagenets, reminds a visitor of that scene in the municipal history of York, when Richard II., taking off his own sword, presented it to the then mayor, to be borne before him and his successors, to whom the sovereign thenceforth decreed the dignity of Lord Mayor. Most of the English monarchs have at some time resided in York,

and formerly they took up their abode in the monastery of the Friars Minors, or some other extensive and princely monastic house. The celebration at York of the festivities on the marriage of the Scottish king with Margaret, daughter of Henry III.; the reception of another princess—Margaret, daughter of Henry VII.—on her bridal journey to Scotland; and the visit of that monarch to York in the first year of his reign, when a pair of organs and a musician were hired, at the expense of twelpence, to grace the pageant exhibited on the king's entry at Micklegate-bar, are amongst its many regal memories.

But I am not writing a guide-book, nor attempting to indicate even the most remarkable of the antiquities of York. If it were within the scope of this article, I might pass from the silent stones of the old metropolitan city to the living wonders of agriculture that brought such a confluence of visitors on this occasion, and might describe some of the animals collected on the Yorkshire Agricultural Society's show-ground: the prize Herefords; the leviathan short-horns, placid and ponderous; the cylindrical pigs, and woolly South-downs; the fine symmetrical horses, worthy the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire; the woolly Cotteswold and Leicester sheep; and the various agricultural productions of the great grazing district of the West Riding.

In the umbrageous gardens of the Museum the vigilant committee had brought together more intellectual food, and many relics of what Lord Derby might call a pre-scientific age—medals of a pre-historic world. There were organic fossils from the protozoic limestones of Wenlock and Dudley on the one hand, and from the tertiary beds of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight upon the other; there were beautiful specimens of that extraordinary zoophyte, the Lily Encrinite, from the mountain limestone near Richmond, the stem of one of which, composed of thin cylindrical joints or rings, tapers to the root; there were sponges from the Flamborough chalk, and a magnificent series of agates from Scarborough. And viewing these relics, the thoughts reverted to pre-Adamite days, and looking over the now cultivated vale of York, bordered by the chalk-wolds, and stretching to the Cleveland hills, I thought of the upraising of those older heights, of the excavation of Yorkshire's romantic dales, and the clothing of its once submarine lands with verdure; of the

elephants and other gigantic carnivora, whose remains are inclosed in the caves they inhabited by a drift deposit of the boulder-clay period—animals which ranged the forests of Yorkshire long before the Romans established a colony here—long, indeed, before even the aboriginal Britons inhabited the country. In a distant geological age, the sea as yet covered all but the western area of Yorkshire; in other words, it was only in the mountainous district of the county that any land had risen. Upon the submarine bed, which then stretched eastward from the foot of the Penine hills, the lias, with all its saurians and ammonites, was in that age beginning to be deposited. The London basin is supposed to have been then a great estuary; and isolated heights (like the present Isle of Sheppey at the mouth of the Thames) seem to have been spice islands, inhabited by animals and plants now found only in the tropics. A petrified ichthyosaurus—a combination of fish and alligator, a monster which had the body of a whale, the head of a saurian reptile, and the paddle of a fish—was shown from the lias of Whitby—an impressive relic of that pre-Adamite world in which a lizard larger than the elephant ranged the woods and plains of Kent, and a dragon as strange as romancer ever feigned flew in the air.

But it was pleasant to turn from these formidable petrifications of geological antiquity to the fair forms that were moving in the warm sunshine on the fragrant lawn, or inspecting the human and historical antiquities displayed in the Museum, which embraced all kinds of objects. There were necklaces that had adorned English beauties in the Stuart reigns; signets that were used by tawny potentates of India; rude stone weapons of ancient Britons, and elaborate ornaments of Chinese ladies; manuscripts brought from the chapter library (which is kept, by the way, in the exquisite chapel of St. Stephen, the only remaining structure of the archbishop's palace); and the inkstand presented by Garrick to Kemble, and carved from the mulberry-tree which Shakspeare planted. And so, rejoicing that the days of ichthyosauri, Brigantes, Romans, and mediæval conquerors had passed away, but wishing that some of the glow and fervour of the monastic times could again fill the vast cathedral, I bade farewell to York.

A BORDER CHIEFTAIN'S TOWER.

[“New Monthly Magazine,” November, 1856.]

TOURISTS in search of the picturesque no longer think only of the Rhine and of the castles that crumble on its vine-clad hills; they have learned that beauty and grandeur may be found in the natural scenery of our native land, and that we can find places of great historic interest within a day's journey from London. The number of people who annually migrate to the heather hills, the gleaming lakes and mountain heights of Cumberland, show that the attractions of that part of England are well appreciated; and persons who seek picturesque scenery and historic memories will find few places so well worthy of a visit as Naworth Castle—the most remarkable Border stronghold in that county.

Near the line of the ancient Roman wall (which, starting from near the mouth of the Tyne and ending on the Solway, traversed that part of the island almost from sea to sea), that Border fortress stands secluded amongst some of the fairest scenery of rocky Cumberland, yet easily accessible by road or railway from Carlisle. It is a characteristic monument of the olden time, and is, moreover, associated with the memory of one of the most remarkable worthies of English history, for Naworth Castle was once the stronghold of Lord William Howard, “the Civiliser of the English Borders,” the “Belted Will” whose name has been made a household word by Scott. It is now the property of his lineal descendant the Earl of Carlisle, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who inherits with the great possessions of his distinguished ancestor his amiable qualities and his literary tastes.

The aspect of the castle and everything about it is so antique, that at Naworth we still seem to be in the seventeenth century, and things and people that have passed into history seem to have here a local habitation. Naworth Castle was extensively injured

(in fact, in some parts nearly destroyed) by fire in 1844, but its noble owner has so well preserved its original character in his restorations,

That Naworth stands, still rugged as of old,
Arm'd like a knight without, austere and bold ;
But all within bespeaks the better day,
And the bland influence of a Howard's sway.

Accordingly, this picturesque old stronghold even now looks as if it had been forgotten amid the changes that have transformed other buildings, and as if one might expect to find its mail-clad warders spell-bound in its court-yard or gallery, and ready, at the sound of the bugle-horn, to pace the keep again, or issue with their chieftain in armed array.

And an air of antiquity seems to pervade everything around it. The aspect of the castle is quite in keeping with its situation. Its "grey cliffs of lonely stone" rise on the edge of a deep ravine, ever filled with the low wild music of the streamlet that gushes over its rocky bed below. The trees in the park and chase are wide-spreading and umbrageous, if not old and stately. You stand upon the footsteps of the Romans, whose celebrated wall and military road remain adjacent, and whose paved causeway traverses a neighbouring waste, and you are near the ruined dwellings of barons and of monks. On the green meadows in the distance is the old abbey church of Lanercost ; and the lonely glens and thickets look as if they were still the haunt of the wild boar and the red deer, as in the days of Norman rule.

The interior of the castle preserved all its antique features before the lamentable fire scattered the ancient furniture of the warden's apartments (which were in that portion of the building still called "Lord William's Tower"), and destroyed the characteristic old hall and chapel. The warden's chambers were reached by a narrow winding stair, and guarded by doors strengthened with iron. They consist of his library (for he was a scholar as well as a soldier, and could employ the pen as effectively as the sword), of his oratory, and his bed chamber ; and these rooms, with their tapestried walls, the very furniture and weapons he used, the books he read, and the altar at which he knelt, were pre-

served so entirely in their original state, that (as Sir Walter Scott remarked) they carried you back to the hour when the warden in person might be heard ascending his turret-stair, and almost led you to expect his arrival.

Not, however, that the castle—or rather, the oldest of those portions which escaped the fire—can boast of greater age than the middle of the fourteenth century. Lord William Howard, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, died in 1640, and the castle was built by Ralph de Dacre about three centuries before. Lord William's repairs and alterations were very extensive, and the architecture of the chief part of the quadrangle, or inner court of the castle, is not older than his time, or, to speak more correctly, dates from the years between 1605 and 1620, and it is in the style of his period that the work has been restored since the fire.

From the time of the Norman kings, Naworth and all the neighbouring territory belonged to the lords of Gilsland—a martial race of barons and crusaders—of the ancient historic families of De Vaux, and De Multon and Dacre; but no towers were reared amongst these rocky dells until the year 1335, when the Ralph de Dacre already mentioned, the inheritor of their great possessions, obtained the king's licence to fortify and castellate his mansion there. He built his castle in quadrangular form, inclosing a large court-yard marked by all the stern yet picturesque features of the Edwardian fortress; and the walls being built on the edge of steep declivities on all sides but the south side, he there raised massive battlemented towers, so that the whole building seemed to bear the impress of the rude chivalry of the Border five centuries ago. And thus it was that in those uncomfortable days,

When English lords and Scottish chiefs werè foes,
Stern on the angry confines Naworth rose;
In dark woods islanded its towers looked forth,
And frowned defiance on the growling North.

The inhabitants of the Northern "Marches" (as they were called) were in those times engaged in almost continual warfare against the Scots and the Moss Troopers; the country was

uncivilised, and life and property were insecure. But we are not going to trace the history of Naworth Castle through those "dark ages." After having been possessed by the martial Dacres for two hundred and sixty years, it came with the barony of Gilsland to Lord William Howard, by his marriage to Lady Elizabeth Dacre, who inherited these possessions in 1569; and here it is perhaps worthy of remark that the Naworth property seems to have been fated to pass by an heiress—for, by the heiress of the Norman lords the estates were carried—in the reign of Henry III.—to the family of De Multon, and by the heiress of Thomas de Multon to the family of Dacre.

"Belted Will"—the last and the most picturesque of the Border lords, and the most famous of all the lords of Naworth—was the third son of that popular Duke of Norfolk who was beheaded by "good Queen Bess" for his endeavours on behalf of her royal captive, Mary Queen of Scots, whom he wished to marry, being then a widower for the third time. Lord William's mother (a second wife) was Margaret, daughter and sole heiress of Thomas Lord Audley of Walden, Lord Chancellor of England. His grandfather was the accomplished and ill-fated Surrey. He was born on the 19th of December, 1563, within a few weeks from which time his mother died; and in 1566 the duke, his father, married the widow of Thomas Lord Dacre of Gilsland and Greystoke, whose three daughters and co-heiresses—one of whom was the Elizabeth Dacre before mentioned—came in ward to the duke, and were prudently destined by him for his three sons. Lord William and his bride were born in the same year, were brought up together, and married at the early age of fourteen; and after a union of more than sixty years, he died in little more than twelve months from her death. The tyranny and malice of Queen Elizabeth, which continued him under forfeiture after the attainder of the duke, and a costly litigation for recovery of his wife's magnificent inheritance, sadly embittered his early life; but adversity in his case served to develope those qualities of energy and courage, of prudence and perseverance, which afterwards distinguished his character. The accession of James opened fairer prospects to the house of Howard, which had suffered so deeply for the attachment of the Duke of Norfolk to the ill-fated

mother of that monarch, and for the traditional fidelity of his family to the Roman Catholic faith. The king made Lord William his lieutenant and a warden of the Marches; and he was no sooner reinstated in his property than he began the repair of the old stronghold at Naworth, which during the years of persecution had fallen into decay.

He seems to have been about forty years of age when he settled on the patrimony of his wife at Naworth, and the turbulent borderers soon felt the rule and presence of a great man. While strengthening his castle, recovering his alienated rights by law, and prudently managing the great inheritances in Cumberland, Northumberland, and Yorkshire, which had centered in his rule, he captured and hung felons, and made his power felt by the sword. Of the lawless state of the Borders when King James came to the throne of England, we can form some idea from the mere fact that in, or not long before, those days, Northumbrian gentlemen of note employed and supported thieves and outlaws, and levied what was called "Black Mail" on those who submitted to purchase protection from the marauders, so that the Border country was a scene of rapine and desolation. Lord William maintained a garrison of a hundred and forty men, and made his name a terror to the lawless and disobedient. A dark prison-vault at the basement of the principal tower of Naworth Castle, upon the walls of which some rings remain, is a grim monument of the severity experienced by the prisoners who were

Doomed in sad durance pining to abide
The long-delay of hope from Solway's further side.

Yet, when Camden (the great antiquary) went to visit the formidable chieftain, he was found living a life of learned seclusion in his tower amid a garrison of warders. His private tastes and public charge so blended the character of scholar and soldier, that it might be said of him (as poets feigned of Sir Philip Sidney) that Mars and Mercury fell at variance whose servant he should be. Camden speaks of him as "an attentive and learned searcher into venerable antiquity." He had collected the Roman altars of the vicinity, and he copied their inscriptions for Camden. He was a lover of books and a collector of manuscripts (the spoils

of the monasteries), many of which MSS., once his property, are now treasured in the Arundel collections in the Heralds' College and British Museum, formed by the great Earl of Arundel, Lord William's nephew. Books afforded solace in the troubles of his early life, and remained dear to him in his prosperity; and the same hand that drew up a list of sixty-eight felons taken by him, and executed, edited the chronicle of Florence of Worcester—one of our old ecclesiastical historians. A large number of his books remain in his tower at Naworth; many of them are rare and early printed works, and some are grim and ponderous old volumes. He seems to have gladly exchanged strife of arms for the shadows of the tranquil Past, and to have renounced the political power and distinction that could be gained only in the dangerous precincts of a court.

The glimpses we obtain of his domestic life are very pleasing. When all their children were collected around the noble pair, sons with their wives, and daughters with their husbands, the family is said to have exceeded fifty in number. His domestic establishment was proportioned to his stately hospitalities, and he was accustomed to move about with a large body of armed retainers. He frequently visited London, and, when there, resided sometimes at Arundel House (then standing on the south side of the Strand), and sometimes in St. Martin's Lane. He seems to have travelled with at least eighteen attendants and twelve horses; and his expenses on each journey varied from 15*l.* to 30*l.* in the money of that time. The household book of his receipts and expenditure contains much curious information. His income seems to have been equivalent to about 10,000*l.* a-year in the money of our day, but it required all his prudent economy to make even that large sum sufficient for his great expenditure. In 1619, while the repairs of Naworth Castle were in progress, he was still so straitened that he allowed himself for pocket-money only twenty shillings a-month, which pittance he had increased in 1627 to the magnificent sum of 36*l.* a-year! He visited the continent occasionally, in pursuit as it would seem, of health and of books; and he seems to have bought the special manufactures of the towns he passed through. He frequently (as appears from the household accounts) made

presents to his wife. "A watch for my lady," in 1624, cost four pounds; "a gown for my lady in summer," cost six pounds; "a black fan with silver handle," six shillings and eightpence; and "a fine felt hat for my lady," which cost seven shillings, occurs more than once in the steward's accounts. He bought trinkets for his daughters, and provisions for his house. "Six Turkey carpets," bought in 1619, cost six pounds three shillings; and a carpet made of "three yards of crimson velvet, with gold and silk fringe," cost altogether four pounds sixteen shillings. "Two saddle-cloths and horse-trappings for my lord," cost three pounds eighteen shillings; two silver candlesticks, ten pounds seventeen shillings; and a silver hand-bell, thirty-eight shillings. There are several payments of five shillings for "cutting and trimming my lord's beard;" a pair of silk hose for him cost thirty-eight shillings; a pair of boots, ten shillings; a silk belt for the sword, four shillings; and "a scarf for my lord to wear in riding," six shillings.

But Scott has already raised in the mind's eye a portrait of his costume by the well-known description:

Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff
Fell o'er his doublet shaped of buff,
 With satin slash'd and lined;
Tawny his boot and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
 His hose with silver twined;
His Bilboa-blade—by March-men felt—
Hung in a broad and studded belt.

Having given peace to the Border country, and enforced the authority of law; having acquired the honourable title of "the Civiliser of the Borders;" and having consolidated a noble inheritance for his posterity, and seen his children grow to be the comfort of his age, he departed this life at Naworth, on the 20th of October, 1640, at the age of seventy-seven, leaving memories which should never fade, and a name that throws undying interest round one of the most picturesque monuments of Old England.

INCREASE OF THE ENGLISH EPISCOPATE.

[“Durham County Advertiser,” October 26, 1855.]

THE author of the address* on which we propose to make a few remarks was for some time curate in the diocese of Durham, and is locally known for his zeal and diligence in parochial work, and for the earnestness with which his heart is given to the service and extension of the Church of England. Deploring the apathy of the people massed in great manufacturing towns, or scattered in remote country districts, with regard to the Church, and their ignorance of episcopal care, Mr. Lee has, in this pamphlet, addressed an exhortation to the Churchmen of England, with a view to an immediate increase of the episcopate, in accordance with the recommendation of the Commissioners:—

“What untold blessings,” he remarks, “might be effected among our heathen neighbours, if, in every large town, a bishop, surrounded by his staff of clergy, were at work amongst them; himself daily passing in and out, personally superintending their pastoral interests, counselling them in their difficulties, encouraging them in their trials, and supplying a centre of unity, by means of which clergy, schools, and churches, hitherto disunited and acting singly and alone, might be united in one, and made to present a compact, active, and energetic front to the mass of sin and infidelity by which they are surrounded.”

A bishop so working with his staff of clergy in every great centre of population, would be a hopeful sight for England. It is one that was fully realised in this country in the early ages of her Church; and our forefathers would have shrunk with horror from the impiety of allowing the means of episcopal superin-

* An Address to the Churchmen of England on the increase in the Episcopate proposed by the Cathedral Commissioners in their Third and Final Report. By the Rev. Alfred T. Lee. London: Masters.

tendence to be unequal to the wants of the people. When first, under the Roman missionaries, Christianity was embraced by the courts and households of kings, their conversion was followed, as the historians of Saxon England tell us, by the establishment of a see, which, in those days, seems to have been one great parish. But so essential was episcopal government held to be, that at the time when St. Augustine was constituted primate by Gregory the Great, he was charged to select a prelate for the see of York, who was to have under his jurisdiction no less than twelve suffragan sees. Still, at first a bishopric seems to have been co-extensive with a kingdom; but, as Christianity extended, this became an insufficient provision; and, towards the close of the seventh century, Archbishop Theodore accomplished the division of the larger sees, and effected an arrangement similar to that which is demanded in the nineteenth, for it involved the division of previously-existing dioceses, and the consequent division of previously-existing power. How different is the state of things we now see in England after the lapse of twelve hundred years! While the country has been advancing in enlightenment, in wealth, in population, and in power, the number of bishops has remained stationary, and at this day scarcely exceeds the number provided for England in the first ages after her conversion. Neither has the increase of parochial clergy kept pace with the increase of population; indeed, the population in great manufacturing towns and mining districts has, notoriously, so completely outgrown the means of pastoral care, that thousands of the people are living in heathen darkness and brutal debasement. Many a clergyman finds himself accountable for a population of 10,000, and even 20,000 and 30,000 souls—a state of things with which, of course, no human energy can cope. In early times, before parochial divisions were established, each diocess seems to have been (as we have said) one great parish; but, as towns arose and population increased, parishes increased also, until at length many great centres of population—as York, London, Lincoln, Norwich, and other cities—had 40, 50, and even 100 parish churches! But now we have districts to which mining and manufacturing enterprise has brought many thousands of people, but in which there is not a single church; while in many of our

populous towns the parochial system is paralysed by the fearful disproportion between the number of clergymen and the dense masses of population around them, and by the alienation of the parochial tithes. When the requirements of pastoral care and education are urged in considering the re-distribution of capitular revenues, it should be borne in mind not only that the tithes of more than 3,000 parishes are held by impropriators, but that even bishops and cathedral dignitaries hold (or, until the spoliations of the Ecclesiastical Commission, held) appropriate the alienated tithes of 1,520 parishes in England and Wales.

The "tale of tithes" which is connected with the early career of a certain prelate will here occur to the reader as a memorable example—we refer, of course, to the tithes of the Bedfordshire parish, with which his canonry was endowed, and which, with a characteristic indifference to his own interests, and consideration as well for his successors as for the spiritual welfare of the parish, he sold for (it is said) about 32,000*l.* We believe it is some twenty-five years since he retired from the canonry, but it was only recently that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners paid him upwards of 3,000*l.* for his remaining interest in it. When cathedral dignitaries and bishops deal in this way with spiritual revenues, and call on other people to supply the wants occasioned by their rapacity, we need not wonder at the difficulty experienced in procuring the restoration of tithes to spiritual purposes, or that in populous towns, and in those country parishes where populous settlements have sprung up, the parochial system cannot be brought to bear upon the people. The active energies of a bishop (how blessed would be the influence of such a prelate as the Bishop of Oxford!) in every great centre of population would effectually ameliorate that appalling state of things; but episcopal care is out of the question unless the number of bishops be greatly increased, for, disproportionate as the number of clergy is to the people, the number of parochial benefices is so disproportionate to the number of bishops, that if each bishop was to determine on personally inspecting all the benefices in his diocese, it could only be done in a period of time varying in the different dioceses from four to eight years. The ministers of the Church being, thus, rendered unable to reach their flocks, dark and neglected

populations grow up ignorant of religion and hostile to the Church, whose care and guidance they have never known, and it is beyond the power of the existing prelates and parochial clergy "to bring again the outcasts and seek the lost." How can we wonder that the masses in our towns of trade should look with apathy as well on the existing episcopate as on the proposal for its augmentation? *They* only see in a bishop (as Sydney Smith, we believe, said,) a man clothed in soft raiment, lodged in a palace, and endowed with a rich portion of the product of other men's industry:—

"By the mass of the people (says Mr. Lee) the bishop is looked upon as a state officer, as an exalted dignitary with a large income, with little to do but to enjoy himself as best he may, and once in three years to confirm in the different parishes of his diocese. They have little or no idea of the spiritual blessings of which he is the sole channel; they do not esteem him as a successor of the apostles, or as that spiritual head of the diocese through whom its spiritual life and energy are to be diffused."

Indeed, the chief overseers of Christ's flock are so utterly separated from the middle classes and from the poor, that their very existence is unknown. Many of them reside far from the populous towns of the diocese, spend a considerable part of every year in London, and are much occupied by secular business. Their visitations are few, formal, and far between, and their presence and sympathy are unknown to the people. The remedy for this deplorable state of things is to be found, we are told, in the endowment of new bishoprics, and the establishment of working bishops in the great centres of population. Certainly, if existing prelates are so absorbed by the worldly cares of their position and the Herculean labours which Mr. Lee assures us they now undergo, that they cannot fulfil their duties to the flock, let new sees be founded and more bishops be consecrated; but they must not be of the Manchester and Durham,* the Hereford and Canterbury type, if their flocks are to derive any blessings from their appointment. We have no wish to see any augmentation of the Church patronage exercised in Downing Street. It is high time that we should know whether the Church of England is a depart-

* This review appeared while Dr. Maltby was Bishop of Durham.

ment of the State, amenable to the House of Commons, or a branch of the Catholic Church of Christ. The consecration of every new bishop would truly be the occasion for joy and thankfulness if the Church of England could regain her rightful guarantee for the appointment of men who would prove in deed, as well as theory, her chief pastors. We want bishops who will faithfully do the work of the Church amidst their clergy, and whose attention will be devoted to things eternal, and not to making profitable bargains for themselves with Ecclesiastical Commissioners; bishops who would be a mediating power between rich and poor, between the strong and the weak; bishops who would diligently preach God's word, fearlessly assert Church principles, and honestly administer godly discipline; bishops who would shew themselves diligent to banish and drive away all strange and erroneous doctrine, and be examples of good works, and who would ever remember that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The practice of placing doubtful churchmen in high ecclesiastical station has produced deplorable evils. If we are to have new bishops, we do not want men who (to quote Sydney Smith again,) have gone through the Elysian transitions of prebendary, dean, and prelate, after the long train of purple, profit, and power; men about whom there is more of the sweet savour of riches than the odour of sanctity. Contemporaneously with the endowment of new sees and the nomination of new bishops, we need the restoration to the Church of her constitutional guarantees for their fidelity to all the catholic faith that the Church of England retained at the Reformation, otherwise the appointment of new bishops would only increase perplexities and doubts. Mr. Lee draws a pleasing picture of a working bishop who would supply a centre of unity, and combine his spiritual militia in one energetic body. But, as far as faith and doctrine are concerned, many existing bishops are anything but centres of unity. We have seen one bishop faithfully maintain Church principles, and an archbishop, like another Pilate, sacrifice them to gratify a popular clamour; we have catholic doctrine maintained in one diocese and discouraged in another; we have bishops who allow two sets of opinions to be taught in the same diocese; bishops who deprecate synods and individually

claim authority in controversies of faith; hesitating bishops, who remain inactive rather than incur responsibility; tyrannical bishops, who will silence a curate but be obsequious to a prime minister; bishops who deprecate ritual solemnity, but have no censure for latitudinarian practices. We have too long had to blush and lament for such prelates: God forbid that hands should be laid on any more men like them! But these are evils resulting from the manner in which bishops have been appointed. They may ultimately be overcome, and we have much encouragement when we look at the men who have been selected for the nineteen colonial bishopricks which in the short space of fourteen years have been founded by the united efforts of English churchmen. As to the endowment of the proposed sees in English districts, whose heathen population is as much a field for authorised missionary exertion as any distant part of the globe can be, Mr. Lee looks principally to the united munificence of churchmen for the means of its accomplishment. But it does appear to us that a gradual re-distribution of the episcopal and cathedral revenues already existing ought to afford the necessary funds. It is too late to recal the colossal fortunes which dignitaries of the dark Georgian years accumulated before the Ecclesiastical Commissioners seized church property, or the episcopal wealth scattered by that commission; but it is not too late to stop the profligate system which has wasted 45,000*l.*—in we forget how short a period—on what are called the “working and parliamentary expenses” of that sacrilegious commission, and which is devoting to new churches in Bethnal Green or in Cornwall the ancient patrimony of the church of Durham. Out of the income of the Archbishopric of York alone several new bishoprics might be founded in the overgrown towns of Yorkshire, and out of the alienated revenues of the see of London at least one see for populous metropolitan districts might be endowed. But, whatever decision may be come to with regard to new episcopal sees, as a means of church extension, there can be no doubt that it is the duty of English churchmen to set themselves to the great work of dispelling the spiritual darkness around them; that it is a duty to which they are called as patriots and as Christians, and that it should be instantly undertaken as a work for the honour and glory of God.

REVISION OF THE LITURGY.

[“Durham County Advertiser,” June, 1855.]

I HOPE the appearance of the letter signed AMICUS in your columns does not indicate that they are to be opened to a controversy touching a revision of the Book of Common Prayer—that favourite device of the Puritan party; or that you invite churchmen to entertain and discuss the question of revising the Liturgy of the Church of England.

Inasmuch, however, as you have published a letter on this subject, in which we are told of people being “driven from the establishment,” and, in particular, of “two clergymen in the diocese of Exeter” who have “set the example of opening free Episcopal Churches” (!) and inasmuch also as the alleged increase of nonconformity is attributed by your correspondent to the retention of what he calls “objectionable portions” of the Book of Common Prayer, I must ask you to allow another correspondent to protest against the making of any concessions for the conciliation of nonconformists, and to point out some things—not in the Book of Common Prayer—which are real causes of offence to Churchmen, which are often taken advantage of to excuse Dissent, and which have in many ways a deadly influence on our Communion. The letter of AMICUS affords some information as to the objects which the would-be improvers of our Liturgy have in view. This it does upon the authority of some one signing himself “A Provincial Physician,” who has published somewhere his prescription “for an improvement of the Book of Common Prayer,” and it appears that the theological M.D. objects in the name of the public—

1st. To the absolution, “being ignorant where in the Scrip-

tures any special authority is given to ministers to pronounce penitent sinners pardoned."

2nd. To the Apostles' Creed, "being sure that it never was a creed of any apostle; and, in particular, that the descent of Christ into hell is highly improper" [meaning, I presume, that this is an improper form of expressing our belief].

Now, of course, no man who honestly accepts the teaching of the Church of England, or who has any idea of Church authority in matters of faith, could possibly allege these tenets, or any tenets held by the Universal Church at all times, to be "objectionable." He must, therefore, be a Protestant Dissenter of some kind, or a false member of the Church of England; and, alas! there are even clergymen who, having solemnly professed their assent and consent to everything contained in the Prayer Book, can nevertheless now discover Popery in it, and join some miserable committee that acts independently of episcopal control and acknowledges the supremacy of Exeter Hall, to the scandal of the Church and the grief of every candid and honest man.

Protesting against any "revision" of the Book of Common Prayer, I ask then, shall we mutilate our Liturgy to accommodate it to the views of Dissenters, whether they are separatists already out of the Church, or traitors still within it? Shall we remodel our Book of Common Prayer to meet "objections" which, according to the Provincial Physician, "are justly entertained by the public at large"?

The public at large!—as if the faith of ages and "The forms bequeathed from elder days" were things to be adapted to the shifting temper of THE PUBLIC. Alas! that the public no longer means the community of faithful people! Split up as it is into multitudinous divisions, all at variance from the Church and from each other, and forming a number of incoherent sects built on the foundation of themselves, and each one setting up some favourite heresy in opposition to the truths of the Gospel, how worthless and abortive, as well as fatal to the Church of England, would be any attempt at compromise or reconciliation? AMICUS and his friend, the "Provincial Physician," must be very unobservant if they do not know that objections are made to many other passages in the Book of Common Prayer besides those which the

Medical Divine has pointed out, and to many other assertions of Catholic faith and doctrine to be found in the Liturgy of the Church of England. A Dr. McNeil, for example, absolutely put forth his bracketed Prayer Book, and a Mr. John Taylor, who is advertised as of Apocalyptic notoriety, has improved on this by suggesting, in his edition of the revised Liturgy prepared for Convocation in the reign of William and Mary, that people should use the revised page in Church while the minister is reading the "objectionable" portions! If our ritual inheritance—our charter of title to the name of Catholic—is to be frittered away in order to be accommodated to the views of non-conformists and pseudo-Churchmen, the would-be improvers of the Liturgy must remove from it every tenet distinctive of the faith and doctrine of the Universal Church of Christ.

But it would be mere waste of time to discuss the question—*What alterations shall be made in our Liturgy?* for it is inconceivable that we can really have to apprehend any authorised revision of the Prayer Book to meet the views of Puritan objectors. No churchman could recognise any revised Book of Common Prayer that the Crown, at the instance of the Sacred Synod of the House of Commons, might attempt to impose on the Church of England. Even the most thorough-going "Lion and Unicorn men" would surely shrink from accepting such a gift from the State; and even the House of Commons—the only constitutional assembly which seems capable of daring to adapt our liturgical offices to the wishes of what is called the Protestant Public, or, in other words, to the Puritanism of the age—would probably shrink from the consequences that would be incurred. Her free deliberative assembly must be restored to the Church of England if her sanction is to be asked to "improvements" in her Liturgy; and if a Book of Common Prayer, ignoring any tenets of the Catholic faith, should be attempted to be imposed on the Church of England, whether with or without ecclesiastical authority, the acceptance of it by her ministers would be *ipso facto* destructive of her character as a branch of the Catholic Church of Christ.

I proceed, then, to point out some of the evils which grieve and perplex churchmen anxious to remain in the church of their baptism; which deprive her daily of the affections and allegiance

of the wavering members of her communion; and which feed the bitterness and point the hostility of her non-conformist foes.

1. First and foremost is that abominable system of pew-renting—a giant evil and perpetual occasion of non-conformity. If the public mind had been half as sensitive about the pew nuisance as it occasionally becomes about harmless candlesticks, thousands would have been gathered to the fold of Christ who (in the language of a “Provincial Physician”) have been driven from the Establishment. But what are we to expect, at least in this our generation, when in the recent restoration of a parochial church under the auspices of the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, we find cushioned pews for the rich, but hidden, obscure, thrust-away free-seats for the poor? I am speaking of what was done under the auspices of that perverse primate, Dr. Sumner, at St. Mary’s, Lambeth—an edifice which was truly said to have been long a Lazarus at the palace-gate of Dives.

2. Then, it is impossible to over-rate the repulsive influence of the pulpit in too many of our churches. You have tedious, frigid preaching, instead of terse and fervid exhortation; and well-worn platitudes, critical discourses, and—what is worse—diluted Calvinism, instead of Christian teaching and exhortations to Christian conduct. It was once justly remarked that the preachers of Truth too often take no more pains to enforce their public instructions than if they delivered fictions,—while on the stage the speakers bestow their pains to make fictions seem truth. But it is not the manner of preaching, only, for which so many of the clergy are censurable: they neglect the clear duty of saying the office of prayer in their churches daily, while they exalt the importance of the weekly sermon.

3. The mutilation, by too many clergymen, of the Liturgical offices is in itself an act of non-conformity, and an encouragement to it; and we are, unhappily, but too familiar with a mode of performing divine service which is neither real nor dignified.

4. Then, there is that wearisome modern innovation—the practice of uniting services which are intended to be distinct, and thereby overtasking the attention of one congregation every Sunday forenoon, instead of edifying the several congregations who would gladly fill the church at the separated offices.

5. I hardly dare trust myself to speak of the neglect of church

music,—of the wretched and repulsive psalmody common in many churches where better things might easily be done, and of the neglect of those accessories to devotion which speak to the mind through the senses. I need say nothing of the necessity for addressing the mind of the uneducated through their eyes. The poorest orders (it has been truly said) love a majestic and even an elaborate service. The ornaments of their church, the storied glass, the enriched walls, the altar exalted and decked with sober yet costly furniture, the pealing organ and the chanted psalm, in which every one may join,—these are ritual solemnities which gladden while they elevate the minds of even the least educated worshippers; they rejoice to find themselves equal participants with their richer neighbours in paying their all-unworthy homage to the Lord of Heaven. But instead of these devotions and devotional accessories, we have exclusive pews and cold walls, and blank staring windows, and the devotion-confounding voices of parish clerks and parish children. What wonder is it that we have coldness and silence among the congregation, and an unconcerned, not to say irreverent, demeanour?

6. Nor is it less painful to review the ecclesiastical history of our time,—to see the unhealthy influence of the “popular” preacher—the perverse force of party feeling—the want of consentient action and of church discipline—the toleration, by bishops, of clergymen who will not practise their duty—and the self-willed conduct of the people (chiefly of the trading classes), who are left so ignorant of church matters, and have become so puritanical, that they will not bear to see that duty done, but rush to the kindred arena of the Conventicle to find the excitement which the parochial pulpit does not supply, or to escape the edifying restraints of church ceremonial; and they forsake the calm and steadfast sunshine of Church doctrine for the rockets and blue-lights of the Dissenting pulpit. Can anything be more suicidal in the clergy than the fraternisation of low-churchmen with the various shades of sectarian Bible-mongers? Is it possible to think, without trembling, of the extent to which pastoral care falls short of spiritual wants—of the traditionary apathy of chapters, and the unfruitful wealth of many cathedral bodies? What (it has been truly asked) will our children think of this generation, when they see the splendid endowments we held in

trust for posterity and for God frittered away by paltry expedients and controlled by Parliament; tithes alienated, Church estates sold, and real property transmuted into Consols; the Church's right to elect bishops yielded to a Shaftesbury; annual guineas ostentatiously substituted at Exeter Hall for broad acres and solemn oblations on the Christian Altar; the fabric of our ancient parochial churches endangered, and their prescriptive title to maintenance from the land denied? And this is—PROGRESS!

When we think of these things, can we be surprised at non-conformity, or at "the fierce and brutal infidelity" (to use Lord Shaftesbury's language) which prevails in every part of the country? The "Provincial Physician" says the remedy is to be found in revising the Book of Common Prayer. Lord Shaftesbury seeks it by an equally insidious measure for the gradual abrogation of the Liturgy and encouragement of speculation in pew-rents, by legalising preaching-places in every parish in opposition to the clergy, to the subversion of the parochial system, and the great danger of the Liturgy, the Prayer Book, and the Church of England itself. And we are coolly told by the Evangelical and Erastian party, that, in order to resist that steadfast ancient Church of Rome which has rejected all Lutheran and Calvinistic heresies, we must unite with Dissenters and agree that the Church of England shall now renounce what she has preserved and guarded of the Catholic faith. God forbid it!

THE NORTHUMBERLAND CABINET OF ROMAN FAMILY COINS.

[“Durham County Advertiser,” Oct. 1856.]

OUR public libraries and the libraries of literary institutions, as well as the collections of several favoured individuals, have lately been enriched by a work entitled “Descriptive Catalogue of a Cabinet of Roman Family Coins belonging to His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, K.G.; by Rear-Admiral William Henry Smyth,” &c., which, although bearing on the title-page the words “printed for private circulation,” is a volume of so much importance and value as to render it fitting that its production and contents should be publicly noticed.

His Grace Algernon Duke of Northumberland is well known to have been a zealous and inquiring traveller; and of the exercise, during his travels, of his taste for the higher departments of archæology the duke’s splendid collections of Egyptian and other antiquities bear witness; while the cabinets of the Numismatic and of some Antiquarian Societies have been enriched by His Grace’s gift of collections of ancient Greek and other coins, acquired by himself in his travels on the historic shores of the Mediterranean. The duke’s learned and gallant friend Admiral Smyth appears to have suggested that the several cabinets of coins and medals in His Grace’s possession should be examined and arranged, and this congenial labour the admiral undertook. In retaining the Northumberland Cabinet of Coins of the Roman Families, the special object which the duke had in view was to have a complete work printed on that subject in English, such a work having been wanted in our libraries; and the goodly quarto above referred to is the result.

An early admiration for classical antiquity, followed by a long

official employment in the Mediterranean, have well qualified Admiral Smyth for his scientific work. Scholar and sailor, geographer and geologist, antiquary and astronomer, his acquirements are various, and the animation and humour with which he writes, pleasantly set off the dryness of numismatic detail, and blend amusement with instruction. Accordingly, in the handsome volume, for which its possessors are indebted to the liberality and courtesy of the noble duke and the scholarship and labour of the gallant admiral, we have—not merely the desiderated catalogue of the Roman consular and family coins in His Grace's collection, but—a work over which are scattered the sparks of much classical learning. Coins and medals are stores gleaned from the *débris* of Time, which, when polished by the true antiquary, become useful to the poet, the geographer, the artist, the biographer, the chronologist, and the historian; and this is truly a work full of elucidations of history, chronology, and geography, as well as of the constitutional divisions and usages of the Roman people.

Having said thus much of the book, it may be interesting to some of our readers that we should subjoin a few particulars illustrative of the Roman coinage—that coinage which for nearly four centuries constituted the only circulating medium in this country—in the then distant “*ultimos orbis Britannos*,” the Britain which, though

————— Once despised, can raise
 As ample sums as Rome in Cæsar's days;
 Pour forth as numerous legions on the plain,
 And with more dreadful navies awe the main.

The Romans commenced their coinage with brass, or rather bronze, in the time of king Servius Tullius, nearly 600 years before Christ. Silver followed about the year B.C. 267, in the 485th year of the city, and sixty-two years afterwards the Romans minted gold. About a hundred and twenty-eight varieties in gold, two thousand four hundred in silver, and nearly three hundred in bronze are known. In the Roman coinage there is a well-known and extensive silver-series ranging through many hundred years, and nearly to the period of

the fall of the Eastern Empire. This series is subdivided into the three classes of the consular, the family, and the imperial denarii. The first two of these classes form the staple of the present catalogue, those coins being designated "consular" which were struck during the Republic with the authority of the Consuls; and those specimens being included under the denomination of "Family Coins" which are inscribed with the name of any Roman family. These were struck for the most part between the year B.C. 280 and A.D. 50. Many belong to the time of Julius Cæsar—before whose days no living Roman was permitted to place his effigy upon coins; but the most interesting are nearly of the time of Augustus,—of Augustus who became master of the world about thirty years before Christ, and whose age was esteemed the halcyon day of arts, of letters, and philosophy, although the mighty Emperor (as Mons. Perrault has reminded us) had neither any glass to his windows nor any linen to wear.

On all this series of coinage we find, indeed, little chronological certainty, but a wondrous variety of names and attributes, both human and divine—sacred rites and implements—public monuments and edifices—manners and customs, and allusions to honours, triumphs, and other historical events. Thus (for example) on a coin of Pompey the younger, a turret-crowned female figure who meets a warrior stepping from a Prætorian galley, represents Spain welcoming the arrival of Pompey; silver coins of the Æmilian family, probably struck about the year B.C. 90, refer to the construction, by Manlius Æmilius Lepidus, of a stone bridge over the Tiber, instead of the wooden bridge of Ancus Martius; others of the same family indicate the joy of the Romans on the capture of the last ruler of Macedon; a Cæcilian coin, having on the reverse a Macedonian shield within a garland, in honour of Metellus, in the centre of which is an elephant's head, alludes to the victory over the Carthaginians in the year B.C. 251; a coin of the great Marcellus of the Claudian *gens* alludes to the conquest of Syracuse in the year 212 B.C.; a coin of Lutatius Cerco alludes to the decisive naval victory over Hanno in 241 B.C., which resulted in the peace that closed the first Punic war; a denarius of Pompey the great was probably struck when, in the year B.C. 67, he took the command of the vast armament against the

Pirates of the Mediterranean; and other coins recal persons and events commemorated in the orations of Cicero and the poetry of Virgil.

It would be curious if the figures of divinities were impressed on the coins to deter rogues from cheating. They certainly had plenty of visible monitors to remind them of their moral and religious obligations, for the Roman citizen, in whatever direction he looked, might "see the countenances of his country's gods bent down upon him" from the temples that rose on every hill. The love of ancestry seems to have been ardent with the best Romans; and no adept in the College of Arms could be more obliging than their sycophantic genealogists. About the time of Sylla, the great families used their own types in commemorating on coins the virtues and glories of their race, or honouring the deities who were their household gods, or public benefactors. Under the Empire, however, the coinage became chiefly regulated by adulation and servility, and the metal, moreover, became as debased as the sentiment of the legend.

The coins which have come under the discriminating care of Admiral Smyth afford important aid in tracing individuals to their original patrician or old plebeian stock. Of the one hundred and sixty families whose coins are treated of in this sumptuous volume, fourteen were pure patrician, twenty-six patrician with plebeian branches, seven equestrian, ninety-one plebeian, and twenty-two of uncertain rank and order. The whole cabinet bears seven hundred and sixty-eight specimens, and most of them appear to be in the finest possible state of preservation. In these enduring medals of history—coins that were perhaps actually handled by the very men they commemorate—that passed from hand to hand in the places of public assembly and the sumptuous palaces now mingled with "an Empire's dust"—

———Rome's glories seem to shine :
Her gods and god-like heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.

OCCASIONAL LETTERS ON LEGAL TOPICS.

I. TESTAMENTARY JURISDICTION.*

[“Morning Chronicle,” March 12, 1854.]

THE Royal Commissioners on the Law of Real Property, and the Commissioners for the more recent inquiry into the Ecclesiastical Courts, concurred in recommending the transfer to a lay tribunal of the jurisdiction in matters testamentary hitherto exercised by the Ecclesiastical Courts, and the Lord Chancellor is endeavouring to give effect to that important recommendation.

The present multiplicity of jurisdictions (they are no fewer than three hundred and eighty-six in number) is such a serious and intolerable evil, and the reasons which have been urged for the transfer recommended by the Commissioners are so weighty, and so coincident with public opinion, that it is satisfactory to find that testamentary jurisdiction is not really in its nature a matter for ecclesiastical cognizance, and that a lay tribunal may as fitly establish as construe a testator's will; or, in other words, that there is no more reason why wills should be the subject of ecclesiastical cognizance than other deeds relating to the transfer of property. No questions come before Ecclesiastical Courts with respect to matters testamentary that may not, with the greatest propriety, as Lord St. Leonard's remarked, be decided by a common law or an equity judge; in many countries of Christendom the cognizance of wills has never been deemed to pertain to the Church alone; and in England it did not become the province of the clergy until some time after the Conquest.

Primâ facie, why should not a civil tribunal have cognizance of wills? Anciently, one tribunal decided completely and once for all on the validity of a will whether of real or personal estate, and the King's Courts have from very early times had the power

* Since this article appeared, the Act of 20 and 21 Victoria, “to amend the law relating to Probates and Letters of Administration,” has come into effect.

of establishing wills in regard to devises of real estate, and of enforcing the execution of trusts under wills relating to personal estate.

Blackstone, it will be remembered, observes on the strangeness of ranking testamentary causes among matters of spiritual cognizance, "as they are certainly of a merely temporal nature," and remarks that in almost all other countries matters testamentary are under the jurisdiction of the civil magistrate.

Dr. Taylor, in his "History of the Civil Law," seems disposed to trace the ecclesiastical cognizance of wills to the Pontifical College of the Romans as its possible original. One of the powers of the Roman pontifices was the right to enforce the execution of such wills as contained bequests *ad pias causas*, or, to purposes of a religious concern. But although wills chiefly affected possessions and private property, they were anciently—like acts of legislation—made with a great degree of solemnity, *comitiis centuriatis*—at the general assembly of the whole community; were acknowledged before the prætor or judge; and, when opened and published, were copied and delivered to the parties under public seal, the original remaining in the public registry. This procedure was equivalent to our probate, and marked the care of the Romans for the authenticity of wills and their custody and preservation in a place of security. In Rome itself, by decree of Justinian, only the *magister census* could open a will. In the provinces, however, by a constitution of Theodosius, the *rectores provinciarum* were to perform this office; in cities and corporations it belonged to the *magistratus municipales*; in other towns to the *defensor plebis*. So that in Britain, by the Roman law, the *rectores provinciarum*, who, says Spelman, were with us the earls of counties, had the cognizance or probation of wills, which was likewise exercised by magistrates of some corporations, and by lords of certain manors, instead of the *defensores plebis*—the original, doubtless, of some of the petty jurisdictions found so vexatious in modern times.

Whether, when the emperors became Christian, they ceded this power to the bishops, upon the same principle that led the ancient Romans to give it to the *pontifices*, does not appear; in an early stage of human society the functions of the priest and

the judges seem, as Mr. Kemble remarks, to have been inseparable. At all events, ecclesiastical persons appear, in early centuries of the Christian era, to have claimed jurisdiction in wills, but to have been prohibited from exercising it. Lest this letter should become an antiquarian essay, I will refer only to the examples given by Spelman.

At the fourth Council of Carthage it was ordained:

“Episcopus tuitionem testamentorum non suscipiat.”

Justinian (A.D. 530) prohibited the clergy in these terms:—

“Absurdum est namque si promiscuis actibus rerum turbentur officia, et alii creditum aliis subtrahat; ac præcipue clericis, quibus opprobrium est, si peritos se velint disceptationum esse forensium ostendere.”

According to Lyndwode, the right of the ecclesiastical judge was derived by special concession from the secular power:—

“Sed hic posset quæri, unde provenit hæc libertas quoad casum nostrum: videtur namque quoad primum, quòd Ecclesia non haberet se intromittere de tali approbatione testamentorum, sed potius pertineret ad iudices laicos. Dic, quòd hæc libertas, quoad approbationem hujusmodi, fundatur super consensu Regis et suorum Procerum, in talibus ab antique concessio.”

And it is laid down (Gibson's Codex, 560, and authorities there cited), that probate of wills and grant of administrations did not originally belong to ecclesiastical cognisance, but were given in later times, and then, probate and grant of administration only, so that the power to try whether an instrument propounded was or was not a valid will was a question, not of ecclesiastical cognisance, but for trial at the common law.

Spelman says that the Gothic nations entrusted their priests with the passing of wills. So, likewise, Saxon testators published their wills before prelates; and in England, anterior to the Norman Conquest, the earl and the bishop, sitting together in the court of the county, administered civil, criminal, and ecclesiastical law, and heard jointly, not only the causes of wills wherein the bishop had the especial interest, but other causes also:—

“How the earl and the bishop divided their causes and juris-

diction," says Spelman, "appeareth not. That of wills belonged either wholly to the earl, as *rector provinciae*, by the constitution of Theodosius, or as much to the earl as to the bishop by the laws of Edgar and Canute."

A remarkable instrument of the reign of Canute has been preserved in Hickes's "Thesaurus." A Saxon lady, in the presence of the thanes deputed by the county court, disinherited her son, and gave all her lands as well as all her chattels personal to her kinswoman, Leofleda, the wife of Thurkil, to enjoy after her death, and bade the thanes be witnesses, and declare her message to the shire-mote. The registry of the church, however, was resorted to, for, after the gift had been allowed in the county court, in which it appears the bishop, the alderman, the sheriff, and the thanes were sitting, the donee rode to the church of St. Ethelbert, with the leave and witness of all the people, and had this inserted in a book in the church. (The story is in Hallam's "Middle Ages," ii. 73.)

The district registries proposed by the Lord Chancellor will be quite in keeping with the ancient Saxon use.

By a law of Alured, A.D. 880, the king and the bishop are joined in jurisdiction, "in regis et episcopi testimonio."

But the Normans gave the cognisance of wills to the bishops and clergy exclusively. The will was to pass before the curate or vicar of the testator's parish, and, in Spelman's day, that ancient Norman custom still prevailed in some places in England. The reason may have been that laymen were in those times too illiterate to undertake such duties. It was for the same reason, probably, that the Gothic nations entrusted their priests with wills of property.

The king is said to have had, by the old law, the right to the goods of a person dying intestate. That the Crown ever had that prerogative has been controverted; at all events, before the time of Magna Charta the bishops had become invested with the disposition of an intestate's effects, and from their exercise of that power the probate of wills followed, for it was reasonable that an instrument which superseded the bishop's right to distribute the chattels of the deceased should be proved to his satisfaction.

That reason for giving probate of wills to the ordinary may, however, be said to have ceased when he became bound to grant administration to the next of kin.*

From the time of the Anglo-Norman kings, however, causes testamentary seem to have been brought within the category of causes spiritual, which from the reign of Stephen could be heard only in the bishop's court, and decided according to the canon law. On the continent the probate of wills for the most part still appertained to the office of *magister census* ; but as, by the canon law, the bishop might, by spiritual monition compel the performance of a bequest made for pious uses, a legacy to such uses became a spiritual cause, and the distribution of intestates' goods was confirmed to the prelates in the reign of King John.

Accordingly we read in Glanvil—

“Placitum de testamentis coram iudice ecclesiastico fieri debet, et per illorum qui testamento interfuerint testimonia, secundum juris ordinem, terminari.”

And in the ancient laws of Scotland, compiled by command of David, the contemporary of Henry I., which in many particulars correspond with the English laws as delivered by Glanvil, we find, under the title “De Causis ad Ecclesiam Spectantibus,” &c., “Placitum de dotibus et de testamentis ad forum ecclesiasticum pertinet.”

From this it appears that testaments were then *de jure ecclesiastico* in Scotland. They were, doubtless, so in England likewise. And in the time of Henry III. Bracton so declares them:—

“Si de testamento oriatur contentio, in foro ecclesiastico debet placitum terminari; quia de causa testamentaria (sicut nec de causa matrimoniali) Curia Regis non se intromittit,” &c.

The statute of 18 Edward III. (not Edward I., as stated in the reports of the recent debate), cap. 6, seems, therefore, only declaratory of the law recognised from the time of Stephen, in declaring that “causes testamentary notoriously pertain to the cognisance of Holy Church.” But that doctrine, whatever may be its prescriptive foundation, is a doctrine that was unknown to the law in and before the reign of Edward the Confessor, and was not

* See Lord Hailes' *Annals of Scotland*, Appendix, vol. iii. (ed. 1797), as to the Ordinary's right.

recognised in many countries of Christendom. It seems to have been in fact an ecclesiastical usurpation. Our Saxon ancestors, "who," says Mr. Kemble, "never allowed their relations as Christians to abrogate the older rights they had possessed as citizens, where the exercise of the latter was clearly compatible with the recognition of the former," would have held that no fealty to divine authority was violated by giving to lay tribunals the cognisance of wills.

Lord Lyndhurst advocated the establishment of metropolitan and diocesan, or district courts, throughout the kingdom for the exercise of testamentary jurisdiction, and the abolition of courts of peculiars, and other petty jurisdictions, which are equally unnecessary and inconvenient. Perhaps most of the difficulties would be removed by establishing a metropolitan court, and preserving in each diocese the common form, or non-contentious, business of probate, abolishing, however, the existing distinctions which render diocesan probates inoperative out of the diocese in which they are granted.

A general registry of wills, and the establishment of one tribunal to determine all testamentary questions, are objects of the greatest public importance. Whether they are attainable without the establishment of a court of probate I do not undertake to say.

The Commissioners on Ecclesiastical Courts, appointed in July, 1830, reported for the abolition of the diocesan courts. The Commissioners more recently appointed for inquiring into the state and practice of the Ecclesiastical Courts have also recommended the abolition of the existing jurisdiction. They add the recommendation that it be transferred to a new temporal court, to be called the "Court of Probate." The Ecclesiastical Courts Commissioners proposed to abolish the probate of wills altogether, substituting a simple registration, and that all contentious jurisdiction should be vested in the Court of Chancery. To the latter part of that recommendation the Lord Chancellor proposes by his present bill to give effect; he has wisely rejected the former. But whether the existing staff or machinery of the Court of Chancery is competent to the probate business of the country, even allowing wills of property under a certain amount to be proved in the district registries, is more than questionable. It is

natural that the public mind should take alarm at a project for placing "in Chancery" all estates of deceased persons that become the subject of litigation, and it is clear that without an increase of judicial force in the Court of Chancery it cannot be adequate to dispose of all the causes that will converge to the metropolitan court. Lord St. Leonard's says, it is "anomalous that one court should decide on the validity of wills, and another on their construction." But this anomaly is not perhaps of such practical inconvenience as would of itself justify the transfer of all contentious jurisdiction with regard to the validity of wills to the Court of Chancery, the tribunal empowered to construe them and enforce the execution of testamentary trusts. There is, no doubt, great force in the argument that questions as to the authenticity or validity of a will, depending on a number of circumstances, are not so likely to be decided correctly by a judge who never has any other branch of jurisdiction to exercise his mind as by one who is accustomed to deal with a wider range of legal administration; but a vice-chancellor would probably find his whole time demanded by the contentious jurisdiction in matters testamentary, involving, as they often do, most delicate questions of mental incapacity, undue influence, &c. If the existing staff of the Prerogative Court is to be transferred to the Court of Chancery, if district registries are to be constituted, and the whole time of a metropolitan judge is to be occupied by the new jurisdiction, the Lord Chancellor's bill would seem to constitute a court of probate in all but name. The Solicitor-General, I believe, proposed to send questions of fact to the county courts for decision, but those courts are ill suited to deal with the great rights involved in testamentary contentions.

At all events, the proposal of the Lord Chancellor to allow probate in the country, for estates of limited value, is wise, and likely to prove beneficial. It is, of course, essential that this privilege should not interfere with the safe deposit of all wills in a central registry. By the canons of 1603 peculiars and inferior courts are required to transmit the original wills they prove to the public registry of the bishop of the diocese, and the evil to be provided against is expressed to be their having no known nor certain registers, nor public place to keep their records in. But

the existing inconveniences arise, not only from the minor courts and courts of peculiar jurisdiction; the dispersion of wills, and want of safe custody, are serious evils, which can be met only by the change recommended by the commission.

2. ORIGIN OF EXECUTORS OF WILLS.

[“Notes and Queries,” vol. xii., p. 208.]

It has been asked when Executors were first instituted? and a doubt has been expressed whether they were known to the Roman law. Perhaps they had their beginning in ancient Greece, for the man who was privileged to make a will signed it before witnesses (who were sometimes magistrates and archons), and then placed it in the hands of trustees called *epimeleti*, who were obliged to see it performed. See Archbishop Potter’s “Antiquities,” by Dunbar, ii. 339. Isæus seems to be his authority, but I have not the references. The *ἐπιμεληται* were any persons who were charged with care, guardianship, or performance,—the original apparently of executors in modern time. It was, we know, the custom among the Romans for a man to leave his fortune to a friend on some executory trust. The *hæres fiduciarius* seems to have corresponded to an executor. A testator’s wishes, too, are often said to be addressed *ad fidei commissarios*. The appointment of an *heres*, whom we may call executor in some respects, was essential to the validity of a will among the Romans. “It was,” as Dr. Taylor remarks in his “Elements of the Civil Law” (535), “a form so necessary, that practice at least, if not law, required it as the principal ingredient.” This is supported by the “Definition of Modestinus;” and it appears that the *hæres testamenti* was the full representative of the testator by the civil law, and succeeded to the whole estate, real as well as personal. See also Hallifax “On the Civil Law,” 37.; and as to the form and mode of his institution, the sixth book of Justin., “Cod.” tit. xxiii., *De Testamentis, et quemadmodum Testamenta ordinetur*, in “Corpus Juris Civilis,” 194. sqq. “An executor,” says

Ayliffe (in his "Parergon Juris Canonici Anglicani," 264), "so called *ab exequendo*, is in the civil and canon law sometimes called *hæres testamentarius*, and often *hæres* simply. He had his beginning in the civil law by the Imperial Constitutions." So, too, Cowell attributes the beginning of the executor to "the Constitutions of the Emperors, who first permitted those that thought good by their wills to bestow anything upon godly and charitable uses, to appoint whom they pleased to see the same performed."

It seems to me impossible to peruse the chapters of the civil law quoted by these authorities without seeing that the office of executor was known to the Romans, although not by the modern name of executor, which, as Lord Hardwicke, in a case reported in the third volume of Atkins's "Reports," said, "is a barbarous term unknown to that law." Godolphin also treats the executor as known to the civil law, in the "*Hæres Testamentarius*;" (part 2. c. 1. s. 1.); and so does Swinburn, in his "Treatise on Wills." The custom of making wills among the Teutonic nations is ascribed by Selden to the Romans, and to the reception by Germanic nations of the Roman law. Executors are often named in Anglo-Saxon wills; and there is every reason for believing that the custom of making devises of lands as well as chattels was introduced into England from Rome by Augustine. Wills were not considered in the same ceremonious point of view as the Roman *Testamenti*. They were partly a settlement or grant, and a testament, and corroborated by being witnessed by prelates, who are made to some extent executors, a portion of the testator's property being usually bequeathed to pious purposes, in which case even the Roman law allowed the intervention of clergy. (Kemble's Introd. to "Cod. Dipl. Ævi Saxon.," p. cviii.) The Anglo-Saxon prelates seem to have answered to the functionaries of the Pontifical College in this respect, who had the care and superintendence of wills and executory trusts. Mr. Kemble doubts whether probate was required among the Anglo-Saxons. There are Saxon wills in which a *legatus* is not designated or appointed for the execution of the testator's wishes. In some cases, as in the will of Elfhelm, in Lye's "Saxon Dictionary," vol. ii., Appendix, there is a request to the superior lord, which runs in

that instance—"Jam oro te, dilecte domine, ut meum testamentum stare possit, et tu ne sinas ut ipsum quis pervertat." The earliest will printed in Mr. Kemble's valuable collection of Anglo-Saxon documents is of the ninth century. The *legatum testamentum* is rendered in the Anglo-Saxon *geperfan gerecnýrre* (*gerefan gesetnysse*)—words which seem aptly to designate a *representative* functionary. Glanville (writing, I need hardly say, in the reign of Henry II.) says the executors of a testament should be such persons as the testator has chosen for that purpose; but if he doth not nominate any person, the nearest of kin and relations may take upon them the charge (Lib. vii. ch. 6). This latter is the executor *ab Episcopo constitutus* mentioned by the Canonists and old writers on wills; the former is the executor *à testatore constitutus*, or *executor testamentarius*, who is usually meant by the term executor. The older authorities of ecclesiastical law treat the appointment of an executor as essential to a testament: but this strictness, as is remarked by the learned author of "Williams on Executors," has long ceased to exist. I have not any reference to the first known appearance of the term executor in our records. In the Rolls of Parliament, mention is made of the executors of the will of Bishop John de Kyrkeby in A.D. 1290. Nicolas, in his "Ancient Wills," does not give an older example, but there is no doubt the term has been known to our law from a much earlier period.

3. REVISION OF THE STATUTES.

[*"Morning Post,"* 26 March, 1853.]

AT this time, when the announcement of the Lord Chancellor's intention to undertake the revision and consolidation of the statute law has attracted serious attention in Parliament, as well as amongst lawyers, it may not be uninteresting to turn to a suggestion made, nearly a century ago, by a juridical writer of eminence, with a view to the effectual prosecution of this great object. Its necessity had then begun to be felt. I refer to the proposal of the Hon. Daines Barrington, published in his "*Obser-*

vations on the Statutes," in 1766. After mentioning the appointment of a committee of the House of Commons for the purpose of revising and consolidating the statute law, which had taken place fifteen or sixteen years before, and had not resulted in any material progress, and remarking on the unfitness of a body so constituted for a work requiring so much time and deliberation, he suggests—

“That two or more barristers should be appointed who, from year to year, might make a report to the Privy Council, as likewise to the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, and the twelve Judges, of a certain number of statutes which should either be repealed, or reduced into one consistent act; and send a draft of such proposed consistent act before the last day of every Trinity term. * * * If the alterations should be approved of, they might pass into laws in the subsequent session of Parliament. The good consequences (he continues) of such a reformation of the law need not be dwelt upon, as the statute-book would be reduced to half its present size, and the subject better know the law he is to be governed by.”

It is strange that a work so salutary, and so necessary as a reformation of the public statutes, with a view to the repeal of obsolete laws, and the consolidation in one consistent code of the acts and parts of acts relating to one and the same subject, actually in force, should at this day still remain to be accomplished, although, probably, the necessity for it has been continually felt during more than a century; a period characterised too, at all events during the last thirty years, by law reforms of the most comprehensive nature, and by extensive changes in the law.

The “Jurist” recently, in pointing out the number of acts which are scattered about on the same subject, enumerated no less than twenty-six statutes relating to the law of evidence, thirty-one relating to that of executors, forty-two on landlord and tenant, and thirteen on bills of exchange! These, amounting to 112 statutes, could surely be consolidated into four on those four subjects. As a consolidation of scattered laws, the Bankrupt Act of 1849 may be mentioned as a step in the right direction; and we have much to hope from Lord St. Leonard’s proposed consolidation of the criminal law.

In his recent publication, under the title of "Confusion worse Confounded, or the Statutes in 1852," Mr. Willmore has vigorously assailed the grim and ponderous monster called "Statutes at Large"—a giant consisting of 20,000 members, covering a space of 40,000 pages weighing more than two hundred weight, and in many parts composed of dead and forgotten law. Mr. Willmore has not failed to point out their contradictions, absurdities, and obscurities, or that there are in existence single statutes relating to heterogeneous subjects (*Ex. gr.*, the 22nd George II., c. 46, which, according to its title, relates, *inter alia*, to the distemper among horned cattle, as well as to the regulation of attorneys and the affirmation of Quakers), and heterogeneous statutes relating to a single subject, besides statutes containing provisions of a general importance, of the subject-matter of which no intimation is given by the title. Many examples might be adduced of prohibitory Acts of Parliament unrepealed, which are repugnant to the age, and really dangerous and detrimental, inasmuch as private malice might drag them from their desuetude to vex individuals, and bring disgrace upon the law.

In recent law-making we have but too many instances of want of consistency and of the evils of hasty legislation, leading, truly, to "confusion worse confounded," and to such ludicrous anomalies as those which Lord Lyndhurst pointed out on the recent debate.

Having adverted to Mr. Barrington's proposal, I may mention the plan of Mr. Willmore, which is, simply that a permanent board of three commissioners be constituted and empowered to report—1st. With regard to future legislation, on every bill relating to public matters, within a month from the first reading, having regard, in their report, to existing legislation on the subject of it, the bill to be reviewed by them after it shall have passed through committee; and 2dly, With regard to the past, to revise the statute-book, and prepare bills for the repeal and consolidation of all the existing statute-law, neither altering nor adding anything; and he proposes that 10,000*l.* a-year should be set apart for this purpose—a small sum, surely, for Great Britain to weigh against benefits of such stupendous importance as the improvement of her laws.

In the employment of a permanent board to report on the

consolidation and repeal of statutes, this plan resembles that of Mr. Barrington; but, as far as relates to existing statutes, I should think it better that the reports of the Commission be made to the high judicial functionaries indicated by the latter writer than to Parliament. As the "Jurist" has remarked, the constitution of such a board seems preferable to the employment of an overworked barrister or two, under an overworked Lord Chancellor who goes out with the Ministry.

Whatever may be the constitution of the tribunal to which the public statutes are to be called, I hope Her Majesty's energetic Chancellor will concur in the following observations of Mr. Barrington:—

"It is not," he remarks, "proposed by the term reformation of the law that there should be a new arrangement and Institute of the whole body of the law, as in the time of Justinian, or a *Code Frederique*, which is not practicable in this country, where every alteration must have the sanction of Parliament. Nor, was it practicable, would the proposer presume to alter what is founded in the deepest wisdom." If I understand aright, this was the view taken in the recent debate by no less an authority than Lord St. Leonard's.

It may deserve consideration whether, in a work of such magnitude, it might not be expedient to select one class of subjects for consideration at first. Thus, for example, the statutes relating to public government and constitutional law greatly need revision, with a view to the consolidation of those portions that remain in actual force. So, likewise, of the statutes relating to the rights of property. As a deliberate and careful revision is so essential, we should perhaps be well content if the important work of revising and making consistent only one great class of public laws were accomplished in the time in which Trebonianus and his assistants compiled the Pandects, viz., three years—a collection which Justinian allowed them ten years to compile. It would be well if we could see the accomplishment of the whole work in even a decade of years, or a longer period.

I shall conclude this long letter with a remark which seems particularly applicable to the present time:—

"The reformation of the law (says Mr. Daines Barrington)

hath generally been an object, and often the chief glory, of every good and great reign. It is not, therefore, to be doubted but that under the present auspicious one, which hath begun by an act recommended from the throne itself to perpetuate to this nation the most pure and upright administration of justice, this great object will be, sooner or later, attended to."

4. TITLE OF DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

[*"Notes and Queries,"* vol. ii. p. 481.]

It is quite startling to be told that the title of "Defender of the Faith" was used by the royal predecessors of Henry VIII.

Selden (*"Titles of Honour,"* ed. 1631, p. 54.) says:—"The beginning and ground of that attribute of 'Defender of the Faith,' which hath been perpetually in the later ages added to the style of the Kings of England (not only in the first person, but frequently also in the second and in the third, as common use shows in the formality of instruments of conveyance, leases, and such like,) is most certainly known. It began in Henry VIII. For he, in those awaking times, upon the quarrel of the Romanists and Lutherans, wrote a volume against Luther," &c.

Selden then states the well-known occasion upon which this title was conferred, and sets out the Bull of Leo X. (then extant in the collection of Sir Robert Cotton, and now in the British Museum), whereby the Pope, "holding it just to distinguish those who have undertaken such pious labours for defending the faith of Christ, with every honour and commendation," decrees that to the title of King the subjects of the royal controversialist shall add the title "Fidei Defensori." The pontiff adds, that a more worthy title could not be found.

Colonel Anstruther (*"Notes and Queries,"* vol. ii. p. 442) calls attention to the statement made by Mr. Christopher Wren, Secretary of the Order of the Garter (A.D. 1736), in his letter to Francis Peck, on the authority of the Register of the Order in his possession; (which letter is quoted by Burke, *"Dorm. and Ext. Baronage,"* iv. 408), that "King Henry VII. had the title of

Defender of the Faith." It is not found in any acts or instruments of his reign that I am acquainted with, nor in the proclamation on his interment, nor in any of the epitaphs engraved on his magnificent tomb, for which, see Sandford's History. Nor is it probable that Pope Leo X., in those days of diplomatic intercourse with England, would have bestowed on Henry VIII., as a special and personal distinction and reward, a title that had been used by his royal predecessors. It is true that in Matthew Paris the title of Defender is given to the King, in 1245; and Knyghton, anno 1387, records a commission in which Richard II. assumed the title of Defender of the Catholic Faith. Except in these cases, I am not aware that the title is attributed to the sovereign in any of the English records anterior to 1521; but that many English kings gloried in professing their zeal to defend the Church and religion, appears from many examples. Thus, in 15 Edw. III. the Commons say their gift of a ninth to the King was for his defence of the kingdom and the Holy Church of England. (Rot. Parl. in anno). Henry IV., in the second year of his reign, promises to maintain and defend the Christian religion (Rot. Parl. iii. 466); and on his renewed promise, in the fourth year of his reign, to defend the Christian faith, the Commons piously grant a subsidy (*Ibid.* 493); and Henry VI., in the twentieth year of his reign, acts as "keeper of the Christian faith." (Rot. Parl., v. 61.)

In the admonition used in the investiture of a knight with the insignia of the Garter, he is told to take the crimson robe, and being therewith defended, to be bold to fight and shed his blood for Christ's faith, the liberties of the Church, and the defence of the oppressed. In this sense the sovereign and every knight became a sworn defender of the faith. When the clergy, in 1530, gave the King the title of Head of the Church, they intended no more than their forefathers did when they called the King the "Defender," "Patron," "Governor," "Tutor" of the Church.

The Bull of Leo X., which confers the title on Henry VIII. personally, does not make it inheritable by his successors, so that none but that King himself could claim the honour. The Bull granted two years afterwards by Clement VII. merely confirms the grant of Pope Leo to the King himself. It was given, as we

know, for his assertion of doctrines of the Church of Rome; yet he retained it after his separation from the Roman Catholic communion, and after it had been formally revoked and withdrawn by Pope Paul III. in the twenty-seventh year of Henry VIII., upon the King's apostacy in turning suppressor of religious houses. In 1543, the Reformation legislature and the anti-papal King, without condescending to notice any Papal Bulls, assumed to treat the title the Pope had given and taken away, as a subject of Parliamentary gift, and annexed it for ever to the English crown by statute 35 Hen. VIII. c. 3, from which I make the following extract, as its language bears upon the question: "Whereas our most dread, &c. lord the King hath heretofore been, and is justly, lawfully, and notoriously knowen, named, published, and declared to be King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and of the Church of England, and also of Ireland, in earth Supreme Head; and hath justly and lawfully used the title and name thereof as to his Grace appertaineth. Be it enacted, &c., that all and singular his Grace's subjects, &c. shall from henceforth accept and take the same his Majesty's style . . . viz., in the English tongue by these words, Henry the Eighth, by the grace of God King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and of the Church of England, and also of Ireland, in earth the Supreme Head; and that the said style, &c. shall be, &c. united and annexed for ever to the imperial crown of his highness's realms of England."

By the supposed authority of this statute, and notwithstanding the revocation of the title by Pope Paul III., and its omission in the Bull addressed by Pope Julius III. to Philip and Mary, that princess, before and after her marriage, used this style, and the statute having been re-established by 1 Eliz. c. 1., the example has been followed by her royal Protestant successors, who wished thereby to declare themselves Defenders of the anti-papal Church. The learned Bishop Gibson, in his "Codex" (i. 33., note), treats this title as having commenced in Henry VIII. So do Blount, Cowel, and such like authorities.

Since writing the above, I have found (in the nineteenth volume of "Archæologia," pp. 1—10) an essay by Mr. Alexander Luders on this very subject, in which that able writer, who was well accustomed to examine historical records, refers to

many examples in which the title "Most Christian King" was attributed to, or used by, English sovereigns, as well as the kings of France; and to the fact, that this style was used by Henry VII. as appears from his contract with the Abbat of Westminster, (Harl. MS. 1498.) Selden tells us that the emperors had from early times been styled "Defensores Ecclesiæ;" and, from the instances cited by Mr. Luders, it appears that the title of "Most Christian" was appropriated to kings of France from a very ancient period; that Pepin received it (A.D. 755) from the Pope, and Charles the Bald (A.D. 859) from a Council: and Charles VI. refers to ancient usage for this title, and makes use of these words: "——nostrorum progenitorum imitatione—evangelicæ veritatis—DEFENSORES—nostra regia dignitas divino Christianæ religionis titulo gloriosius insignitur——."

Mr. Luders refers to the use of the words "Nos zelo *fidei catholicæ*, cujus sumus et erimus Deo dante *Defensores*, salubriter commoti," in the charter of Richard II. to the Chancellor of Oxford, in the nineteenth year of his reign, as the earliest instances he had met with of the introduction of such phrases into acts of the kings of England. This zeal was for the condemnation of Wycliff's "Trialogus." In the reign of Henry IV. the writ "De Hæretico comburendo" had the words "Zelator justitiæ et fidei catholicæ cultor;" and the title of "Très Chrétien" occurs in several instruments of Henry VI. and Edward IV. It appears very probable that this usage was the foundation of the statement made by Chamberlayne and by Mr. Christopher Wren: but that the title of Defender of the Faith was used as part of the royal style before 1521, is, I believe, quite untrue.

5. USE OF NORMAN-FRENCH IN PARLIAMENTARY FORMS.

[“John Bull” newspaper, November, 1851.]

A CORRESPONDENT of the “Morning Chronicle,” whose *nom de plume* is “Clio,” has recently protested against our allowing the language of William the Conqueror to linger in the constitutional forms of the British Parliament. He suggests that it is a violation of our feelings of nationality to use what he calls the dialect of conquerors in making the English laws, and asks why should not the victory of the English tongue over the usurping Norman-French be complete? Now I presume that no one can seriously desire that our composite and copious language should be reduced to what it was before the coming of the Normans, or contemplate the possibility of such a “victory of the English tongue;” and I cannot see how our feelings of nationality are violated by using the harmless phrases of Norman-French which have so long lingered by the fountain of legislation. At the risk of being accounted a “musty legal antiquary, blindly attached to old forms,” I must ask your permission to say a few words on their behalf, not because I have to confess any attachment to those particular phrases, or think their use a matter of any importance in itself, but because the correspondent of the “Morning Chronicle” appears to me to be wrong in representing the use of Norman-French as a badge of subjection. The use of Norman-French in England during some centuries, is not to be regarded as a mark of subjection to the dictates of a conqueror. A taste for Norman fashions and language had, indeed, arisen among the higher classes in England before the Conquest; and the Norman tongue came into use, not because it was imposed on the Saxons, but because it was the language of the churchmen, lawyers, and courtiers of the day. The great Norman soldier and lawgiver grafted the Norman branch upon the Saxon stock, and is marked as a founder rather than a destroyer in the records of our polity, our language, and our nation. He proscribed neither the Saxon language nor the Saxon laws; but the gradual influence of his race moulded the Anglo-Saxon dialect into our English language.

More than a century elapsed since the death of King William before his language became impressed on that of England; and the Norman-French did not supersede the Latin as the common language of public ordinances and acts of state on record until the reign of Edward I. Yet the French language and manners probably predominated in the memorable field of Runymede, and the former was made the vehicle of declaring our English rights and liberties in the great Charter of King John. It was not until the line of Anjou reigned that the French tongue had come entirely to supplant the Latin in our statute-rolls. From that time it was almost invariably their language, down to the 5th Ric. II., from which period English occasionally appears; but the French was not superseded until the reign of Richard III. It was not until the reign of Henry VII. that statutes were commonly made in English.

The constitutional forms of Parliament—by which I mean the forms used in making the statutes—seem to have come in with the House of Plantagenet, and may, therefore, be regarded as relics of the royal race of Anjou, as fragments that have come down to us on the stream of English laws, as things associated with periods great and glorious in our history, and on those accounts venerable in the eyes of Englishmen. A lawyer naturally loves the stability of old forms of procedure, and cannot see why you might not as well banish from our jurisprudence the words “ASSIZE,” “JUSTICE,” and a hundred other terms of the language in which Britton, in the reign of Edward I., wrote his celebrated treatise of our laws, as the old phrases which are still used in some Parliamentary forms. I suppose it is from their antiquity that a sort of talismanic value seems to be attributed to them, and, though this mysterious virtue might not be lost if they were to be translated, I would say, “Let us stand upon the ancient ways,” until good reason is shown for forsaking them. I find it stated, curiously enough, in Mr. May’s excellent treatise on the “Law and Usage of Parliament,” that during the usurpation called the “Commonwealth” the Lord Protector gave his assent to Bills in English (a reason, as I dare say many of your readers will agree, why Queen Victoria should not do so), and that on the Restoration the old form of words was reverted to. It further

appears that only one attempt has since been made to abolish it, viz., in 1706, when the Lords passed a Bill "for abolishing the use of the French tongue in all proceedings in Parliament and Courts of Justice," which Bill dropped in the House of Commons; "and although," says Mr. May, "an Act passed in 1731 for conducting all proceedings in Courts of Justice in English, no alteration was made in the old forms used in Parliament." The use of ancient forms was as distasteful to the Revolution mob in France as it had been to Cromwell, and they enacted that certain old phrases should give place to new forms. But custom ere long re-asserted its ancient sway; and I would urge that it be not interfered with in the case of the harmless relics of antiquity which have so long lingered on our statute-rolls. Finally, the correspondent of the "Chronicle" uses against them the *cui bono* argument; but the use which it has become the fashion to make of that argument does not by any means recommend it; and I cannot forbear from protesting on every opportunity against an argument which the utilitarian school is fond of applying to ancient things, and has unfortunately applied to matters of greater value than the use of the phrases in question.

6. VALIDITY OF OATHS.

[*"Durham County Advertiser,"* February, 1857.]

A FEW weeks since, a case came before a County Court, in which it was ruled that the evidence could not be received of a person tendered for examination who said he believed in the existence of a Supreme Being, but would not give a direct answer to the questions whether he believed in God, or in a future state of rewards and punishments, or in the existence of heaven and hell. He was the plaintiff in the case, and was called to prove his demand, which was for papers sold for some Chartist reading-room.

I often hear the rejection of his evidence discussed and disapproved of, and I believe there were articles in various news-

papers in which it was insisted that the man should have been sworn and allowed to give his evidence.

Now, it is settled law that an atheist is not competent to give evidence; that you cannot admit the testimony of a person who does not believe in the existence of a Deity or in the punishment by that Deity of the crime of perjury. The old jurists and civilians define a judicial oath to be a solemn invocation of the vengeance of God upon the witness if he do not declare the truth as far as he knows it—a definition which may be traced to the Pandects of the Roman law. In *Rex v. Taylor*, Peake's Cases, N. P. 11, Mr. Justice Buller held that the proper question to be asked of the witness is whether he believes in God, in the obligation of an oath, and in a future state of rewards and punishments; and Starkie, in his "Law of Evidence," (title "Excluding Tests,") lays it down that all may be sworn who believe in the existence of God, in a future state of rewards and punishments, and that Divine punishment will be the consequence of perjury. But, as to the belief in a future state, it appears from the judgment of Chief Justice Willes, in the celebrated case of *Omichund v. Barker*, Willes' Rep. 550, that "a witness ought to be admitted if he believes in the existence of a God who will reward or punish him in this world, although he may not believe in a future state." And Lord Chancellor Hardwicke says that the witness's appeal to the Supreme Being, as thinking Him the rewarder of truth and the avenger of falsehood, is all that is necessary to an oath.

It therefore seems very questionable whether the testimony of the proposed witness in the County Court case was rightly rejected, if he was held incapable on the ground of his not believing in a future state of rewards and punishments, or in heaven and hell.

But—if our Courts have not ceased to be necessarily Christian under modern "Defenders of the Faith"—the difficulty seems to be how to administer or receive any oath in which Almighty God is not invoked.

According to St. Augustine, in his celebrated answer on the question of the lawfulness of heathen oaths, no law of God forbade the reception in a lawful cause of the oath of a man who swears

by false gods, if he is bound by the faith that he has pledged. And so, great European jurists have thought that the invocation of God as a witness or an avenger, is to be accommodated to the religious persuasion with regard to Deity which the swearer entertains. Puffendorf says, "It is vain and unmeaning to call upon a man to swear by a god whom he does not believe in. But he who swears by false gods, if he accounts them true, stands bound, for, whatever his notions were, he has some sense of an avenging deity before his eyes." I apprehend that our law knows no more of the god of the Mahometans than of the false gods of the heathen; yet it appears from what Lord Chief Justice Hale says in his "Pleas for the Crown," 279, that a Turk may be a witness and may be sworn in any form he may profess to be binding on his conscience, provided we find that he believes in an avenging deity; and the evidence even of Chinese and other idolaters has constantly been received, at least in recent times. I need hardly observe that the form of swearing upon the New Testament, although the style authorised in all the Courts, is by no means essential to the oath, for Jews as well as others are allowed to be sworn according to the form they profess most binding.

But it will be found that in every form of oath the witness recognises the existence of God, and appeals to the Deity as the avenger of falsehood, and that no witness has been held competent who does not profess such religious principles as bind him in his conscience to speak the truth. It is difficult to gather from the scanty report of the case which has occasioned these remarks, whether the witness's belief was anything but a negation; and I only hope it will be understood, whatever the "liberal" newspapers may say, that, if he confessed himself an atheist, his testimony was rightly rejected. If, however, he professed his belief in a Supreme Being who would punish falsehood, it seems that he should have been admitted, although he would not say whether that being is our God, and would not acknowledge a belief in a future state.

THE END.

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